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METHODIST REVIEW

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(BIMONTHLY)

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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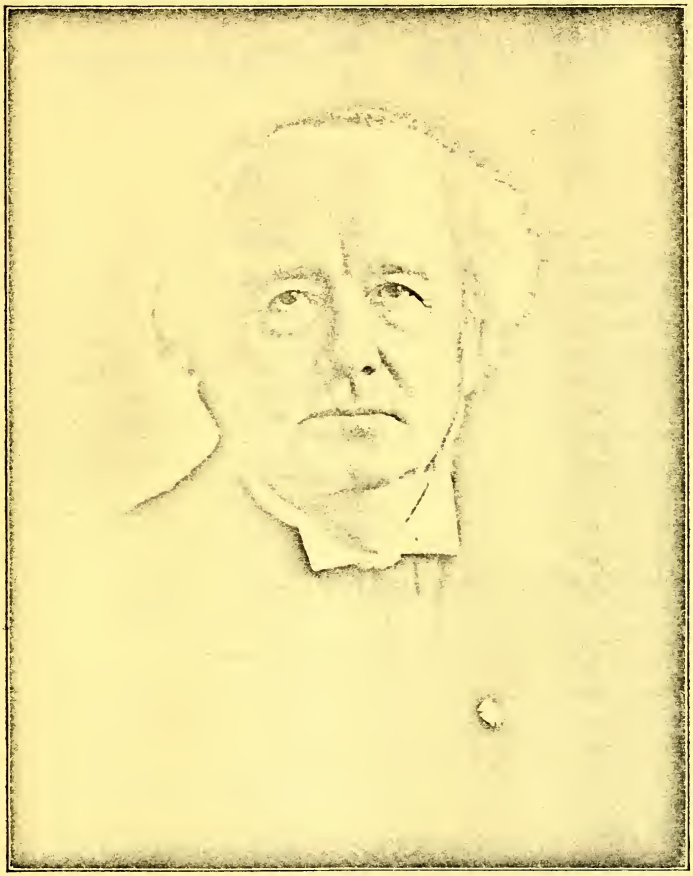

Bishop Isaac Wilson Joyce, D.D., LL.D.

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1907

Art. I.—BISHOP ISAAC WILSON JOYCE, D.D., LL.D.

American Methodism owes much to Ireland. That land has produced many a man of hot heart, bright brain and matchless speech who found in a Methodist pulpit ample scope for his brilliant parts. William and Hannah Joyce, of Dublin, gave several generations of Irish Americans to the new world before there was born of James W. and Mary Ann Joyce, in Colerain Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, on October 11, 1836, Isaac Wilson Joyce. Isaac was a lad of fourteen when his parents moved to Tippecanoe County, Indiana. He was born on a farm and lived on a farm until nearly twenty years of age. He was converted at the age of sixteen, and at once was fired with an ambition to get an education and become a preacher. His mother was a life-long member of the United Brethren Church, and the boy naturally joined his mother's communion. He attended the Hartsville College, a school under the control of the United Brethren in Christ. Some years later, when pastor in Greencastle, Indiana, he received from Asbury (now De Pauw) University, the degree of Master of Arts. Dickinson College bestowed upon him his doctor of divinity degree, and the University of the Pacific gave him the degree of doctor of laws. He had been for two years a licensed local preacher in the United Brethren Church, and was teaching a country school in 1858, when Granville Moody, a famous Methodist preacher of those days, met him and opened his way into the Northwest Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the following year, 1859. In March, 1861, he married Miss Caroline Walker Bosserman, of La Porte, Indiana, who proved to be a model wife in every way,

and his constant, loyal, loving companion and helper in all his responsible duties. She multiplied his resources and added immeasurably to his successes.

He early attracted attention. He was no ordinary young man. He succeeded from the start. Soon the best churches were asking for him. While still very young he was appointed to Greencastle, Indiana, the seat of Asbury University, where he commanded the attention of citizens, faculty and students. When only thirty-three years of age he was appointed presiding elder of East Lafayette District and while on the district was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1880, which met in Cincinnati. The autumn following the General Conference he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference and appointed to Saint Paul's Church. He served the full term of three years. He was then sent to Trinity, the other prominent downtown church, and as conspicuously succeeded as at Saint Paul's. Then after three years he was reappointed to Saint Paul's, and while in his high career as magnetic pastor of that great church was elected a bishop, in 1888, by the General Conference which met in New York city, and to which he had been elected a delegate. His great success as an evangelistic pastor, together with the fact that he had been appointed in 1886 by the board of bishops to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church at the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, which met in Toronto, and on which occasion he made a most profound impression by his burning zeal and captivating eloquence, had brought him into the eye of the whole church; and then the very unusual and all but impossible thing occurred—a pastor was elected a bishop. His episcopal residence for eight years was in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he gave himself in unstinted devotion to the church in all that region, and won the love and confidence of the population, black and white. While in the South he was also Chancellor of Grant University and gave no little time and labor to that institution, which stands like a beacon in all that splendid region. In 1892 he presided over the five European Conferences. In 1894 he had under his care the mission work in Mexico. In 1896 his residence was changed to Minneapolis, Minnesota, but the first two years following were

spent in visiting and superintending the church in China, Korea and Japan. In 1900 he was elected President of the Epworth League, and for the four years he held that office was a flaming inspiration to the great army of young Methodists throughout the land. He visited all our foreign mission fields and presided over nearly every Annual Conference in the Connection. He died July 28, 1905, at his home in Minneapolis, surrounded by his wife, his only son, Colonel Frank M. Joyce, the daughter-in-law and the grandchildren. Such are the brief annals of a career that flamed across the whole Methodist sky for nearly twenty years. This man arose from a humble home on an obscure farm to the highest place in the gift of the greatest Protestant Church on this continent. How did it happen?

Isaac Wilson Joyce was preëminently a preacher. He had a genius for preaching. Presbyterians call their pastors ministers. The Protestant Episcopalians speak of their pastors as clergymen. Methodists always call them preachers. Some modern Methodists think they are complimenting the pastor by speaking of him as a clergyman; but the pride of Methodism has been that the men who have proclaimed her evangel have been preachers. Whatever other quality a Methodist preacher is supposed to possess, he is expected at least to be able to preach. Young Joyce early showed himself a preacher of rare power. He was able to command respectful attention before he uttered a word. He was endowed with a fine physique and a handsome face. His eyes sparkled, and his pleasant smile captivated. As soon as he arose, and a good look was had of him, expectation ran high. He looked the orator. Some may think the man handicapped who gives, in his appearance, much ground for expecting great things of him. Some men have been mean in appearance and mighty in message, and thus have been given, by the very surprise of their performance, more credit than they deserved. To look finely and perform meanly is deplorable. But Bishop Joyce never disappointed an audience by raising greater expectations than he could fulfill. His presence was benign, yet masterful. His look spoke that he was in command of the hour, and then, when he spoke, that voice confirmed the impression. Few public speakers ever possessed a more subtle

voice. It was musical, powerful, tender, sympathetic, magnetic. The very timbre of one's voice is apt to disclose the character of the soul. The blind who heard this man were attracted to him as to few men. He had rare control of his voice, and although he used it without pity for it, sometimes for four and five addresses in one day, it never grew raucous nor lost its ringing power. He was heard easily by ten thousand people in the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco the afternoon he preached that never-to-be-forgotten sermon before the International Epworth League Convention. He was fluent of speech. His vocabulary was never large. His words were always plain and easily understood. He spoke, without slang, the speech of the common people. His eloquence was to be wondered at in view of the paucity of his vocabulary. What words he knew he used understandingly, and they poured out in a limpid stream without halt or stammer. From the day of his conversion he was a ready speaker in class and prayer meeting. His mind was active. He thought quickly more than profoundly. His mind grasped truth with a flash and retained it with unyielding grip. His mind was fitted for rearranging garnered truth and then throwing over it all the glow and fire of his own fancy, turning the crude ore of the mine into burnished steel. His mind was not so creative as constructive. He had read largely and traveled widely, and his quick mind knew how to use the facts gathered in a way that always interested and delighted his hearers. The Irish blood in him showed itself in his ready wit no less than in his sandy hair and fiery spirit. He made his own fun. He needed no memory of things heard to give quickness in repartee. He ran his own factory and turned out his own material, which always charmed because of its spontaneity and appropriateness. This element was never excluded from his most important public addresses. He gave it free play. His strong common sense and unvarying refined taste, could be trusted to control any witticism which sprang up in the path of his discourse. He had humor, as well, and gave it open place in his addresses and sermons. This always gave peculiar charm to his message. He had the one great essential of a successful preacher: he had a warm heart. It could be seen in his face, and heard in his voice,

as well as found in the word he spoke. His warmth of human sympathy was felt by all who approached him.

Coupled with the qualities already mentioned, you will find the key to his preaching power in his florid imagination. He was of poetical temperament, and somewhat oriental in his fancy. In his younger days it was said of him that he was sophomoric and grandiloquent. Doubtless he was. It was the struggle of an untutored youth to give wings to his soaring thought. He learned later how to control his muse, and all who heard him were charmed by the rich color cast over all his message in his use of flashing figure and glowing metaphor. Some public speakers are so faultless in language and gesture that it is a delight to slumber while they perform. Indeed, the hearer might as well sleep as listen, for the morning following he will be incapable of remembering what was said. When public speech is so accurate and well-rounded that every sentence is evenly balanced, and every word flows forth unhindered, it is difficult to recall the message. One element of power in Bishop Joyce was his rugged, unconventional style of delivery. His sentences were broken. He was an impressionist-artist who puts the paint on the canvas with a palette knife. Ofttimes his sentences could not be parsed. It was impossible to report him correctly, for often one word, with a significant gesture or peculiar inflection of voice, told more than a paragraph. He was unhampered by trifling conventionalities. Indeed, he was never at his best until helped to forget the staid requirements of stilted ceremony. How his Pegasus lagged until spurred by some sympathetic "Amen!" Quickly the eye flashed and the soul leaped. When a whole conference of "Amens" were shouting about him it was like the beating of the storm to the petrel. He arose to loftier heights and his soul was at home in the storm. It was this very disregard for the common conventionalities which freeze so many speakers and benumb their hearers, that made him so attractive as a preacher. He let go the restraint upon himself and let loose the characteristic qualities of his own nature. He was himself, and it was that frank exposure of his own mind and heart which put his hearers *en rapport* with him. When he ever feared to do this in the presence of any company he had a "hard

time"—and so had others. His friends knew that if they wanted the best they must clear away the frosts and give summer-time to his soul, and then they might expect to hear the singing birds he could unloose. No man can be a great player upon the souls of men who has more regard for conventional rules and regulations than he has for the message which burns in his heart. Any man with the qualities thus far mentioned would be expected to possess that rare power which, for the want of a better name, we call personal magnetism. It may be seated in the physical temperament or it may be a purely psychological endowment; nevertheless it cannot be acquired, nor can it be explained. One can recognize it in another, and possibly not know of its lack in himself.

There is a quality attaching to a sermon which cannot be said to belong to any other form of public address. It is called unction. Of course, the sermon must be a sermon. Not an address, not a lecture, not a monologue, but a genuine message from God to the hearts of men. The preaching of Bishop Joyce was accompanied with a divine unction which glorified all his other natural and acquired gifts of speech, and which compelled even ungodly men to testify that they had never been so moved by preaching. It was this quality which overflowed into the heart of his interpreter when addressing vast multitudes of foreigners and heathen, and set on fire hearts hitherto stolid and unmovable. The unction of the sermon was felt although no word was understood. When speaking through a sympathetic interpreter his soul flashed the lightning, and quickly the thunder-clap was heard from the lips of his interpreter. Soon all the audience was electric, and the Spirit of God made quick entrance into the hearts thus strangely opened. The marvelous result of such preaching cannot be fully explained in such terms as have thus far been referred to. In addition to all the above qualities there was added a burning zeal for the lost souls of men which prompted the great heart to close every sermon with a tremendous and awful exhortation which appalled when it did not wholly persuade. In all parts of the world and among all sorts of people his zeal for souls led him to make such appeals for immediate surrender to Jesus Christ that on nearly every occasion when he preached few or many at once

gave outward sign of their surrender to God. Then, when the call was answered in praying penitents about the altar, his glad heart went riot with joy. Such preaching will always secure genuine revivals. Every pastorate of his knew at least one great ingathering. He was more than an evangelist. He was such a preacher as could sustain himself in conspicuous places for years. For nearly eight years he preached in the same community in Cincinnati to increasing multitudes of intelligent hearers. Give any man a good body, a fine voice, fluent speech, an active mind, a warm heart, a ready wit, a lively imagination, an untrammeled delivery, a magnetic personality, a divine unction and a burning zeal for souls, and you have a combination which will produce a preacher that cannot be confined to any Indiana Circuit or any one metropolitan pulpit. The world will become his parish.

Isaac Wilson Joyce was a great pastor. He proved that a man may wield commanding power in the pulpit and also visit the homes of his people. He knew that the best sermons grow as much in the homes as in the study; that the hours given to faithful, personal work among the people bring as rich harvest to the message as the hours given to books. It is comparatively easy to be a preacher and not a pastor; or to be a pastor and not a preacher. The difficult task, yet possible, is to be both. The result will be a better preacher and a better pastor. The two offices react on each other to the betterment of both. Pastor Joyce excelled as a pastor because he had a genuine interest in folks. He loved people. He was utterly democratic in his friendships. He gave himself to the rich without loss of self-respect. He gave himself to the poor without patronage. He utterly disregarded all social lines and was the pastor of all who belonged to his flock. It was easy for this lover of his kind to spend hours daily in friendly visitation. His great zeal for the saving of men would have driven him out of his study into the personal contact if even he had lacked the natural social gift. But living to save others, and knowing the value of the heart-to-heart touch, he gave himself to the pastoral office. Other qualities helped him in this work. He was not lazy. He could not lounge about in lazy leisure. He must be actively engaged. It was a joy to be a-foot when running errands for his

Master. He also possessed that rare quality which all covet and few possess—he never forgot a face and rarely a name. When asked once how he could remember everyone's name, he replied, "I can't forget it." It was a natural gift, but constantly cultivated in order to be a better brother to men. He individualized people. He not only had an interest in folks in general, but he took a personal interest in each. He felt he did not know a man unless he could speak his name and know something characteristic of him. Couple all this with a rare tact in dealing with all sorts of people, and you have the combination of qualities which met in this man and made him the great pastor whom every parishioner he ever had loved and revered. Of course such a preacher and pastor gave promise of making a good presiding elder. It was while serving a term in the presiding eldership that he demonstrated his rare administrative qualities. He had shown wisdom in managing his own official boards, but the wider field, with its more varying types of churches and men, gave ample opportunity to prove his wise judgment and his broad sympathies. Here he revealed his grasp on the administrative problems of a great world-embracing church. His tireless energies were given unstintedly to every requirement of his office. He at once impressed pastors and official members with his absolute conscientiousness. He always told the truth and concealed nothing. He had that most desirable of qualities for a presiding elder, he was not afraid to assume the responsibilities which his office put upon him. His fraternal spirit made his visit to each charge a bright spot in the memory of the pastor, and his preaching at quarterly meeting occasions gave the whole neighborhood something to think and talk about until his coming again. No pastor ever apologized for the coming of that presiding elder.

Isaac Wilson Joyce became a bishop by the natural processes of moral gravitation. At first it would appear that a Methodist preacher, with no official position to send him forth broadcast over the whole connection to make friends for his cause, and incidentally for himself, could not grow tall enough in his local parish to be seen by the world-wide church. Only a pastor of this sort could attract attention anywhere. To be sure Dr. Joyce, as pastor

for eight years in two conspicuous pulpits in one great city, and during that period conducting two revival campaigns with the aid of the two most peculiar evangelists of their time, and doing it all in a way that showed himself always as the real leader in the movements and bringing out of them both vast spiritual harvests for the whole city, was enough to make him a marked man in the eyes of all Methodism. When the Church honored the pastoral office by electing Isaac Wilson Joyce, one of its most successful pastors, a general superintendent it made no mistake. His seventeen years in that office proved that he had warrant for saying that he believed he had been called to the office of bishop. Recall this man to your memory, and then do not wonder that he made such a profound impression as a Methodist Episcopal bishop in all parts of the world. Call up that splendid form. See that fine face, full of tenderness, strength, and dignity. He looked the bishop. His unmeasurable powers as a pulpiteer commanded vast audiences. People of all classes heard him with joy and profit. Had he done nothing else than preach on Sunday mornings at the Conferences his usefulness to preachers alone would be incalculable. How the preachers enjoyed his preaching! And how he enjoyed preaching to preachers! One of our widely-known presiding elders pays this tribute to Bishop Joyce's influence over a conference of preachers, through his conference sermon: "Under the spell of Jesus as he presented him that day our hearts were melted into one. We heard his voice giving a new, a real commission. The results that followed can never be measured. Differences were forgotten, discouragements were met and overcome, indifference disappeared, and revivals broke out all over the conference. Every interest of the Church took on new life and the cause came to a new career." His broad sympathies, his intimate knowledge of pastoral duties in large and small churches, his splendid health and good cheer, together with his able administrative abilities, eminently fitted him for the office. The preachers found him a brother-pastor. He said to a friend when he had just entered on his episcopal duties: "If you ever find me growing less approachable or less brotherly because of my office I want you to tell me so." No occasion ever arose for telling him so.

His marked evangelistic spirit served good purpose in his high office. His presidency of a conference raised the standard of preaching before the eyes of every member. Preachers learned that it was a badge of honor to be a revivalist. One of his colleagues on the episcopal board has written that "he brought up the average of spirituality on the episcopal bench." He once said to the other bishops, "My dear colleagues, you are all more gifted in many ways than I. But God gives me something, too. He gives me access to souls. In every conference some are converted." He was almost blind in his loyalty to Methodism. He spoke the word "Methodism," as though it tasted sweet in his mouth; and he often spoke it. He firmly believed that the Discipline of his Church was as nearly perfect as any human document could be. He defended most loyally what he held to be the truth. He brought into the episcopacy some very settled convictions concerning his Bible and his Church, and it has never been hinted that he ever changed one of them. His own unswerving allegiance to what he held to be the truth may have kept some new light from his Creed, but it gave added weight to his utterances to many of his hearers. He was so sure that he was right that his confidence won followers. It is not a fault in a bishop to have settled convictions; to be really sure of something. His keen insight into human character made him a good judge of men. His painstaking, self-sacrificing efforts to find out all the facts related to any appointment made his cabinet work effective. Presiding elders testify that no other bishop ever asked so many questions about individual cases. Add to all this his quiet bravery, which pushed him on to pursue the course he felt to be right, never flinching because of any criticism reflecting on his own motives, and you have outlined the explanation of this man's episcopal success. His colleagues in office loved and respected him. He gave love and confidence to them in full measure and they returned a like regard for him. This man had his limitations, as have other men and even some other bishops, but no one will deny that he highly honored an office which has been peculiarly kept from all unfriendly criticism by the rare good men who have been providentially called to fill it. Isaac Wilson Joyce was more than preacher, pastor,

elder, or bishop. He was a Christian gentleman. He lived a spotless life and left a reputation behind him which never knew the breath of suspicion. He was quick of temper, but grace controlled it. He was as sensitive as a child, and coveted the goodwill of all, and was strangely helped by a kind word given him from the most lowly. He could not live without sympathy. He was true as steel to his friends. He was so generous that many of his most devoted friends were counted among those whom he regarded as not altogether "sound in the faith." He could love the man who differed from him although he loved best those who spoke his own "shibboleth." His generosity took the form of giving himself and his substance to all needy ones. The cry of the neediest church received his first response. His courtesy was unfailing. When nervously unstrung from long labor he was easily irritated; but he guarded against the word that would cut. He was open-minded toward the light when in pursuit of the facts in a case, but he became suddenly unyielding when unceremoniously opposed. He was always hero and saint to her who was his most intimate companion. He increasingly commanded the loving respect of his manly son, the daughter-in-law and grandchildren, all of whom lived with him under the same roof.

Bishop Joyce came to the end of his appointed task in just such fashion as he most desired. His sensitive soul dreaded the coming of the day when a messenger from some episcopal committee should summon him to give reason why he should continue longer in his office. He had literally worn himself out by his unparalleled labors. He would not, possibly he could not, spare himself in the front of so much work to be done. He kept at his great task till God called. And when the call came his great heart was at a camp meeting, preaching from the text, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." The kind Father let him be carried tenderly to his own bed, and there for a few lingering days the friends on earth, and mayhap some of the friends not on earth, gathered to catch his faint shouts of victory and learn how a saint can die.

Charles Bayard Mitchell

Art. II.—THE INTEGRITY OF NATURE AS A BASIS OF FAITH

This generation has awakened to the immense significance of nature. The past century, the wonderful century, was in an extraordinary degree a century of science, a period in which sincere and gifted men sought through infinite painstaking to secure a truer interpretation of the physical universe. These students have also diligently investigated the origin, constitution, and primitive history of man, and some of them have arrived at the conclusion that we can no longer be considered unique and transcendental creatures, but simply as products of natural laws and forces. This view largely influences modern thought. In what way has this new natural knowledge affected our religious faith? Is it favorable or unfavorable to our great spiritual beliefs? Does it tend to confirm or discredit those solemn doctrines and hopes by which we live? Some are persuaded that this closer observation of nature has been distinctly unfavorable to religious faith, rendering the great articles of the spiritual creed less credible than our fathers found them. Darwin himself was of this opinion. Concerning our faith in the divine existence he writes: "Another source of conviction in the existence of God, connected with the reason and not with the feelings, impresses me as having much more weight. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I am compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a Theist. . . . But then arises the doubt, Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" Speaking of design he continues: "With respect to design, . . . if anything is designed, certainly man must be: one's inner consciousness (though a false guide) tells one so." And again he

returns to the same subject: "You have expressed my inward conviction, though far more vividly and clearly than I could have done, that the universe is not the result of chance. But then with me the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value, or are at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?"[1] Darwin had impressions, perceptions, reasonings which led him to acknowledge the divine existence and government, but inasmuch as his study of nature constrained him to believe that man arose out of the lower parts of the earth he inferred that man's inner consciousness was, on the highest matters, a false guide; that his spiritual convictions had no validity, his deepest feelings no significance, his grandest conclusions no trustworthiness. The noble ideas, ideals, and outlooks which lend seriousness and dignity to life are to be suspected and disavowed because of our lowly origin. Strange that the gifted man who vindicated life in its lowliest manifestations, who was the laureate of the worm, should have impugned the most splendid powers of the highest creatures, but so it was; our birth from beneath bred in him a "horrid doubt" concerning the intuitions and previsons which constitute our distinction and glory. This skepticism has now become very common; the assumed fact of our lowly origin has created in many a habit of false humility; they take for granted that the instincts and intuitions which have been developed through gross processes can no longer be accepted as witnesses to the fundamental truths of religion.

We venture to say that this is a false and unnecessary inference from the Darwinian position, and that in making it Darwin did himself and his theory grave injustice. That our profoundest consciousness is at fault because we come into the world trailing the scientist's clouds of dust rather than the poet's clouds of glory is no logical consequence from the theory of evolution. Although our most delicate insights and susceptibilities are products of ancestral experiences, accumulated and fused by habit and heredity through generations, yet they possess profound validity. Sup-

[1] Life and Letters.

pose that our highest intuitions and aspirations, our spiritual cravings and instincts, are developments through gross impulses and processes, the result of all that has been felt or known by every organism in the ascending line from the primordial life-cell up to man, they have yet, we maintain, the strongest claim on our confidence. What is the one clear finding of natural research and philosophy? It is the rationality, the truthfulness, the faithfulness of creation. The trustworthiness of things is the first assumption of science, and the progress of science is the invincible demonstration of the correctness of that assumption. The veracity of nature is the axiom with which the naturalist begins and ends. That the system of things ever lapses into fancifulness, freakishness, or duplicity, is unthinkable by those who prove by a thousand observations and experiments the integrity and faithfulness of matter in all its phenomena and implications. When we allow ourselves to speak of "freaks of nature," we indulge in a freak of our own, for in fact there are no such freaks. Nature is never inaccurate, never plays tricks, never lies; the idea of arbitrariness, capriciousness, untrustworthiness is utterly alien to the genius of things. If the astronomer cannot get the motions of certain orbs into perfect accordance with the theory of gravitation he does not suspect caprice in the heavens, but concludes that there is some missing factor, some error in his observations or calculations; or, if the result of an experiment is not exactly what the chemist felt justified in expecting, he knows that the error is with himself, and not in some falsity of matter or motion. The best attested theories of chemistry and astronomy scientists will suspect, but their faith in the truth and constancy of nature is absolute. They may demur to the acknowledgment of a "faithful Creator," but they swear by a faithful creation. With one consent they affirm the sincerity and honesty of nature, that her alleged illusions are our misinterpretations, that her apparent irregularities and failures are deeper harmonies not yet understood, that truth springeth out of the dust and rightness looks down from the stars. Now, if nature is thus full of intelligence and rectitude on her lower ranges, are we to suppose that her faithfulness fails higher up? Is she true in all her material dispositions and sequences, in

all her mechanical arrangements and action, and does she then begin to palter and betray in the upper realms of thought and feeling? The mind of the lowest animal is perfectly trustworthy so far as the creature is called upon to reason and act, so far as its interests, security and pleasures are concerned; a monkey trusts to the convictions which are in its mind and does not go far astray in estimating the strength of the branch to which it trusts itself, the quality of the fruits which solicit it, or the friendliness or hostility of its neighbors. If, then, the animal's instincts are practically infallible within its narrow range, do they become less trustworthy when the creature in the process of evolution is uplifted and its sphere enlarged? If the great Potter unerringly shapes the coarse clay into vessels mathematically delicate and true, surely the Supreme Artist will not drop into eccentricity and falsehood when molding the superb things of brain, conscience, and heart! That which springs out of the depths of nature must partake of the cosmic veracity. We have no reason to suppose that the truth of nature ends with forces and forms, with the laws and movements of the inanimate world, or that the truth of nature ends with the instincts and impulses of the animal world. It is more rational to believe that the same genius of truth which distinguishes creation in her lower works will be expressed yet more distinctly in her last unfoldings and highest achievement. The serene faith of the modern scientist holds that throughout the physical sphere there is no magic, legerdemain, or treachery, but that the whole system of things is rational and veracious to the core, and this faith we maintain is equally justified when it is extended to our highest faculties and their operations. The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor also are conscious of the truth which science finds on another level. The artist is sure of the reality of beauty, of the immutable and sovereign laws which prevail throughout the ethereal realm in which he works, and just as he consults those laws does he realize magnificent results. The splendid creations of art are based upon the orderliness and faithfulness of nature in the higher spheres of perception and sensation: beauty being another word for truth.

I. We inquire how these conclusions respecting the truth-

fulness of the world bear upon Our Conception of God. Revelation declares that God is a Spirit, and it requires that he be worshiped in spirit and in truth; but, that we may adequately apprehend the eternal Spirit, it has pleased him to reveal himself in fashion as a man, and this anthropomorphic idea pervades revelation. How often are we reproached on this account? We are continually being reminded "of the presumption, if not the degradation, of those who place upon the throne of the universe a magnified image of themselves, and make its doings a mere colossal imitation of their own."[1] But this reproach, coming from such a quarter, is strangely inconsistent and unjust. Science teaches that nature is always truthful, and that in the advent of man she reached her goal; with the appearance of man on the planet "the system of life in progress through the ages reached its completion, and the animal structure its highest perfection."[2] Man is the highest being that the earth knows, or that it is likely to know. Where, then, is our presumption or humiliation in recognizing in the Deity one in whom the highest attributes of intellectual and moral personality exist in infinite perfection? Writing on the molecular mechanism of water-congelation, Tyndall gives this direction: "In all cases of this kind we must derive our conceptions from the world of the senses, and transfer them afterward to a world transcending the range of the senses." No more fitting application could be made of this canon than that, having formed a just conception of a true man, we should transfer such conception to the world which transcends the range of the senses, and apprehend God in the only way in which he can lay hold of our imagination and intelligence, conscience, and affections. Surely this is a more reasonable and worthy method than to go on talking of "The Eternal Unnamable," "The Fatalities," "The Silences," "Inscrutable Power," "The Unknowable," or even "The Power which makes for righteousness"—words and phrases conveying little meaning to the understanding and utterly failing to affect the mind and heart. "Truth springeth out of the earth," man being the last, best expression of that truth, and therefore the image of pure and sovereign humanity magnified through-

[1] Tyndall. [2] Dana.

out infinity and eternity is no unworthy conception of him whom no man hath seen or can see. Revelation does not set forth God under the image of abnormal humanity. We have medical museums in which are exhibited wax models of diseased and malformed organs of the human body, but we do not form our conception of the physique of the race from these ghastly specimens; and we do not form our conception of human nature from its passions and sins, these being its accidents, distortions, and perversions. We think of all that belongs essentially to human nature—of its strength and bloom, of the loftiness and heroism of which it is capable, of the pure and divine qualities which it reveals and illustrates; and this nature we may believe without presumption to be the shadow of God's face. The mistake of the wicked is to think God altogether such an one as himself, and for this he is reproved; yet the very passage that conveys this reproof tacitly concedes that we are justified in assuming that a likeness does exist between us and God, only we must not attempt to make him share our weakness and unrighteousness. "Truth springeth out of the earth," and in its noblest product gives in some sort the image and likeness of him who is God over all blessed for evermore. Science testifies to the validity of our conception of God, for it declares that man is the consummation and glory of nature, the highest expression of its truth, and that therefore we do not think unworthily of him who sits on the throne of the universe when we recognize in him the best that we know raised above all height, extended through eternity. "Truth springeth out of the earth, and righteousness hath looked down from heaven." What a supreme illustration is the Incarnation of this teaching! That which sprang from the lowest parts of the earth is kindred with the majesty and splendor of the skies; that which was highest in heaven descending to earth finds fellowship with that which springs from the dust. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

II. These considerations regarding the truthfulness of nature bear upon The Authority of the Higher Law. The confession of Kant, that he never ceased to wonder at the starry sky above him

and at the moral sense within him, is often quoted. Since Kant's day, however, a great change has taken place in this particular estimate. Astronomical science has given us a new conception of the magnitude and grandeur of the firmament, whilst the evolutionist and utilitarian are supposed to have done away with the mystery and majesty of conscience. Darwin considered that the fact of our animal origin rendered doubtful the higher intimations of our intelligence, and the same objection is supposed to lie against the conscience. Is this so? Is this solemn oracle discredited because in some way it emerged in the lower parts of the earth, or because it was disclosed in and through an organism which had that humble origin? We think this a gratuitous conclusion. Look at another wonderful faculty of human nature—the æsthetic sense. All thinkers acknowledge the mystery and glory of this sense, the reality of its objective, the authority of its judgments, the delightsomeness of its exercise. Yet this glorious sense has also arisen out of the earth. Going back to the very beginning we find in the lowest organisms appreciations of color, form, and music; nay, the scientist assures us that the existence and progress of various species of birds, insects, and beasts are dependent upon their profession of the æsthetic sense. Ascending, we find in the savage the same wonderful faculty: often, indeed, revealing itself in bizarre fashion and delivering eccentric verdicts, yet dealing with reality and tending toward perfection, until finally the dim, erring sense of beauty and harmony develops into fullness of power and delicacy in favored individuals and high civilizations. Truth springeth out of the ground, shooting a green leaf in gross animal life, gleaming a wild blossom in savage human life, and finally crowned in gorgeous flower and fruition in the art of Athens and Rome, of Florence and Madrid, of Venice and Antwerp. All along the line from the slime upward nature worked unerringly toward the ideal. Must we, then, now become iconoclasts, scouting the creations of great sculptors, architects, colorists, and minstrels, and denying the significance of art and its mission, because science has traced the æsthetic faculty back to creeping things and flying fowl? Must we now ask, skeptically, Can the mind which has developed from a mind as low as that

possessed by the lowest animals be trusted when it draws the grand conclusions of Apelles and Praxiteles, of Raphael and Angelo? We ask no such question. Whatever may have been the conditions of the development of the æsthetic sense, we believe in the reality of beauty, in the laws of beauty, in the joy of beauty, in a word, in the authority of the cultivated æsthetic sense; indeed, certain philosophers hold that such is the profound significance of loveliness and music that in them the spirit of man must seek its perfect and final rest. We may justly reason thus concerning the conscience. The moral sense exists obscurely in the animal world, in aboriginal man it becomes more definite and emphatic, and finally in the disciplined saint it attains a delicacy and sovereignty which are not less than divine. Having traced its history, are we then to lose our reverence for it and our confidence in its dictates? Must we inquire, doubtfully, Is the conscience which has been developed from a conscience as low as that possessed by the lowest animals to be trusted when it draws the grand conclusions of Moses in the code of Sinai, or of the Lord Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount? Once more, we need ask no such question. The moral sense concerns itself with reality, and only when cultivated its verdicts carry all the weight of supreme authority. Certain critics of righteousness lay it down that morality is merely a "matter of social discipline . . . sort of understanding arrived at by nations or communities for the better regulation of their affairs. Where numbers of men are gathered together they have the right to agree among themselves as to what things may or may not be done."[1] Few, however, will argue in a similar strain that beauty is merely a matter of mental discipline, that it is a "sort of understanding" arbitrarily arrived at by artists for the advantage of the profession, a matter of convenience and convention, and that the Academy has the right to erect a standard of beauty adapted to its supposed needs. Whatever was the genesis of the æsthetic sense philosophers agree that the principles of beauty lie far back in the nature of things, that it is altogether independent of convention and caprice, and that the artist's vocation is severely to interpret the subtle fundamental laws out of which springs the

[1] Nisbet.

splendor of the world. Beauty is another word for truth, the truth that springs out of the earth and which is nevertheless mysterious and sublime. All this, in a sense yet more emphatic, is true of the conscience. Morality is not a matter of individual choice or social compact, it is a question of the just interpretation of that immutable universe which bounds us, and the conscience which effects that interpretation is not the less trustworthy and majestic because the elements formed its envelope and ages of human history were necessary for its discipline. The summer rose whose root is in the clods is not less heavenly than the blossom of the aerial plant which draws its life immediately from celestial sources, and the imagination and conscience are in no wise discredited because they burst through the dust of the world. It may, however, be objected that the modern student is not so sure of the integrity of nature. He discerns what he is compelled to brand as the immorality of nature, "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things." Truth springs out of the earth so long as we keep close to physics, to number, weight, and measure, but on the higher ranges of conscious life nature permits many wild and terrible things. Let theologians acknowledge their debt to the scientists who emphasize the tragic aspects of creation, but to judge nature entirely, or even chiefly, by these aspects is to form a false estimate of the situation: it is, indeed, to take the wart for the face, the spots for the sun. In one of the prisons of Venice a helmet of studied beauty was found, so designed that it would crush the head of the accused; a fact which provoked the remark that "Venice was artistic even in her tortures." It is difficult to persuade ourselves that the cosmic law is thus vicious, and that the spirit of nature expresses the truculence of the Venetian oligarchy. The world is a benevolent work marred, not a malign creation decorated. Huxley wrote: "If our ears were sharp enough to hear all the cries of pain that are uttered in the earth by men and beasts, we should be deafened by one continuous scream! And yet the wealth of superfluous loveliness in the world condemns pessimism. It is a hopeless riddle."[1] But if our ears were sufficiently sensitive to hear all the cries of earthly suffering, they

[1] Life and Letters.

would also be acute enough to hear the vaster music of the world's perfection and joy, which, if it does not drown the dirge, immensely relieves it, as, indeed, Huxley seemed to feel. Revelation throughout consistently regards the material universe as fundamentally right and good, always on the side of righteousness, and this we believe will be the last word of science.

III. We conclude by observing how the truthfulness of nature bears on Our Hope of Immortality. Here we come to a primitive and universal instinct. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." All peoples have revealed an instinct for the future, framed some theory of immortality, and if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are exceptions to the race, singular in our skepticism and misery. It will, however, be again objected: How can we trust a mind which has been developed from the mind of the lowest animals when it draws such large conclusions? Yet why should we dishonor this impulse and disown these intimations of immortality? The delicate instincts of the inferior creatures are entirely reliable, as we see in migrant birds. "In autumn the swallows will collect together and suddenly vanish. Even the caged bird, if a migrant, catches the fever and frets impatiently in his prison. That a chiffchaff, whose daily occupation for months has been to pick grubs from the trees, and who has never left his favorite wood, should suddenly, some evening, be seized by an uncontrollable impulse to start for North Africa, is surely matter for wonder. And in spring, too, when you see the first swallow, it is a startling thought that the small bird, whom you see practicing his short swallow-flights, perhaps only some ten days before, started on his northward voyage from Natal."[1] The instinct of the little creatures is true, it does not fool them, they find beyond the sea the summer lands they seek. It is folly to tell us that the migration instinct of the bird is the consequence of the experience of its ancestors, and that we fully understand it, while the hope of immortality is purely prophetic and entirely inexplicable. We do not understand the migratory instinct of the bird; it is a marvelous fact despite all our assumptions; yet even supposing that the

[1] Headley, Structure of Birds.

modern interpretation of instinct is correct, and that the migratory impulse is the capitalized experience of the bird race, who can pretend that we understand all that is included in the constitution and history of the human soul? Springing out of the depths of nature, may not our spirit be influenced by facts and laws which dip down into the infinite? According to the naturalist we are partakers of the unknown cycles of the past; eternity is set in our heart, and our belief in persistent life may be based upon facts of the abiding universe that we can now no more comprehend than the bird of today can comprehend the ice age in which the migratory instinct is believed to have taken its rise. Our instinct for the unknown world and future life shall not betray us. Not in vain has our wing been fashioned for a far flight, and our daring hope shall not make us ashamed. Through dark nights and trackless skies, over wild seas, battling with storms, puzzled by strange lights and glooms, the trembling birds urge their perilous flight to sing amid the sunshine and roses of the lands of the sun; so through sickness, age, death and the grave we greatly hope, and our hope shall not make us ashamed.

The eternal Spirit stands behind all physical facts and laws, using them according to the purpose of his sovereign will, and it little troubles us as to how far it may please him to work through the dust. With him we have to do; we are always sure that his final purpose is intellectual and moral; in him we put our trust; he will keep faith with us. Nothing in modern science dismays us, it confirms our greatest beliefs and hopes. "Faith is the heroism of the intellect"; just that. The intellect follows the lines of the experimental world to their last refinement; then, still holding to the secret analogy of things, it becomes heroic, and committing itself to the abyss of the future lands on the diamond rock. Faith is reason consulting all the lessons of time and experience, then projecting itself into realms of the unknown. It shall not be confounded.

W. L. Watkinson

Art. III.—THE CHIEF WORK OF THE MINISTER OF GOD[1]

When Samuel Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford he wrote in his diary, under date of November 15, 1855: "In reply to my question, 'How do you influence people of different classes?' the Abbé Codant said: 'In instructed places mainly the *sermon* is trusted to; in ignorant parts *processions, exposition of the Sacrament, etc.*'" The entry is of small importance. Who cares especially for the opinion of Abbé Codant except as showing that then, as now, the realm of the Christian ministry has many roads of privilege and duty? The demands upon the ministry are increasingly numerous and varied. It is a commonplace that a minister must be a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, able to put his hand to anything and everything. He must be a shepherd of the flock, a man of affairs with administrative abilities, bookkeeper, committeeman, counselor, teacher, miracle-worker, and what not. Some place the emphasis upon one function, some upon another. I have heard it said that if a man is a good pastor, that is all that is necessary, or if he is tactful—a good "mixer" is the modern phrase—or a good all-round man, he will be a success. But the chief work of the minister of God is not as a pastor or an adviser, not as a tactician or an administrator. The chief work of the minister is something else. The chief work of the minister of God is to preach. To that he is called. To that, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at least, he is ordained. Have you never heard a bishop say to a candidate for deacon's orders as he hands him the Bible, "Take thou authority to read the Holy Scriptures in the Church of God, and to preach the same," or to a candidate for elder's orders, "Take thou authority as an Elder in the Church, to preach the word of God, and to administer the Holy Sacraments in the Congregation"? Have you never heard a bishop at such an ordination service pray, "Most merciful Father, we beseech thee to send upon these thy servants thy heavenly bless-

[1]Matriculation Address given September 26, 1906, Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

ings, that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that thy word spoken by their mouths may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also that we may have grace to hear and receive what they shall deliver out of thy most holy word, or agreeably to the same, as the means of our salvation," etc.? If Methodist ministers have any official designation it is "preacher-in-charge." From the beginning we have laid emphasis on preaching. And both naturally and rightly. Methodism was a revival of primitive Christianity, a restatement of the principles of the gospel. How could the evangelicals of the eighteenth century do otherwise than preach? Where in history is there a record of a great religious awakening apart from preaching? Not at Nineveh, nor Jerusalem, nor Rome. Wycliffe and his "simple priests" by their preaching made a new England in the fourteenth century, as did Wesley and Whitefield in the eighteenth. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the result of preaching. "Wherever the pulpit was set up the Reformation spread, and wherever the Reformation spread the pulpit was set up." There is nothing more certain than that which has been affirmed by more than one writer, that if it were necessary to vindicate the wisdom of God in making preaching the chief means of the establishment and extension of his kingdom, a sufficient defense would be found in the remarkable power which the Christian pulpit has wielded, especially at certain critical periods in the history of the church.

There was a time when the authority of the pulpit was supreme. It is not so now. In the last quarter of a century there has been a perceptible loss of pulpit influence and power. It is said that wherever preaching retains its vitality it is an exception to the rule. Certain it is that the preacher is no longer the only teacher in the community. He is not the only learned man; he is not even the only Bible student. There is doubtless a modern impatience of preaching; there has been a loss of novelty. But does the preacher, as some assert, only afford a sort of religious pastime to the people? Preachers are charged with being dull, prolix, without variety, and narrow. They are caricatured by the illustrated press either as sleek, well-fed, unctuous wearers of the cloth, or as thin, gaunt, sanctimonious clerics. It is a common

impression now as it always has been that preachers are among the laziest of lazy folks. A reviewer of Jane Austen's novels, commenting on the fact that she chose her characters from the class of life in which she herself lived, the so-called middle class—the squires and country gentlemen, the clergymen and upper-class prosperous tradespeople—says: "It is, however, a remarkable fact that all the mankind are always at leisure to picnic and dance attendance on the ladies at any hour of the day; we have no business men; rides and excursions and picnics are always provided with a full complement of idle young men to watch the young women. To this rule the clergymen are, of course, no exception." "Of course." That's the pity. *Of course!* Laymen think they lay a laurel crown on the brow of the minister when they say, "He is a hard worker." It seems to be the prevalent notion that preachers are well-meaning, easy-going souls, who subsist on a chicken diet and raise a hymn-tune now and again. To be sure. But is not there some ground for such an opinion? John Stoughton, a sturdy Puritan, one of the chaplains to James I, once wrote a quaint book entitled Baruch's Sore Gently Opened. Some modern critics of the pulpit are not so considerate. Even more serious charges are brought against ministers and the church. They are thought to be what God is not—respecters of persons. They read an expurgated edition of Saint James's epistle and fail to recall what that apostle wrote about the poor and the rich. One of the most influential labor leaders in England has said that there is no place in the workingman's program for religion. This must be because Christianity seems puerile and impotent. Kaufmann asserts that "the cross, once a symbol of suffering, is now a symbol of slavery." This must be because Christianity seems oppressive. But not alone hostile critics call attention to the unfortunate estrangement of many working men from the church. Dr. Peabody says: "We find a gulf of alienation and misinterpretation lying between the social movement and the Christian religion; a gulf so wide and deep as to recall the judgment of Schopenhauer, that Christianity, in its real attitude toward the world, is absolutely remote from the spirit of the modern age." And Professor Commons in his Social Reform and the Church is more specific,

not only holding that it is the failures of Christians that perpetuate and intensify social problems, but that the failures of Christians are due to the failures of Christian preaching. Besides, there are said to be serious and successful rivals of the pulpit; substitutes even. We hear of "the artist who preaches," and of the poet with a message, and of the militant voice of the press, as if these were the chosen prophets of this generation. God forbid that I should speak lightly of any influence that makes for righteousness or disparage any light that may be held aloft in the world's night, for it is unquestionably true that now and then the poetic imagination may rise to seership. How otherwise shall we interpret Milton, or Tennyson, or Whittier? The painter may have a vision of moral good which drives him to cry aloud through form and color so potently that others see what he has seen and are swayed even as he was swayed. Who will gainsay the power of the press? It is of incalculable value when uninfluenced by political, or commercial, or personal motives. But the minister of God is not to be classed with these, even though Thomas Guthrie did once write to a painter: "You say we follow different professions, that you are a painter and that I am a writer. I will put it in another way: we are both painters, only that I content myself with the pen while you use the brush." I mean no disrespect. The preacher is not an expert in phrases, or differentiated from other men by a sense of proportion or a feeling for perspective. He is not a purveyor of news, nor a barometer of public sentiment, nor a diagnostician of disease in the body politic. He is a preacher. He is not a sociologist, nor a politician, nor an economist, nor a statesman. He is a preacher, and his is the final word, therefore, in the realm in which he speaks. Preaching is not the dissemination of scientific theories, the advancement of political ideas, nor the announcement of economic principles. These are fortunately outside the preaching realm. I say "fortunately," for there might be occasion for disputing his theories, for debating his partisan pronunciamentos, and for questioning his political economy; but in matters of religion—I make a distinction between religion and doctrine—his word is final. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy

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God?" Christianity has the last word in matters of conduct. For the preacher who receives his message from God and delivers it uncorrupted there is no supreme court. There is no appeal from the preacher's "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A thousand voices may query, and quibble, and even wail their protests, but the word of the preacher is forevermore yea and amen. And if there is legitimate ground of criticism of the pulpit or of preaching in this generation, if the influence of the pulpit is waning and the preaching in any quarter is becoming puerile, then the pulpit must seek to reëstablish itself as a force for righteousness and preachers must pray and labor to come once again unto their own. There is only one way by which the pulpit can regain its power, namely, by preaching. Scholarship alone will not do it. There are more scholars out of the pulpit than in it. Simple devotion to lofty ideals will not accomplish it. Even zealous loyalty to a holy cause will not reëstablish the power of the pulpit. Meddling in politics will not attain the desired end. The call to preach does not constitute a man a statesman. The most effective appeal is not political in its nature. The kingdom of heaven is not to be advanced by intrigues or cabals. There is no place in free government for a clerical party or for distinctly political preaching. Paul Sabatier, in his book Disestablishment in France, says: "I conclude this sketch of the position of the church by saying that what has ruined the church in France is not its dogmas but its politics." The state cannot make saints. It can lock up its criminals, provided it can convict them of crime; it can place certain safeguards about the weak and defenseless which may act as restraints in times of temptation or peril, it can provide education and other helpful influence for all, but it cannot make saints. Men are not to be coerced into goodness by standing armies or legislative enactments. Elijah tried to coerce Israel into acknowledgment of the supremacy of God and failed. The preacher as a politician is more out of his element than a ward-heeler in the pulpit. The political preacher will not reëstablish the supremacy of the pulpit.

The hope of Christianity is not in the growth of ritualism. The church is not to recover lost ground by more ornate forms of

worship. I know the zealous churchman will say, as he is wont to say: "Sermons are not worship; they are but means to an end. Ends and means must not be confounded. The road to London is not London." Yet Luther held that there could be no true worship where there is no true preaching, and a very recent writer insists that "the speaking of the word of God is the highest element of worship," and I believe with them. Moreover where the priestly idea is given precedence there comes a famine of the word of the Lord in the land. Sir Walter Besant, like Gladstone and Hawthorne and many others, was profoundly impressed with the Pilgrim's Progress, and said of it: "While it survives, and is read by our boys and girls, two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The first is the personal responsibility of each man; the next is"—and it is this that I want to emphasize—"the next is that Christianity does not want, and cannot have, a priest." It would seem as if England has even now almost forgotten the lesson! The ritualism of Baal was much more imposing than that of Israel, but that proved nothing as to which was the true God. Its moral demands, too, were much less exacting. And unfortunately this is almost invariably the effect of the gorgeous pageantry and dramatic ceremonials of a studied and imposing ritualism. The soul that is flaming with a holy sense of fellowship with Jesus does not wait, as they that wait for the coming of the morning, for the entrance of a priest. There is no place for the priest in *his* temple. He is one with Christ, and waits only to hear what the Lord would speak to his trembling heart. What other conclusion can we reach from the study of the records of the Christian centuries than that it is the preacher rather than the priest who is the larger factor in the world's progress? Jesus was a preacher. He started in to preach. "From that time Jesus began to preach," runs the record. It was not as a priest officiating at a flower-bedecked altar that he stirred the emotions of people. It was when he *spoke*. He was no traditionalist; he showed small respect for the religious party, and it was not as a synagogist that he read the Law, relying for impressions upon intonation, or cadence, or ecclesiastical dress. It was when he interpreted the law in modern speech that "all bare him wit-

ness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." He had no difficulty in getting an attentive hearing. The people knew that he was not reciting platitudes that day in the synagogue at Nazareth when he read, as no man ever read that utterance before, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; . . . to preach deliverance to the captives, . . . to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." By that time "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." He did not need to add, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Somehow they felt it, and knew as by instinct that they were looking upon the Preacher long heralded. That was his mission, to preach, to preach, to preach.

"Across the sea, along the shore,
In numbers more and ever more,
From lonely hut and busy town,
The valley through, the mountain down,
What was it ye went out to see,
Ye silly folk of Galilee?
The reed that in the wind doth shake?
The weed that washes in the lake?
The reeds that wave? the weeds that float?—
A young man preaching in a boat."

What portraits of himself he drew!—"A sower went forth to sow." With what consciousness of personal authority he spoke!—"Verily, verily, I say unto you." What entreaty there was ever in his urgent appeals!—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." What pathos in his tears of failure!——"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." What sublime conceptions of world-conquests through the enthusiastic devotion of his chosen preachers!—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Jesus was a preacher. The apostles were preachers. That was their business, preaching. It was their chief business. They had neither time nor inclination for church finances or details of organization; they caused others to be chosen for such purposes, they were commissioned to preach. The conquests of the Christian Church have been largely through preach-

ing. Saint Francis was never the priest to people, he was a *brother,* a preacher. It was not Luther the monk, bending the knee in suppliant complaisancy to the so-called vicar of God and covering the surgings of his own restless heart with a priestly robe, that made Europe tremble, but Luther the son of thunder, who, having seen the glowing bush which flamed with fire and yet was not burned, told men of the revelations. Was it John Wesley the priest or John Wesley the preacher who changed the currents of English social life and effected a moral revolution? The conclusion is inevitable. If the pulpit, as many think, has lost its vitality, the remedy is not to be found in ritualism but in preaching; more and better preaching. James Russell Lowell said that no government can be carried on by declamation; this is probably true; but the kingdom of heaven is to be established and maintained by preaching. Its substantial progress has been through preaching. It must be so to the very end of time. Preaching has as divine a sanction as the two sacraments which were sealed with the Master's approval; it has a more important relation to the kingdom of God in the world than either baptism or the Lord's Supper. If they are permanent institutions, so is it; if they are essential, or of value, preaching is of like value and necessity. One may not be discounted more than the others. No man has authority to set aside, or even lightly regard, preaching any more than he is privileged to sneer at baptism or make jest of the holy communion. "Christ sent me not to baptize," said Paul, "but to preach the gospel." In order of time, the minister of God is called to preach before he receives the sanction of the church to lay his hands in baptism upon the head of the penitent sinner or to put the chalice to the lips of the kneeling believer. "The word," says Vinet, "does not become a rite; but the rite becomes a word."

This summer I was at Amalfi on the Gulf of Salerno, where, as Longfellow wrote, "the waves and mountains meet." One night as I lay awake in a cell of the old Capuchin monastery built in the face of the rugged mountain high up above the waters of the tideless sea, I drifted into strange, bewildering currents of history and romance. There were no sounds save the lapping of

the sea on the gray sands of the paltry beach and, as the night bent toward the dawn, now and then the shrill chatter of men and women going to their unseasonable tasks. In the stillness imagination made swift journeys in every direction. In one direction was Pæstum, where on a fever-strewn plain are the majestic ruins of a temple erected two thousand five hundred years ago for the worship of some "unknown god." In another direction was Sorrento, where Tasso was born, while beyond lay Naples, and there Petrarch lived and there Virgil waved his enchanter's wand and there he is buried. In the cathedral of Amalfi, I recalled, the bones of Saint Andrew are said to repose, and in Salerno, almost the next town, the cathedral is said to contain the remains of Saint Matthew. What fields for thought-excursions—mythology, learning, superstition, beauty of nature, a score of splendid moving pictures! And there was yet one more. Over there on the shore beyond Naples on the swerving coast in the shimmering moonlight lay Puzzuoli. There, years ago, a ship called Castor and Pollux touched one day on its way to Rome. On board was a preacher named Paul. You know the story. It need not be rehearsed today. This only shall be said: Pæstum is a desolate heap of ruins. Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered is seldom taken from library shelves. Who believes that the bones of Andrew and Matthew can be found at Amalfi or Salerno, or, if there, that they possess healing virtues? The mountains are wearing away; the cities of the Salernian Bay are now little more than a memory. Ancient Amalfi is beneath the laughing waters. But Paul is as much of a force as when the ship on which he sailed touched the Italian coast, and the gospel which he preached with such passionate fervor and winsome grace is still the power of God unto salvation and the hope of the nations. Preaching is a permanent institution of Christianity and the preacher is the voice of God to a sinning world. As Cowper wrote:

> "I say the pulpit (in the sober use
> Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
> Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
> The most important and effective guard,
> Support and ornament of virtue's cause."

But many ministers give less attention to preaching than

formerly. It is not infrequent that men are heard to say: "I don't spend much time on my sermons. I can't; I have too much else to do." But organizing Boys' Clubs, or presiding at Ladies' Aid Society meetings, or running errands for the sexton, will never answer the purpose of preaching. The church has a right to expect that men ordained to preach shall be able to preach. I would question whether anyone who cannot preach, and preach acceptably, has any business in the ministry. I once heard of an epitaph in a country town. It devoted two lines to the virtues of the good woman buried there, and concluded with this line: "She averaged well for this vicinity." That isn't enough—to average well for the vicinity in which you labor. Brethren, you are to be preachers; the best preachers that God and native ability and hard tasks can produce. Why should you not aspire to be great preachers? From an examination of most books on preaching or preachers one would think that Methodism has not had, or cannot produce, great preachers. It cannot be that we have had no great preachers. It may be that there is no wealth of Methodist sermonic literature. But it makes little difference. I am not concerned as to the proper recognition, but I am anxious that every man entering our ministry shall determine by the Grace of God to be a worthy preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And whoever is called to preach may become an acceptable vehicle for the communication of the thoughts and feelings of God to the hearts and consciences of men.

What shall be the nature of this preaching for which I plead, and which is the supreme need of the church today? There are so many qualities which are essential that I regret I cannot attempt to do more than name two or three characteristics. In general terms it must be the sort of preaching which rests for its authority upon the Word of God, for its pertinency upon the needs of humanity, individual and social, and for its victories, under the blessing of God, upon the passion of the preacher's soul.

Our ministry is a ministry of the Word. The effective preacher is one who knows, reverences and believes the Bible, who finds his illustrations in the Bible, who interprets Scripture by Scripture, who holds as supreme the authority of the Bible.

Preaching, to be worth while, must have a sharpened point. The Word of God is still powerful and sharp. It may be more popular to use make-believe weapons, such as are put in the hands of children, but strongholds of sin will not topple over to the rippling laughter of children at play, nor will citadels of Satan be taken by the users of penny whistles. Men may prefer not to be disturbed in their unlawful practices, or they may elect not to listen to a condemnation of their vices. It is not always popular to denounce wickedness. But the pulpit will be a force only as the preacher stands upon the impregnable rock of Scripture, and with the audacity and plainness of Scripture denounces sin of every name and form, and with the tenderness and ardent love of the Bible announces "the word of reconciliation." More and more must our preaching be scriptural preaching. The Book must be the mirror in which men shall see both themselves and their Saviour. The Book must be the interpreter of life, and at the same time bread for the sustenance of life; the flaming sword at Eden's gate, warning of judgment; the limpid fountain in which dust-stained and weary travelers shall slake their thirst. The Book must ever be the inspiration of noble ambitions and valiant enterprises, the solace of fagged, uncomforted, pinched, sorrow-gashed souls, the sure guide to the celestial city. God give us a generation of preachers who shall know the Scriptures with the spiritual discernment of Alexander Maclaren, who shall make use of them for the elucidation of the problems of the soul and the illumination of the rough but royal way to the skies as Spurgeon and Parker used them, and there will be little talk about the impotency of preaching.

Again, preaching, to be worthy of the name, and to stop the cavils of some critics of preaching and preachers, must be chivalric. Preaching is militant work. "Preaching the gospel means going to men with the words, 'Thou, thou art the man.' It means a never-ceasing attack on every wrong institution until the earth becomes a new earth, and all cities cities of God." Preaching is one way by which wrongs are righted, oppressions checked, violence abated, justice restored to her throne, iniquities laid low, sin destroyed. Preachers ought to be the most chivalrous of men, but,

alas, it is not always so. In 1844 the Earl of Shaftesbury wrote in his Journal: "Prepared as I am, I am oftentimes distressed and puzzled by the strange contrasts I find: support from infidels or nonprofessors; opposition or coldness from religionists or declaimers; I sometimes pause to reflect whether I can be right, whether I have followed the true course, whether—when so many 'pious' people either thwart or discourage me—I must not be altogether in error"; and on another occasion he wrote: "I find, as usual, the clergy are, in many cases, frigid; in some few, hostile. So it has ever been with me. At first I could get *none;* at last I have obtained a few, but how miserable a proportion of the entire class!" Oh, how often the ministers of every generation fail to hear the bitter cries of the downtrodden, of unloved children, of the faint and famished. The age demands chivalric preachers. Charles Kingsley was such a preacher to his generation. One who heard him in Chester Cathedral said of him that, when he entered the pulpit, somehow—from the simple carriage of himself, from every restrained and slightest gesture, from every stronger or shyer cadence, from the words he said and the earnest, self-abandoning, strong, joyful way in which he said them —there came upon you the impression that here was a man who, in all best senses, was a true knight-errant; a man who had yielded to God and duty not a few of his faculties only, but his whole manhood, and who had an utter personal rejoicing, both in consecration itself and in all sides of that ministry which for him the consecration meant. "Charles Kingsley?" you say. "I know him. He was a great preacher; he must have had great opportunities. I have heard of him; he must have preached in London." Yes, probably he did preach in London—occasionally—but London was not his parish. His field of opportunity was a "little patch of moorland," as he himself characterized it, in Southern England, on which were three straggling hamlets, containing seven or eight hundred souls, not a man or woman of whom, when he began his ministry at Eversley, could read or write; coarse, boorish folks, habitually absenting themselves from the leaky, wormeaten old parish church and even more assiduously frequenting the ale houses. The salary? Oh, that was a mere pittance. Not an

attractive field for the beginning of any ministry, many will think. Others will perhaps say: "Well, the young preachers have to take the hard places; we can stand it for a year or two, and then we will have served our apprenticeship and will get an easier or better place." Oh, God, is that the modern spirit? It was not the spirit of the chivalric Kingsley. There he began, continued, and ended his glorious ministry, and no man in England in his day exerted a more powerful and widespread influence. His voice, sounding a real message of God, was heard in metropolitan England and in distant America. In the broadest sense the world became his parish. And what is the explanation? It is simple. He was a brother of the world. His words throbbed with sympathy and life. Every soul in peril or distress was his care, every slave was his concern, every man oppressed by sin or society was his charge. "I will never believe," he cries almost impatiently, "I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and the beautiful except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it. It is very easy for us to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are." He read in his Bible that there are *two* commandments: Thou shalt love the Lord supremely, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor also supremely. The Bible of every chivalrous preacher reads in the same fashion. What does it matter to a man who thus loves *where* he is set to preach or how much compensation he receives per sermon! Preaching is not a matter of pay or of locality. The summons to preach is not sounded by God alone, but by humanity. It is the reveille of human need, that the Son of God, going forth to war, has heard, which leads many a chivalrous soul to place himself as completely in God's hands as did David Livingstone for the preaching of the Word and the healing of the open sores of the world. Some one asked a great musician how he composed his wonderful works. "I don't know," he replied; "I only listen." The effective preacher is one who listens and, listening, hears the voice of God and the agonized cry of human need, and obeys.

In the Protestant cemetery in Rome is a monument to Shelley, the English poet who met a tragic death at thirty in Italy. A sudden storm at sea capsized the boat in which he was sailing, and he was drowned almost within sight of his home. He had lived in Italy four years and was peculiarly responsive to the subtle spirit of the Italian atmosphere. Mountain, sky, sea, brilliant flowers, gorgeous sunsets, radiant fields and lustrous waters color his poems: "I depend on these things for life," he once wrote to a friend. It is a well-known fact that he almost invariably found his inspiration out of doors—on some quiet mountainside, in a blossom-covered pergola, in a boat on the water, or beneath the helpful sky. His first Italian poem, "A Passage of the Apennines," was written at a little inn among the mountains, in the midst of a wild landscape, where he passed but a single night. But he found the inspiration for his intensest poem, if not his greatest, not in sky, or mountain, not in nature or works of art, though these all fascinated him to a remarkable degree; it was his introduction to a beautiful and accomplished Italian girl imprisoned by a wicked father and a jealous stepmother in a convent near Pisa. His biographer says that Shelley was a born knight-errant, who could never see or hear of a wrong without an instant rush to right it, and his work bears out the statement. The preacher will be stirred to his best efforts, not by sculpture or painting, nor by landscape, but by some vision of humanity in bonds, as Wendell Phillips was moved to renunciation of brightest worldly prospects by the sight of a man, one William Lloyd Garrison by name, being dragged to jail in Boston for venturing to say that men were born to freedom. Preachers are men moved upon not only by the Holy Ghost, but also by the oppressed spirit of humanity. They are preachers because there are wrongs to be righted, iniquities to be challenged, perfidies to be denounced, oppressions to be thwarted, sins to be forgiven, sick souls to be healed, weary pilgrims to be shown the winding way to heaven's gate. Nature, art, literature, may aid, but cannot make the preacher any more than these can finally save a soul, as Michael Angelo realized when he wrote his sonnet, "On the Brink of Death":

"Now hath my life across a stormy sea
Like a frail bark reached the wide port where all
Are bidden ere the final reckoning fall
Of good and evil for eternity.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshiper and thrall
Of earthly art is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
These amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread."

It is not art but humanity which makes the great preacher.

Finally, preaching, to be effective, can never be a perfunctory duty. The preacher is not one who merely plays a part as in a drama. Mere official seriousness, moreover, will not make a man a preacher. There must be pulsating passion, a pervasive, resistless enthusiasm, which has its fountain head in a divine call, which takes its color, as the sea takes its color from the sky, from the divine love, and which finds its sustenance and potency in a constant and steadying realization "of the powers of the world to come." Do I use an obsolete or obsolescent phrase when I say "called to preach"? In our zest for the discovery of the irreducible minimum in the Christian system that idea has not been cast overboard, has it? We have not come to feel that the idea of a divine call to preach is incompatible with modern notions, have we? We have seen numerous branches severed, one by one, from the tree of our life and thought: we are surprised to find, now and then, that a light which has been glowing in some window from childhood has been snuffed out by a boisterous gust of wind, few of the old-fashioned flowers grow now in our garden perhaps, but we still believe in a divine summons to the office and work of the Christian ministry; do we not? Yet here is a writer who in an essay on "The Decay of Modern Preaching" says: "There is a certain inconsistency in our judgment about the ministry of the Christian churches. On the one hand most of the ordination services postulate an inward calling in the candidate—a special motion of the Spirit; they do not recognize any other motive as

lawful, and assume that the clergy of the church are, each and all, men who are constrained by a divine impulse to enter upon their duties. The general public, on the other hand, and the majority even of serious parents, regard the ministry as a profession to be ranked with law and medicine, and they assume that any man who feels a turn for it, in the ordinary sense of the word, is entitled to enter it. This is indeed a true and practical view, because, if the higher requirements were maintained, so few would dare to present themselves as to render our pulpits empty and the maintenance of our churches impossible." Well, if this be "a true and practical view," then preaching will continue to decay and the light of the gospel will go out in darkness. Better a thousand vacant pulpits than that they should be filled by mere babblers. Has it come to this, that any man who feels "a turn for it" is entitled to enter the pulpit? Was it thus that Elisha entered upon his work, or Isaiah took up the grave responsibilities laid upon him, or Paul went as a flaming herald to the Gentile world? Why is the Old Testament largely a record of "calls" if they are without significance? Why does Paul make much of the fact that he is "separated unto the gospel of God" if this divinely established relationship has no vital connection with his work as an apostle? "I was reading, the other day," says Dale in his book on Fellowship, "an explanation of what constitutes effective preaching, and the writer said: 'It is not the words of the preacher that produce the impression, but the man behind the words.' This is not even half the truth," comments the great Dale. "It is the Christ behind the man that produces the impression." Who will deny it? It is not the man who simply "feels a turn" for preaching that will find a welcome hearing, but he who, called and commissioned of God, realizes the Emmanuel—God with us—is with him, and speaking through him; that like Paul causes the Felixes to tremble, and like Peter the Corneliuses to rejoice. Bishop Scott often referred to that ever-to-be-remembered night, as he designated it, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Now," he would say, "I was happy in God;

> "'Jesus all the day long
> Was my joy and my song;'

but I soon felt that I could not eat my morsel alone. My heart was stirred to call sinners to repentance. What should I do? My education, though as good as that of a majority of the young men of my neighborhood, was yet very limited. I had learned, in some sort, reading, writing, and arithmetic; but that was all, and even that, to a great extent, I had lost. I knew nothing of grammar, philosophy, geography, or of history. My mother had given me the best education the schools of the neighborhood or her means would afford, yet it was very limited. How, then, could I undertake so great and responsible a work? But the burden of the Lord was upon me, and I felt, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!' Nor did there seem to be any bounds set to my call: 'Out, out, still out!' When I yielded I was happy, when I resisted I was miserable. I hesitated, reasoned, struggled. I was greatly oppressed with my want of qualifications. But 'No matter,' was the reply to all my objections. 'Away! away! Labor for God and souls.'" Better that the Mississippi which makes fertile a myriad fields shall cease to flow than that men who merely "feel a turn" for preaching, or whose parents elect that they shall enter the church, shall stand in our pulpits, for such "have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not, neither speak they through their throat." God's ministers must ever be chosen men. Besides they must walk with him in intimate fellowship, must think his thoughts, love as he loves, strive with the concern which he feels for the well-being of men, for their salvation, and be willing to suffer as he was willing to suffer for their present and eternal joy. "No man cares for my soul," shrieked a man in despair. "Oh, yes, there is," said the Son of God. "Prove it? I will." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." No man cares for my soul, thought an Ethiopian of distinction under Queen Candace, as he read of One who was led as a lamb to the slaughter. "Oh, yes, there is," said a preacher who, beginning at the same Scripture—every sermon must begin with the sacrifice of God—told the marvelous story of the divine love. "No man cares for my soul," said an outcast in London. "It's false," cried Hugh Price Hughes. One of his helpers at Saint James's Hall once

said: "Mr. Hughes preached practically the same sermon every Sunday night for five years." It was the story of God's amazing love as revealed in his conversion. "No man cares for my soul," said a man on the Bowery in New York who had run the gamut of dissipation and saw nothing ahead of him but the East River. "You are mistaken," replied a man with a face which glowed with a radiant joy, as he laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "Prove it? I will; I will come down and live among your kind and will tell my story," and he did; and when he was carried to his burial a few months ago there followed in his train a whole army of former thieves and drunkards who had been won to sobriety and honesty and virtue by his passionate love for their souls. The fact is, "Christianity is not founded on logic but on passion," and passion finds its expression in intensity of life; and here you have the secret of the prodigious preaching power of two of the quietest, gentlest men I have ever known—Henry Drummond and Maltbie Babcock. Nor need one look further for the explanation of how John was sustained while in banishment, or why Peter welcomed martyrdom, or for the reason why Finney left the study of law to become a preacher, or why Moody had such a singular influence over men. No man can be a mighty preacher who is not daily strengthened by a heavenly vision. Take Paul for example. It was a vivid sense of the powers of the world to come which buoyed and steadied him all through his tempestuous career. Prisons were nothing, stripes nothing, false brethren nothing, shipwrecks nothing, powers and principalities nothing; none of these things moved him. His affections were fixed on things above. His eye never wavered, and therefore his hand never trembled, his foot never faltered, his heart never flinched, and his preaching was the power of God unto salvation. Such fixedness of gaze, such resoluteness of purpose, such vigor of concern and vitality of experience, such superbness of devotion and peerless self-effacement—these are the ingredients of a soul-passion which will fire a stammering tongue, and turn multitudes to righteousness.

It was only the other day that I was reading the pessimistic predictions of a preacher. "As regards the future of preaching," he wrote, "I confess that among the better classes, and with

educated congregations, I think its day is gone by." He is so confident that he repeats it on the same page: "The day for any average minister to lead and influence such [that is, educated] people *by his preaching* is gone by." The day of preaching gone by! So they were saying in the thirteenth century, and while the words were still hot on their lips there suddenly appeared on the smiling Umbrian plain—his coming was as swift and unexpected as if he had been dropped from a cloudless sky—a man of almost diminutive stature, with thin features, of delicate health like Robert Hall, yet practicing the severest austerities, with an indomitable will, yet tender and sympathetic, and by the miracle of preaching, almost before men realized it, the old faith was everywhere revived. So men were saying when Hugh Blair was droning his platitudes in Edinburgh—when, lo, a thousand insistent voices were heard along the highways of England and a new day had dawned on the earth. The day of preaching gone by! Rather is the day at hand for a generation of preachers. Opportunities create preachers. Preachers are made by great themes and great struggles. The ante-bellum days made Whittier, who never rose to grander heights than in his anti-slavery poems. What a day you young ministers of God are entering upon!—a day of alarm and strain, of fatiguing campaigns and peril of battle, of poverty, and wounds, and death; but what of that? If the Spirit of the Lord is upon you, and the death of the Son of God is real to you, and the awesome cries of humanity lash your soul, as the west wind goads the sea into mountains of fury and power, into tumults of eager solicitude and upspringing passion of effort, you will cry as did old Samuel Adams on the morning of the battle of Lexington, "Oh, glorious day!" It *is* a glorious day, my brethren. Thank God that you will feel its breath upon your faces, and enter with boundless joy into its struggles.

Ezra Squier Tipple

Art. IV.—LONGFELLOW'S SERVICE TO AMERICAN CULTURE

It is more and more apparent that Longfellow's real distinction is due, not to the excellence of his prose achievement, not to his attainments as a college professor, not even to his greatness as a poet, but to his superiority and grace of manhood. His prose productions do not commend themselves as enduring works of art; his function as a college professor was incidental, temporary, and to some extent perfunctory; and his poetry, sweet and noble as it is, rarely attains supreme excellence. His finest work of art is his own character. No one is ever disappointed in that. It nowhere falls short. He was never able to put into either speech, or poetry, or prose quite all that there was good and great in himself. But whether he was discoursing to a body of students in the classroom, or addressing a wider and more varied audience through Outre-Mer and Hyperion, or enchanting a nation with his song, through it all and over and above it all he was diffusing his own personality, and so disseminating the finest ideals and the mellowest culture yet known to America.

I am aware that there are those who will question whether culture is not an altogether negligible factor in America. Some there are who will assert that the refinements of life are more honored among us in the breach than in the observance. They will take the rumored reply of the Chicagoan, who, when twitted by a Bostonian on the lack of culture in Chicago, retorted with spirit that Chicago was about to take up culture now and boom it, as indicative of the conception of culture universally held in America. And there is not a little to encourage and justify such a conclusion. For refinement cometh not with observation. The winds of culture blow where they list, and we know neither whence they come nor whither they go. But the Philistine trumpeteth from afar. He goeth hither and thither in the land; and maketh his uprisings and his downsittings to be known throughout the earth. The "yellow" journal and the American millionaire fill the universe with the magnitude of our iniquity and our ignorance. It is too true that

our refinement of late years has had to do very largely with the refinement of oil; and that, far from busying ourselves in creating "a current of true and fresh ideas," in accordance with the gospel of culture preached so assiduously by Matthew Arnold in his day and generation, we have been supremely exercised lest there should be a diminution in the current of our trade in canned meats and sausages, or a decline in the values of real estate. But be our cultural status at present what it may, it is vastly better than it was a hundred years ago. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century there was everything in New England to chill and nothing to nourish the æsthetic and imaginative life of the people. The one overpowering motive of the Puritans was to work the will of God upon earth; and they believed that God required very rigorous things of them and of all men. They worshiped in bare, cold, ugly meetinghouses where they listened to long, terrible prayers, longer and more terrible sermons, and sang crude and unmusical versions of the Psalms. Gloomy thoughts of the brevity of life, the certainty of death, and the endlessness of future existence stared them continually in the face by day and made their dreams frightful by night. Purely theoretical Puritanism was pretty likely to preach that "human nature is damnable," that conscience and elegance are at variance, and that the refinements of art are seductions of the devil. Emerson's saying, that the Puritans "were so righteous they had to hold on to the huckleberry bushes for fear of being translated," throws not a little light upon the temper of his ancestors. They were consumed with a harsh and unlovely religious zeal on the one hand, and forced to a relentless Yankee clutch upon the huckleberry bushes of material existence on the other. Between the brassy heavens into which they gazed and the obdurate soil in which they delved there was spread out for their delight a whole rich, fair world of opportunity and enjoyment. But to this they were blind. There were, nevertheless, in this hardy vine of New England Puritanism sweet potencies that were later to yield choice vintages of poetry, and wit, and philosophy. The race that could breed Longfellow, and Holmes, and Emerson, is not a race to be ridiculed or despised. But the narrowness and intensity of the Puritan temper and manner of life was not the

only influence that tended to inhibit culture and ideality in New England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The time for the dreamer and the singer had not yet come. The era of material conquest must precede that of æsthetic enjoyment; and the process of establishing civil order must anticipate the products of the creative imagination. For many decades our Puritan ancestors found the task of taming the savage and conquering the brute forces of nature about them scarcely less realistic and absorbing than the work of subduing the devil within them. Houses must be erected, forests must be cleared, fields must be planted and harvested, rivers must be bridged, roads must be cut, and, finally, cities must be built and constitutions made before there could be leisure for the refinements of life. There is little need for poetry and painting, and little opportunity to enjoy them while men are on the march or in camp and battle. They themselves are enacting deeds that are later to become the subject-matter for epics, and so warm and full-pulsed is the excitement that accompanies action that any account of it in song or story must seem thin and uninteresting to men who have dared the unknown and achieved adventures stranger than fiction. Books and statues and paintings, like woman, must have a permanent dwelling place; and Labor, during these years, was the young pioneer who had gone forth with an ax and gun to build a home in the wilderness for Art, his fair young bride who was to follow him later. So these first two centuries were centuries of resolute practical endeavor, heroic physical achievement, and farsighted civic beginnings. But not until the opening of the nineteenth century did the starved emotional and imaginative life of New England begin to get itself properly fed. Before the coming of Longfellow there had been harbingers of sweetness and light. "Fine sounds" had been "floating wild about the earth." The genial Washington Irving, sunning himself in the bright lands beyond the sea, had early found favor in the social and literary circles of Europe. And, good American that he was, he turned to captivate the hearts of susceptible New Englanders with romantic suggestions of the ripe beauty of rural England, and the opulence and splendor of Spanish life and Spanish legend. Ticknor too,

and Bryant had made incursions upon Spanish literary soil, and had brought back treasures more welcome than the hoarded gold of pirates. And the enlightened Emerson, who represented the spiritual quintessence of Puritanism in America, with silvery eloquence and pen dipped in the brightest hues of earthly love and heavenly grace, had been announcing in transcendental language the hour of man's intellectual emancipation. So by the time Longfellow took up his residence at Cambridge after his second sojourn abroad, the New World was fully prepared for the fine culture that he was to nourish and disseminate.

If we would fully realize the importance of Longfellow's contribution to ideality in America, we must now for a little time inquire what manner of man he was. America has yet to see, and, perhaps, the world has yet to show a better type of civilization than that which centered in Longfellow and Cambridge during the second third of the last century. Writing of Lowell, Mr. Howells says: "In Lowell I was always conscious of an older and closer and stricter civilization than my own, an unbroken tradition, a more authoritative status." He might as well have written this of Longfellow. There was, at any rate, no good thing lacking in Longfellow's ancestry and breeding. If there ever was a New England aristocracy—and to affirm the contrary would be to challenge the mischievous spirits of Holmes and Lowell to send a twinge of remonstrance from the world of shades—Longfellow belonged to that aristocracy. On his father's side he was descended from sturdy yeomen, brave patriots, and accomplished gentlemen; and on his mother's side he could proudly trace his lineage to John Alden, the first man who set foot on Plymouth rock. He was reared within sound of the sea with its endless riches of poetic suggestions, under the eye of an upright and religious father of national eminence and a sensitive-souled, imaginative, beauty-loving mother. He had access to books, was not destitute of good society, and enjoyed such other refinements as were available in the New England of ninety years ago. He had the advantages of a college education, a thing not to be despised even in that day of small beginnings; and before he had come of age he was given access to the romantic countries of Europe and literatures of the

world. Later, for five years, he found congenial intellectual and literary employment in his alma mater as professor of modern languages, and with it the opportunity of sifting and assimilating his riches of acquired scholarship; and was then again commissioned to reside in Europe, still further to imbibe its spirit and familiarize himself with its literature, its art, its history, and its monuments.

It was at this juncture that he came into the literary and scholastic atmosphere of Cambridge, and assumed his duties as Smith Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College. Cambridge, from the time that Longfellow took up his residence there until the close of the Civil War, was never more than a village—old, and quaint, and very much satisfied with itself. It had good reason to be proud. It was the seat of the oldest and most honored college in America; there was in its atmosphere the flavor of high ideals and of heroic deeds; it was distant only four miles from Boston and the sea, and the sea was an open highway over which embassies from foreign courts of culture might frequently come on missions of enlightenment—over which, too, the ambitious young men of Boston and Cambridge might fare in quest of Old World shrines and Old World inspiration. The names that were most familiar on its streets, and in the halls of Harvard College, are among the finest known to literature and science in America. During the years that Longfellow was at the height of his fame, there dwelt side by side with him and Lowell—for these two we have come to deem the most eminent of the group—Louis Agassiz, Richard Henry Dana, Charles Eliot Norton, Francis J. Child, Theophilus Parsons, the younger, Professor C. C. Felton, and a score of others of like character and equal distinction. It is little wonder that, confronted by such an array of eminent names, Bret Harte, newly arrived from the gold camps of the west, should have exclaimed breezily: "Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two-volumer!" Sooner or later there came to the homes of these gifted and polished Cambridge poets and scholars—particularly to the home of Longfellow—almost every celebrated person that touched our shores; actors, musicians, statesmen, and men of letters—all came to pay

their homage to men who in all essential qualities of greatness had no superiors in their generation. And these visitors from distant lands and from the older civilizations of the world were received and entertained with a hospitality as cultivated as it was simple and gracious. Mr. Howells, in Literary Friends and Acquaintance gives an attractive picture of this Cambridge life as he first saw it when he went to reside in Cambridge in the spring of 1866. He writes: "It was the moment before the old American customs had been changed by European influence among people of easier circumstances; and in Cambridge society kept what was best of its village traditions, and chose to keep them in the full knowledge of different things. Nearly every one had been abroad; and nearly every one had acquired taste for olives without losing a relish for native sauces; through the intellectual life there was an entire democracy, and I do not believe that since the capitalistic era began there was ever a community in which money counted for less. . . . If there were distinctions made in Cambridge, they were not against literature, and we found ourselves in the midst of a charming society, indifferent, apparently, to all questions but those of the higher education which comes so largely by nature. That is to say, in the Cambridge of that day (and, I dare say, of this) a mind cultivated in some sort was essential, and after that came civil manners, and the willingness and ability to be agreeable and interesting; but the question of riches or poverty did not enter." That one so artistic and scholarly as Longfellow should have been thus ideally circumstanced has in it an element of poetic justice realized all too rarely in the lives of poets. We are accustomed to associate with genius

> "Cold, pain and labor, and all fleshly ills;
> And mighty poets in their misery dead,"

rather than inheritances of ease, and leisure, and plate, and equipage, and house, and land, and fine family traditions. But so complete was the outward fortune of Longfellow that a friend could say as he passed the home of the poet that "he trembled to look at it, for those who lived there had their happiness so perfect that no change, of all the changes which must come to them, could fail to be for the worse." But even if the circumstance and keep-

ing of his life had been less fitting, there was that within him which would have risen superior to environment. The spirit of the man was so lovely, so genial, so spontaneous, and steadfast that he would have brought order and beauty out of the rudest worldly surroundings. He was a child of the light. The currents of his nature instinctively set toward beauty and truth and righteousness. His irreproachable taste and inherent sense of good form revealed itself alike in his dress, his voice, his manner, his conduct, his literary expression, and his religious worship. The artist within him shrank in pain from all that was ugly, harsh, slovenly, or insincere. He was a very modest man, and much given to retirement and seclusion. There was, though, no suggestion of haughtiness or exclusiveness in his attitude toward the world. Indeed, notwithstanding his love of quiet and his devotion to scholarship, he was the most accessible of men, and generous of his time and good offices. Had it not been that he made industry a religion, and that he was gifted with patience and composure of spirit beyond the legends of sainthood, the prodigality with which he gave himself to his admirers and to the social and literary mendicants of the earth would have worked his ruin as a scholar and a poet.

It has been a rare good fortune to America that he could thus preserve himself inviolate to art; for few of our choicest literary artists have devoted themselves heart and soul to letters. Almost all of them have at one time or another been betrayed from the path of pure beauty, lured by worldly emolument and the fascinations of public place, or constrained by civic duty and militant patriotism. Some, even, have been glad to earn their bread at harsh and uncongenial tasks. Emerson cheerfully accepted the duties of hog-reeve in rural Concord; Hawthorne wrestled with coal and salt in the Boston customhouse, and later even had the hardihood to write a campaign biography of his friend, Franklin Pierce; Whittier heroically played the war-fife at the head of the Abolition columns; Thoreau went to jail for conscience' sake, and Lowell attended political conventions; as minister to the Court of Saint James he made the American eagle scream in the most approved fashion at English banquets and state dinners, and, after his return to America, undertook to trim the claws of the

American democracy. And we love and honor all these men for their loyalty to principle, their uncompromising independence, and their allegiance to the duty at hand. But we love and honor Longfellow in equal measure for holding himself aloof from the turmoil of trade and politics. He was under no compulsion either to labor with his hands, or to join in the contests of the forum, or bear arms upon the field of battle. His call was to promote ideality in America, and no earthly seduction ever availed to entice him from this serene vocation. Perhaps no single circumstance in the history of American literature has had such far-reaching beneficial results as Longfellow's first sojourn in Europe. It marked the opening of a new era in American culture. During those three active, happy years Longfellow not only luxuriated in the architecture, scenery, and traditions of the romantic countries he visited; he saturated his mind with the best lore of Europe, and returned to his native land with the flavor of all these things clinging about him, and the enthusiasm for them expressing itself in all that he did. In The Tempest, Sebastian says of Gonzalo: "I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple." In a fashion Longfellow did just this with Europe. He did not precisely bring it home in his pocket, but he did actually lay imaginative and emotional hands upon it, and transport it to America. Europe was none the poorer for what our thrifty Yankee picked up and brought away with him, for it was of a volatile and intangible kind, and as with all good gifts, it has blessed the giver as well as the receiver. But Longfellow was not content with these early acquisitions. He continued to lay the literature of the world under tribute; and he diffused his riches as diligently as he acquired them. In academic lecture and magazine article, in poetic translation and original poem, as well as in unconscious radiations of the cosmopolitan taste that had become a part of his personality, throughout life, Longfellow transmitted to others the Old World sweetness and light that gave charm and brightness to his own life.

Longfellow's preëminent distinction is that he has made himself a welcome guest at every American fireside, and by so doing has touched the entire life of the nation to finer issues and nobler

ends. I count as his most unique endowment, this gift of his to sense the emotional life of plain, honest, unlettered humanity at large and coin it into forms of beauty that become the accepted currency of the common people everywhere. To combine, thus, as Longfellow did, faultless ideas of taste and conduct with unlimited popularity is a circumstance as remarkable as it is fortunate. He has done in art what Providence has done in nature—upon the best has placed the stamp of commonality. And that he has thus introduced irreproachable art to every humble home is a matter of incalculable significance to the progress of culture in America. For in a democracy we advance securely only as the rank and file of society emerges from sordidness, ignorance, and moral obliquity. So, next to the merit of being a great poet, is the merit of getting one's self read, and understood, and quoted. It may well be doubted whether Shakespeare, or Milton, or Pope, or Wordsworth was so universally read during the latter half of the nineteenth century as was Longfellow. In America at least, and it is his influence in America that I am now discussing, Longfellow for more than half a century has been read by millions, and in consequence, during that time has proportionately affected the taste and character of the American nation. So our civilization cannot measure the benefit that has come to it through the happy conjunction of such diverse gifts as those with which Longfellow was dowered. Men and women who would have shunned as seductive the doctrine of "art for art's sake" saw no evil in poetry as exquisitively sensuous as that of Keats; and, on the other hand, readers who could not have been enticed to peruse a moral essay or listen to a sermon would yield themselves with delight to such lyrical homilies as "The Bridge," "The Rainy Day," and "Resignation." And so it has been that Longfellow has come home "to men's business and bosoms" more intimately and universally than is common with poets. He has found his way into all ranks and conditions of life. Thus he has rendered service to the national life scarcely less distinguished than that rendered by Washington, Emerson, Lincoln.

Frank C. Lockwood.

Art. V.—THE INVINCIBILITY OF TRUTH

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> Th' eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshipers."

Than the above Bryant never wrote a more seerlike sentence. The Roman asked of Christ: "What is truth?" Whatever was the spirit of Pilate, his question is one of profoundest significance; one which pierces to the core of all present and eternal values.

Any verbal definition of truth is liable to be incomplete, but, for our present purposes, it may in general be said, Truth is reality. In the material world truth is the essential nature of things; in the moral world, the soul of law. Truth in thought is right thinking, the forming of a conception, a picture, in the soul which rightly represents the outward reality about which we think. Truth in speech is so to employ words as accurately to represent facts; in sincerity, to utter without disguise the real thought and feeling of one's mind and heart. Truth in life is conformity of character to highest moral pattern. Truth exists independently of our thought, and there may be the widest difference between the truth and what men think about it. But whatever may be our misconceptions of the truth, the truth itself stands, and we are forever powerless to displace it or to impair the validity of its claims.

I. Truth has its domain in both the physical and moral worlds. In the material realm it is the function of physical science to search out and to declare the truth. Ingenious theories may for a time pass current under the label of science, but any scientific theory, so called, which does not conform to facts is either defective or false. The circulation of the blood through the arterial and venous systems of the animal body is one of nature's facts. But from the days of Galen to comparatively recent times the doctors of medicine practiced their art without any proper knowledge of or belief in this fact. William Harvey, in the seventeenth century, after demonstrating this truth by a series of experiments upon living animals, announced his conclusions to the

world. This announcement was met by most obstinate resistance from many sources. Learned professors in leading universities wrote whole volumes in refutation of the theory. But error, however hoary or however intrenched in the homage of belief, must always give way when its opposing truth is once known. Harvey had discovered a truth as old as creation, a truth of which every heart-beat in every human bosom from the days of Adam till now has been an unerring proclamation. It remains that no false science, however formidable may seem its support, can have final standing room as against any single truth which inheres in nature. False theories, like clouds, may serve to obscure from view whole mountain ranges of truth. The clouds are sure to be swept away, while the mountains, granite-based, remain forever.

The wealth of mechanical invention in our age is something marvelous. Its adequate description would make a veritable bible of wondrous creations. The practical value to material life of invented appliances is so vast as to be immeasurable. Yet it is certain that not one useful invention was ever installed which did not depend for its value upon conformity to fundamental natural truth. It is doubtless a function of the inventor to effect new combinations of natural principles, but in the last analysis it will appear that every invention, however marvelous its mechanism, is conditioned for its working values upon conformity to natural laws. Gravitation is one of nature's universal facts, but is a fact which no art can ignore. The engineer may span yawning chasms with girders of steel, and speed his trains over mountain pathways, but before he can do these things he must reckon to the hundredth part of an ounce, with every demand which gravitation makes upon his enterprise. The useful arts are simply the tributes of human genius to the truths of nature. All true art is nothing more or less than a utilized understanding of those truths which God in the beginning entered in nature's statute book. When a human genius translates a truth of nature into some working appliance of civilization there has come into art a truth against which neither prejudice nor opposition shall have power to work final harm. What single fact more signally than the modern steamship demonstrates man's

sovereignty over nature? Harnessed to a forty thousand horse power energy, housing and feeding sumptuously regiments of people between its decks, defying alike fogs and tempests, and resting not night or day, this leviathan, on foot more fleet than the greyhound, speeds its way from one world's shore to another. Yet as late as the early years of the nineteenth century Napoleon submitted to the French Academy of Sciences a query as to the possibility of steam navigation. The reply of this learned body was: "The whole thing is a mad notion, a gross delusion, an absurdity." When, a little later, Fulton's steamboat actually began its trip on the Hudson it is said there were religious teachers who prayed that the maledictions of Heaven might fall upon the machine; and, as the start was made on the seventeenth of August, there were those who declared that this "seventeen" was none other than the total of the ten horns and the seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse. But, the judgment of the French Academy and the prejudice of these pious teachers notwithstanding, the steamboat had come to stay; it was a translation into art of an invincible truth.

II. The highest truth with which we have to deal is moral truth. This truth relates us to God. Our relations to it decide our character—our destiny. Moral truth is as invincible as its Author. Its message declares God's changeless hatred of injustice and predicts the final triumph of right over wrong. It was the clear perception of this fact that inspired the poet-seer, when our civilization seemed dominated by the Heaven-defying crime of slavery, to write:

> "Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong. . .
> Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
> Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

It is the solemn reiteration of history that the corroding doom of destruction works surely, however slowly, against the forces of unrighteousness. As the truths of nature are the substance and wealth of art, so moral truth embodied in character gives to character its loftiest strength, nobility and beauty. The noblest nations of history are those into whose convictions have most deeply entered the truths of moral law. The noblest men of the

race have been those whose discernment of moral law has been most clear and whose loyalty to the demands of that law has been most heroic. Why does history put its perpetual coronation upon the brows of the old Hebrew prophets? Why do men today glorify John the Baptist, a martyr in the dungeon, while they execrate Herod upon his throne? Why is it that the single scene, at the Diet of Worms, of Luther standing alone with his Bible against the assembled opposition of empires, remains today the most splendid historic picture of Europe in the sixteenth century? To such questions there is one, and but one, answer. The irreversible moral judgment of mankind ranks these men among the world's uncrowned kings because it recognizes in them the clear-visioned and fearless champions of God's eternal truth. No opposition can disturb the security of moral truth. We have no power to disarm its authority. We can never dislodge its sanctions from the human breast. Our moral constitution is such that in the light of knowledge it must always pronounce for right as against wrong, for truth as against error. The human mind has as yet very little explored the universe of moral truth. The wealth of its stellar spaces and the glory of its outlying constellations transcend mortal vision. The most daring imagination falters and gropes in the attempt to map its infinite domain. But, whatever the limitations of our apprehension, however speculative and erroneous may be many of our theories and beliefs, it must remain that there is a definite moral order of the universe, an order that is harmonious and complete in itself, and which will be abiding as eternity.

III. There is the truth of revelation given for man's guidance in the momentous matters of character and of destiny. Our Christian faith is that the Bible gives historic setting and expression to this truth. A high test of truth is seen in its ability to survive opposition—in the fact that its essential claims stand forth more clear and incontrovertible after the attacks of hostile criticism have done their worst. We may without fear most rigidly apply this test to the Bible. The Bible is a very old book. It has made for itself a pathway of increasing conquest across hostile centuries. It has found its widest acceptance among the most cultured civilizations. Indeed, it has large credit for having

itself created those very civilizations. Ours is an age characterized by fearless critical investigation. No theory that appeals for credence can hope to escape relentless analysis. In the final court of belief nothing will be accepted as truth which has not passed through crucible fires. It would be irrational to assume that the Bible must be exempt from this critical process. The very importance of its claims, to say nothing of the literary integrity of its records, renders it not only inevitable but highly fitting that it should be examined with the ablest critical search of which the human mind is capable. The Bible as God's book has nothing to lose by such process. Nor is there the slightest occasion for its friends to fear the result. Much misapprehension, confusion, and disturbance are in the popular mind over that indefinite term, "higher criticism." To many this term seems a shibboleth of most evil omen. It is not to be denied that the application of the critical process will affect some phases of traditional belief about the Bible. Around this ancient book there have gathered many purely adventitious traditions, interpretations, and views which have absolutely no place in the structure of the Bible itself. An important function of criticism is to purge away these parasitical elements. Criticism makes untenable certain views of inspiration which some have tenaciously held. The excellency of the glory of revelation has come to us in earthen vessels. It requires only intelligent attention, not critical scholarship, to convince any candid thinker that the books of the Bible bear evidence of a fallible human authorship. Criticism, for instance, does point out minor discrepancies of statement in the Gospels. The discovery of such facts should not breed panic among the saints. Such results are rationally and judicially to be anticipated, inasmuch as men, and not God, were the writers of the books. The discrepancies referred to in the Gospels, while they mark the human limitations of the writers, when properly judged do not show a general lack of competent knowledge on the part of these writers, much less the spirit of invention on the one hand or of inveracity on the other. Much that passes under the name of criticism is doubtless ill-motived and vicious; but such criticism, in its very nature, can have no final standing room in the world of scholar-

ship. Nor can there be rational doubt that all Bible truth will come forth from every ordeal of criticism not only unimpaired, but it will stand out more clear and beautiful in its own unobscured light. The freest critical study of the Bible is to be encouraged, and the ascertained results of such study are to be fearlessly accepted. The whole question of the Bible, however, when viewed largely and loftily, emphasizes the fact that its credentials as a divine book are to be found elsewhere than in the realm of "higher criticism." When the critic, armed with all the furnishings which archæology, history, anthropology, and psychology can lend, has done his best or his worst with the Bible, he may still remain most sadly a stranger to the luminous and indubitable testimony which the book gives of its own divinity. The Bible, if it is to be known in its true values, must be studied on its divine, rather than on its mere human, side. From this viewpoint the Book flames from edge to edge with a light not born of earth. Who, for instance, shall account to our reason for the godlike morality, a morality most distinct from that of the civilizations and ages from which the Bible arose, which pervades its entire structure? Its parts, written by different authors and gathered from widely sundered times and places, are insouled by a single moral unity which makes them one. The Bible is an organism vitalized and harmonized by the divinely moral life which pervades it. How does it happen that the Bible appeals to man's moral nature with an urgency and authority such as utter themselves through no other book in the world's literature? Every man who catches the spirit of the Bible feels that its message is divine. He feels either that its appeal must be true or that his own conscience is a lying witness. The Bible holds this moral authority because, as no other book, it reveals God. It portrays God, in history, in providence, in redemption, in law, and in grace in such wealth of revelation as has never been approached by all human thinking outside of itself. On the other hand, the Bible perfectly mirrors man. It searches his deepest helplessness and reveals his divinest possibilities. To man in his sinfulness this Book brings God, infinite in power, perfect in holiness, with a love unmeasured, a compassion and helpfulness all-embracing,

stooping and brooding like a father over an erring child, that he may attract, lift and transform him into relations of unbroken kinship and likeness to himself. The Bible is man's one unerring guide in his search for God. It presents the one perfect and supreme code for the world's worship. Its whole body flames with the majesty, glory and goodness of God as the noonday skies with light. A book that carries such a mission to humanity can never perish. The hostile critics will be as powerless to destroy it as to pluck the stars from the dome of night. The divinity of the Bible is irresistibly affirmed by the characters which it has created. The human authors of this book, with few exceptions, were of the type of herdsmen and fishermen. But with peerless skill they have given the most wonderful moral portraits in the world's literature. Not even a Shakespeare could create a group of moral characters like Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, Elijah, John the Baptist, and John and Peter and Paul. How, then, without the aid of a divine photography, could these humble authors give these immortal portraits to the world?

But the surpassing miracle of the Bible is seen in the character of Christ. His person and mission give to the Bible its crowning significance. The claims which the Book asserts for Christ are indeed marvelous, but the greater marvel is that all these claims have their glorious fulfillment in his life and history. Christ said of himself: "I am the truth." A wonderful statement! But, analyze it as we will, it remains in the light of his character most sanely true. Mentally Christ's perception was true to the outer fact. In speech he was accurate, his words fitting the thought or object described. His utterance was sincere, setting forth the real image of his thought. In his social relations as son, brother, friend, and teacher he was ideally faultless. In his moral life he related himself in such perfect and unbroken loyalty to the will of God that at the close, just before he went to his cross, he could confidently challenge his critics to convict him of a single sin; and, it may be added, the scrutiny of twenty centuries has failed to detect a single moral flaw in his character. Thus it appears that in the highest realm, that of character, Christ, in a measure of perfection true of no other man that ever lived, was the

Truth. The Bible ascribes freely to Christ's mission the divinest offices. He stands as the supreme revealer of God to men. He is set forth as the one Redeemer and Saviour of men from sin and guilt. He is the one Exemplar before men of an ideal manhood—the kind of manhood to which God by all the ministries of his love would bring all men. It is his mission to found among men an undying spiritual kingdom—a kingdom which shall be citizened here and forever by men who have been fashioned for sainthood by his redeeming and transforming grace. Surely, no less than a divine character would be required to fill the marvelous offices thus ascribed to Christ. We have said: "A high test of truth is seen in its ability to survive opposition." Let us apply this test to some of these remarkable claims for Christ. He was to be the Founder of an undying spiritual kingdom among men. At the end of his life he had gathered around himself only a few impecunious, unlettered, and uninfluential followers, and then his enemies crucified him between two thieves. Surely a tragic failure of an absurd enterprise! But a few days later, and right in the heart of Jerusalem, his fishermen followers, with the eloquence of fiery tongues, preached the fact of his personal resurrection from the dead. The scenes of Pentecost followed. The hearts of the multitude were swayed as by the breath of almighty power, and a great number were enrolled in the kingdom of him who had been crucified. Take one other chapter in history. Jesus had gone from the earth. His organized kingdom, if it was to live, must now be carried forward by his followers. What was the outlook? Of the earlier champions of Christianity Paul was doubtless the mightiest. He goes to Rome. Rome is the imperious mistress of the world. The spoils of conquered nations had filled the city with wealth and magnificence. Costly temples of heathenism were to be seen on every hand. Into this pantheon of idolatry Paul enters to preach the gospel of his Nazarene Master. What is the result? One day, and with Cæsar's sanction, his enemies lead Paul outside the city gate and his life is ended by a swordsman's stroke. And thus have perished the prospects of Christianity in Rome! But, no. A humble and well-nigh unhistoric seed of the Christian faith is still left. And this remnant, like a leaven in the great mass of

heathenism, worked and multiplied until its growing influence compelled the attention of senate and emperor. The doctrines and conduct of the disciples of the new faith were in such lofty contrast to the depraved pagan life around them as not only to attract attention but to invite hatred. The ensuing history is familiar. Rome, the invincible empire, whose legions had conquered all lands from the Euphrates to the Gates of Hercules, thought it worth while to organize a new war for the purpose of exterminating the Christian religion from the world. We know what followed. For three long centuries the cyclonic ravages of organized persecution were let loose against the Church. The pathway of Christ's followers across these dreadful centuries was marked by the flames and ashes of martyrdom; by burning gibbet and gleaming sword. Surely there can be but one outcome—the Christian faith must utterly perish! But, not so. When at last this long and frightful nightmare of Christian history is ended, Rome, and not Christianity, is conquered, and the light of a new morning of peace witnesses a baptized Christian sitting upon the throne of the world. And what does this history teach? What but that God has ordained that no weapon formed against the kingdom of his Son can finally prosper!

What about Christ as the ideal man? What does history testify concerning this claim? In the opening years of this brilliant century to whom does mankind look as to its one and only perfect historic character? Ask of believer and infidel alike, and the answer will be the same. By common consent of mankind it will be acclaimed that Jesus Christ, who lived and died as a Syrian peasant two thousand years ago, is, without a single rival, the only one worthy to be coronated on the throne of the world's supreme moral excellence. What about him as the Saviour of men? In past ages his followers, in uncounted numbers, for the sake of their testimony to his saving power, have been inspired with the heroism of martyrdom. The present is an age of enlightenment and of progressive thought such as was never before known, but the armies of Christ's followers, with ever-augmenting ranks, are the mightiest forces in the present-day civilizations, and these forces are inspired as never before with no less a purpose and hope than

the conquest of the entire world in the name of their Master. What shall we say of Christ's general place in history? The cross on which he died was the symbol of the deepest and most criminal disgrace which could brand a human life. But, because he died on that cross, it stands today transfigured as the glorified symbol of the world's holiest hopes. The spirit of Christ has inspired the most superb altruisms of history. His morality is more and more seen to be the only foundation on which the structures of society and of government can be securely established. For the seething social unrest of our age it must be acknowledged that there is no final and effective remedy save in the installment over society of the Golden Rule of his gospel.

And now, finally, what shall we say of the Bible itself—the book that has given to the world its highest conception of God; that has given us Christ—that name which puts the names of all geniuses and reformers under the eclipse of its own glory? Who invented the spiritual conception of God and gave it its setting in this book? Who created the matchless character of the Christ? The unlearned fishermen apostles, without the reality flaming before their vision and in their souls, were absolutely unequal to these creations. It would be the extreme of absurdity to declare otherwise. There is but one answer to these questions. Nothing less than the Spirit of God could inspire the conception of God which fills the Bible, and only the same Spirit could ordain and keep alive in history the Christ of the gospels. The Bible is what it is because, as not all other books together, it flames with the inspiration of Heaven. The critics can never destroy it. The world will never give it up; but, on the other hand, it will more and more transform the world into the kingdom of God's Son. The fame of men and the glory of institutions, as the grass and the flower thereof, may wither and fade; but the Bible as the word of God shall endure forever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto us.

George P. Mains

Art. VI.—THE ÆSTHETIC MOTIVE IN SCHILLER'S ETHICAL THOUGHT

It would be quite impossible to gain an adequate understanding of Schiller's ethical thought or of the poet's significance in the development of modern philosophical speculation unless the poetic quality of his temperament and the æsthetic point of view which was so striking a characteristic of all his reflective activity were clearly apprehended and constantly kept in view. There was in his make-up, to quote the words of a distinguished modern writer,[1] "that wonderful blending of the artistic spirit, in which lay his affinity with Goethe, and of the strenuous character in which he resembles Fichte, and which prepared him, as it did Fichte, for the understanding of Kant." The deep vein of the heroic in his nature was tempered and refined by close contact with the Greek spirit, into which his sympathetic study of classical literature had brought him, and, while he retained what seems almost an inspired enthusiasm for the morally heroic, he also developed that exquisite sensitiveness for the external shapes of beauty, a shock to which could not be atoned for by any act or situation, no matter how self-forgetful or sublime.

It is this quality of Schiller's genius, already discoverable, as I have elsewhere shown,[2] in the earliest writings of his school period but reaching greater maturity under the influence of Hellenism and of Goethe, to which must be directly attributed the advance upon the harsh formalism of the ethical system of Kant which it is unquestionably the merit of Schiller to have inaugurated. For in spite of a verbal coincidence of many passages in the two men's writings, and notwithstanding the opinion of careful writers like Drobisch[3] and Meurer[4] and, more recently, of E. Kühnemann,[5] we have not, I think, a mere reproduction in Schiller, in a more rhetorical dress, and perhaps quite spontaneous,

[1] Windelband, Gesch. d. neueren Phil., Vol. II, p. 248.
[2] Phil. Rev., XV, 3, p. 277 ff.
[3] Ü. d. Stellung Schiller's zur Kantischen Ethik, in Ber. ü. d. Verh. d. K. sächs. Ges. d. Wiss., Leipzig, 1860.
[4] Das Verhältnis d. Schiller'schen zur Kant'schen Ethik, Freiburg i. B., 1880.
[5] Schiller's Philosophische Schriften u. Gedichte, Leipzig, 1902.

of the round of Kantian ethical conceptions, but a real advance of first importance—an advance which consists, on the psychological side, in a fuller recognition of the essential unity of human nature, of the significance and rights, in the moral life, too much neglected by Kant, of the desiderative or sensuous side of man's nature, and of the possibility of educating this to the point where it will not be the antagonist of reason, but an integral part of the complete moral character; on the moral side, in the concrete synthesis of law and end, the dutiful and the good, a synthesis which, speaking broadly, characterizes the whole trend of post-Kantian and of contemporary ethical thought. When a recent writer[1] speaks of the end of life as "an ideal of character, to be realized by the individual; and his attitude to it one of obligation to realize it . . . not something to be got or to be done but to be or to become," he but restates the favorite thought of Schiller that "man's destiny is not to perform individual moral actions, but to be a moral being; virtue, not virtues, is his task, and virtue is nothing but an inclination to duty."[2] The ideal of the harmonious unfolding of the soul, then, as the supreme end of life, the ever memorable basic idea of Greek ethics, as Höffding calls it,[3] constitutes Schiller's contribution to modern ethical philosophy. Nor is it in the critical insight into the defects of the Kantian ethics, and the fuller recognition of the rights and possibilities of human nature, that the main merit of Schiller lies. Through his lofty exposition, in prose and in verse, of the principles and ideals of art and morality these have become the common possession of the German people, and are destined to exert their influence wherever the knowledge of German letters extends.[4] The point of departure for Schiller's criticism of Kantian morality is his investigation into the objective nature of the beautiful, the philosopher's stone, as Körner called it,[5] the failure to discover which formed a gap in Kant's theory of æsthetic. This objective characteristic Schiller professes at length to have discovered in the semblance of autonomy

[1] James Seth, Ethical Principles, p. 16.
[2] Werke, Goedeke ed., Vol. X, 99 ff.
[3] The Problems of Philosophy, p. 162.
[4] For further confirmation of the view of the historical significance of Schiller presented here see Höffding, History of Modern Philosophy, Vol. II, 122, 130 ff.; Hettner, Gesch. d. d. Literatur, Drittes Buch, Erster Abschnitt, Zweite Abteilung, 141 ff.; Paulsen, System of Ethics, Intro.; Hegel, Aesthetik, 1. 78, 80, quo. by Bosanquet, Hist. of Aesthetic, 287.
[5] Letter to Schiller, March 13, 1791.

or self-determination of the beautiful object. "Beauty," he announces to Körner, December, 1792, "is nothing else than freedom-in-the-appearance." In order to be beautiful the object must not appear to suffer any determination from without, but must convey, by its form, a suggestion of freedom. Not that subordination to law (*Regelmässigkeit*) is incompatible with beauty: it is even essential to the object of æsthetic appreciation that it should conform to law. Only there must be no sensible restraint exercised by an external power. The law must be the law of the object's own nature, and each beautiful thing must represent, as it were, a kingdom of freedom. Now what holds true of the art object applies also to conduct. In order to have beauty of conduct, the external expression of the harmonious soul, of which Schiller the artist is in search, no sort of restraint must be exercised either by reason or by sense, by spirit or by nature. The action which is prompted solely by reverence for the moral law is good and meritorious, and there arise exigencies in every person's life when such conduct is demanded. But the slavery of our sensuous nature is as humiliating as the slavery of our reason, and perfect freedom is found only when the act proceeds from the character of man in its entirety; from the character in which sense and reason, inclination and duty, are in perfect accord. Inclination to duty—that is the heart of Schiller's ethics and the gist of his criticism of the Kantian rigorism in which the two terms form an irreconcilable antithesis. Kant's moral ideal yields to the æsthetic ideal, the dutiful to the beautiful soul, submission to expression, It is not until reason is so completely humanized that it will render due respect to instinct, and instinct so completely rationalized and disciplined that it will execute with ease and precision those actions which, if it were not so disciplined, reason would, in its capacity as intelligence, be obliged to demand—not until subjection, in short, gives place to perfect liberty and man is at peace with himself—that the ideal of humanity is fully realized.

It is the beautiful soul that Schiller celebrates in a number of poems whose dash and finish bear witness to the enthusiasm with which he contemplated this ideal of his poetic nature. The complete blending of freedom and law is symbolized in the well-

known poem *Der Tanz,* whose noble ease and smoothly flowing rhythm is itself the best illustration of the ideal it glorifies. The buoyant movement of the dance represents primarily the entire domain of the fine arts in which submission to rule and glad freedom of expression are united as in the playful movements of the dance forms. But as in art we obey the law of nature with gladness so also should it be in conduct, which, from one point of view, may be considered as one of the fine arts, and not the least noble. Perhaps the most significant of these poems from a philosophical point of view, though less perfect in workmanship than the little poem just mentioned, is *Der Genius,* at first called by the more suggestive title *Natur und Schule.* Can knowledge only and the wooden systems, the question runs, lead to true peace? Must I mistrust impulse, the law which nature herself has written in my bosom, unless it squares with the rule, "till the school's signet stamp the eternal scroll"? The time, indeed, when feeling was a sufficient guide is gone; nature now yields her truth only to him who seeks her with a pure heart. But, the genius adds, if thou hast not lost thy guardian angel from thy side, if thy heart's childhood can yet rejoice in sweet instinct with its warning voice, then go hence in thy innocence:

"Dich kann die Wissenschaft nichts lehren. Sie lerne von dir!
Jenes Gesetz das mit ehrnem Stab den sträubenden lenket,
Dir nicht gilt's. Was du thust, was dir gefällt, is Gesetz—"

These thoughts are repeated in endless variety, and may be found in many places both in the shorter poems and in the dramas. One or two further examples must suffice here. From the *Votivtafeln:*

"Uber das Herz zu siegen ist gross, ich verehre den Tapfern;
Aber wer durch sein Herz siegt, der gilt mir doch mehr."

From the last poem Schiller wrote, *Die Huldigung der Künste:*

"Doch schön'res find ich nichts, so lang is wähle,
Als in der schönen Form—die schöne Seele."

Schiller is not content, however, with a merely psychological description of the beautiful soul, or with demanding for this an honorable place in the moral life; he addresses himself also to the all-important problem of how the perfect culture characteristic of this, the highest ideal of humanity, is to be accomplished. The

education of man through the instrumentality of art was a favorite subject of Schiller's reflection from the very first writings to the last. It was touched upon in the school essays of the Stuttgart period,[1] discussed rather elaborately in the essays on the influence of the stage,[2] and given poetic expression in *Die Künstler,* which has justly been considered among Schiller's noblest poems. The subject is taken up again in a more extended way in the Letters on Æsthetic Education, published in 1795. The truth is that, while the *Letters* cover more than a hundred pages, Schiller never fairly faces his problem, and he discusses it even more scantily than it deserves. The purely sensuous condition, we are told, is one of restraint, and it becomes the first care of the moral pedagogue to break the power of sense, so that man may be enabled to fulfill his vocation as a moral being. The instrument or agency by which this is accomplished is art. "It is one of the most important objects of culture to subject man in his purely physical existence to the influence of form . . . to make him æsthetic, because it is only from the æsthetic condition, not from the physical, that man can pass into a state of morality."[3] Not that the æsthetic condition is of any positive and direct significance either for knowledge or for the will: it is perfectly indifferent and fruitless; it discovers not a single idea and helps to fulfill not a single duty. All it does is to give man back to himself, as it were, to restore his freedom, so that he can make of himself what he will. In the æsthetic condition, as Schiller likes to express it, man is zero, but he is thus prepared to become all things; and, small as the gift may seem that art bestows on man, it is really infinite. In this condition man is devoid of interest (*interesselos*), in the language of Kant; both the sensuous and the moral needs are canceled, for the time being, and the transition from the physical to the moral state thus becomes a possibility. Kant, too, regarded the new birth, the transition, that is, from nature to morality, as an inexplicable act of the intelligible character. But the aid which Kant sought in religion Schiller sought to supple-

[1] Die Philosophie der Physiologie, 1779, and Über den Zusammenhang der tierischen Natur des Menschen mit seiner geistigen, 1780.
[2] Ü. d. gegenwärtige deutsche Theater, 1782, and D. Schaubuhne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet, 1784.
[3] Aesthetische Briefe, 23.

ment by invoking the agency of art; it will be remembered that in the essays on the moral influence of the stage Schiller placed art, religion, and law side by side, and found in art, even then, an instrument superior to the other two in accomplishing the work of regenerating man. But it may be doubted, if we emphasize too much the passages in which Schiller dwells upon the merely negative character of the æsthetic condition, whether he could claim for art a place equal or even superior to religion as an instrument of moral education. The claims of religion and the claims Schiller makes for art are indeed very similar. Religion, too, claims to reduce the merely "natural" inclinations of man to a minimum, so that his spiritual nature may have an opportunity, as it were, to assert itself; but it claims more than this merely negative merit. Whatever may be thought of the religious sanctions as permanent and indispensable adjuncts to the machinery of moral education, there is no question that they have furnished important positive motives for morality in the past, and will doubtless continue to do so among certain large classes of religious persons for some time to come. At any rate, whether the dynamic is to come from religion or what not, it is certain that man's morality will not be secured by reducing his desiderative activity to a minimum so that the moral law may have an opportunity to exert its power. That is, to say the least, an unfortunate way of putting the matter. Schiller is never at his best in the more theoretical formulation of his principles, and we may feel free, we take it, since Schiller has himself put the matter in different ways, not to insist unduly upon the passages in the Æsthetic Letters just adverted to. It is not the intention of the poet, we must say in the light of all his previous philosophical endeavors, to subtract from human nature, but rather to transform and utilize what is furnished and at hand. And this is what æsthetic education, according to the whole tenor of Schiller's philosophy, tends to do. The function of art as an instrument of education at first appears as in no wise different from that of religion: its appeal, as Schiller put the matter in the essays on the moral influence of the stage, is largely to man's hopes and fears; and it accomplishes its purpose the more perfectly because it employs not dogmas whose

truth is questionable, or sanctions which are too far removed in the future to have any large degree of moral influence, but because it brings before man's very eyes, in the living images of sense, the beauty of virtue and the hideousness of vice, and presents in concrete form the rewards and punishments which these entail. This crass and rather uncharacteristic way of stating the case is nowhere found, so far as I have seen, in Schiller's later writings, where he tends rather to speak of the refining influence of æsthetic objects upon man's nature, so that the unbeautiful, or, what always means the same thing for Schiller, the immoral, will lose its attraction for him, and the beautiful or moral will have more powerful sway. *Bildung,* that is, is simply *Umbildung;* education is transformation, or a reorganization, we might say, of man's motives. This is certainly the least that Schiller would say. So far from limiting man's desiderative and rational life and reducing him to a condition of pure passivity, it is rather the function of art to develop every part of man's nature to its utmost extent, so that he may live not less but more: his sensuous nature, as the poet rather strikingly puts it in one place, that he may apprehend (*ergreifen*) more, and his rational that he may comprehend (*begreifen*) more.

Precisely how this refinement and development of man's nature is accomplished by art Schiller thought it unnecessary, or, what seems more likely from his own confession about the difficulty of writing those portions of the Letters in which he approaches the problem, found it difficult to state. He has thrown out suggestions in other parts of his writings which may aid us in forming some sort of idea how the matter presented itself to his mind, and which may accordingly be brought together in this place. We find him emphasizing (1) the importance of the relaxation of man's powers, especially after having been one-sidedly employed; and this relaxation, he conceived, was afforded in its purest form in æsthetic contemplation, where all the parts of man's nature receive their due, as in play. (2) Art, especially in tragic situations, affords an opportunity for the exercise of man's moral powers particularly, which may thus be trained and strengthened. (3) It was Schiller's view that a condition of happiness or contentment is in general conducive to that physical and spiritual well-

being which is an indispensable requisite for the fullest moral life, and this condition, we may imagine him to say, it is at least one of the functions of art to induce. To these general propositions, I suppose, no serious objection will be made, if only their importance is not exaggerated. The influence upon conduct of æsthetic habituation, as we may call it, or the development of taste through the contemplation of objects of æsthetic value, will also, perhaps, not be questioned. It is no doubt due to the more refined æsthetic sensibilities of the Greeks that they never descended to those depths of moral degradation into which the coarser nature of the Romans permitted the latter to fall. Nor is it necessary that the moral influence of taste be a merely negative or restraining one: it is possible to conceive that the æsthetic nature may be so thoroughly developed and completely refined that "beautiful action," in the sense of Schiller, those more or less typical moral situations which satisfy the moral demand, may exercise a strong and positive influence over the agent. Just as the moral imperative comes to exercise greater and greater influence over us as moral education proceeds, impelling us not merely to recognize an act as moral but also to do it, so the æsthetic imperative, as we may call it, may develop sufficient dynamic, as æsthetic education proceeds, to impel us not only to acknowledge conduct as beautiful, but also to realize it, in some degree, by our own efforts. The two imperatives doubtless combine in determining the actual conduct of the average moral person at any stage of his cultural development. The moral influence of the products of the religious imagination, we may say, in so far as they do not appeal merely to the instinct of fear, is due almost entirely to the æsthetic elements they contain. Indeed, it is hard for one to see how it could be otherwise, if one accepts the view that a large part of the images and ideals of the religious imagination are but the crystallization and ideal construction of those portions of human experience which have stirred most profoundly the emotional nature.

Emil L. Fischer

Art. VII.—RECRUITING FOR THE MINISTRY

"Wanted—for the United States Army, Able-bodied Men of Good Character." So reads a conspicuous legend in the various post offices of the country. The poster is done in vivid colors. Soldiers in full array, on horse and afoot, arrest the bystander's eye—have often claimed mine for a passing half-mechanical glance. But one day recently I found myself looking with new attention at the familiar print. So, my thought ran, so Columbia must nowadays advertise for men! I wondered if it harbingered the final end of war that soldiers must be solicited on billboards, like customers for some new cereal or washing powder. Times were—heart-kindling times—when the republic had no need to advertise. Men hurried to offer themselves. The cause was obvious and urgent. As was said of Napoleon's route from Elba to Paris, soldiers seemed to rise from the ground, eager for the glory of marching beneath the eagles. But in these latter days, these days of dollar-madness and lust of ease, the government must needs advertise for men to wear its uniform. Surely the times have changed! With somewhat similar emotions I read the editorial in the March-April, 1906, Methodist Review, entitled "Some Rewards of Life in the Ministry." Its very eloquence and cogency were a sort of pathetic confession. Were the rewards sufficiently obvious, they would need no special tally or emphasis. If people generally believed the Christian ministry to offer half the advantages so finely catalogued by that editorial, or, to speak more exactly, if men counted such rewards to be the most desirable prizes of life, our ministerial recruiting stations would be thronged. What bar association finds it necessary to solicit youths to its ranks? What medical society of good standing puts a sign in the window for embryo doctors? What mercantile union needs to go out into the highways and compel our youths to come in? For some reason, however, the Christian pulpit must cry aloud for recruits. Only a theological seminary, I take it, would ever need to include in its advertisement, "Room and Tuition Free." One can scarcely imagine the same thing from a great law or scientific

school. Yet, notwithstanding such special and extraordinary inducements, the seminaries are still, most of them, unthronged. Just at my hand lie some fresh figures from Germany declaring a startling decline in the number of ministerial novitiates. While seekers of secular reward have increased some seventy per cent in ten years, claimants for the honors of the pulpit have shrunk in nearly the same proportion. Not much more encouraging are the facts at home. A senior, prominent in one of our great American universities, told me that, so far as he knew, not a member of his class was preparing for the ministry. And here is historic Andover appealing, not for money, but for men upon whom to spend its money. What has happened to our age that its highest and holiest vocation should be overlooked in the eager quest of life's rewards? —that the Christian pulpit must needs virtually advertise for men? It may be claimed—indeed, it has already been claimed by certain of the denominations—that the supply of ministers exceeds the demand for them. Heartening reports issue from Boston and Princeton, from Hartford and Madison. Indeed, the same German paper from which I have already quoted tells a very different story with respect to the dissenting bodies of Germany. But the real question is not numerical. That a dozen men step forward for every preacher who falls in the ranks, that there are still plenty of aspirants for the pulpit thrones of Brooks and Storrs proves little to the point. For the real question is not quantitative but *qualitative;* not crowd but *caliber;* not how many, but *what sort.* "Give me a hundred men," said Wesley—but that was not all he said, else would this Homer have nodded conspicuously. His quest was not primarily of numbers. None ever laid more stress than he on quality. He accepted diamonds in the rough, but they must be real diamonds. "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God." The victories of Cortez in Mexico read like fairy tales. They were not won by numbers; they were won by quality of manhood. Those Spanish cavaliers, whether panoplied in steel or corseted with Mexican cotton, were each worth a score of ordinary soldiers. Had numbers counted the Japanese were beaten before a gun was fired. Whether "one shall chase a thousand" or it shall require a

thousand to chase "one" depends largely upon the quality of man's coöperation with his Maker. So I believe the real desideratum of the Christian ministry today is not numbers, but quality of manhood. The pulpit princes of the generation past—the Beechers, the Halls, the Parkers—must be matched, not in inches but in soul. Finney and Moody and Spurgeon must be reproduced, not in imitators of themselves, but in fresh incarnators of their Master. Not how many, but how great of soul, how catholic and tactful, how commandingly gentle of manhood—this is the real question concerning candidates for the ministry.

Among the immemorial customs of Commencement season is a classification of the new graduates according to their several adopted vocations. Vividly do I recall the list as published concerning my class. With what curious eagerness my eye ran down the names! Of course I knew already, and in a general way, what the list would show. We had summered and wintered together; we were almost acquainted with each other's thoughts. But now the facts appeared in black and white: Pinchot for forestry, Sherrill for the law, Barstow for medicine, Kent for a professorship—who for the ministry? Who to choose the vocation made magnificent to me by my father's unwearying devotion? Who to dedicate life to the healing of souls? I answered then, as I acknowledge still, with peculiar sadness: Not our best men; not those students whom the faculty or their fellows had delighted to honor. With two to three notable exceptions the biggest brains and the greatest hearts of my class were headed toward secular pursuits, while the supreme human vocation, that calling which demands the richest human endowment and endeavor, the place of largest and most enduring reward, must be recruited from the ranks of mediocrity. And what was true of my own class was equally true of the other classes in which I had acquaintance. For some reason, or combination of reasons, the business of being an ambassador for Christ was not alluring the best of my comrades in Greek and Calculus—I repeat, with two or three notable exceptions. It hurt me strangely, though I did not then mean to enter the church. That the cure of souls should be attempted by any but the most opulent manhood seemed to me little short of sacrilege.

But how stands the case at large? Delicate as is the question, invidious in certain of its bearings, let it be asked and answered fairly. Frank recognition may lie on the way to better days. Sane treatment must begin with diagnosis. How grades the ministry among earth's great vocations? Acknowledging eagerly all the stars of the first magnitude in the ministerial firmament, past and present, thanking God for those beautiful souls which have poured out their full treasure upon the altars of the Christian Church, not forgetting that the law has its hacks, medicine its tyros, and business its blunderers, can it be truthfully said that the pulpit is attracting its full share of the world's sturdy souls? I wish I could so believe. But the signs are wrong. Something has happened since the days in which the shining lights of most of our colleges were preparing to be hung in chancels and at the harbor entrances of the Christian Church. And the reasons, some of them, are not far to seek.

First of all may be named a prevailing, popular attitude toward the ministry. Times have changed since the "parson" was *the person* of the community. People may still "respect the cloth" —they can hardly be said to *revere* it. Most healthy boys would rather be consigned to the schoolship Saint Mary's than dedicated, like Samuel by his mother, to the ministry. "A man despite his sacerdotal robes" is the description given by an eminent reviewer to Margaret Deland's creation, Dr. Lavendar. The priest gets his compliment at the expense of his priesthood. And whatever be said as to the ungenerosity of the phrase, it is only an expression of sentiment of which the modern air is full. Nor is the poison less dangerous for being impalpable. Our young men early become inoculated with it. Anemia is counted native to a ministerial calling. Take the ordinary stage portrayal of the clergyman—long-frocked, mincing, perfunctory. Unfair, you say. Well, let it be no truer to the facts than is the average theatrical conception of saint or of wanton, it must be reckoned with. It is the minister as the playwright sees him and as his audiences are expected to recognize him. And such will be the image burned into the average youthful mind. Ralph Connor's heroes—red-blooded, strong-fisted, deep-chested preachers, have won readers by the

sheer surprise of such conception. The long coat and the long face have been so long wedded in popular opinion that it seems almost sacrilege for anybody to put them asunder. "He does not look like a preacher," said a father by way of inviting his son to hear the new pastor. "Too bad to spoil so good a lawyer," was the compliment often applied to a certain eminent clergyman. As if any left-over sort of material were competent for the ministry. Paul thought the best was all too poor; he almost doubted the divine wisdom which called him—a defective instrument—to the apostleship. But nowadays the church must be content, forsooth, with any kind of recruits for its pulpit. Such is the widespread drift of popular opinion. No wonder, then, that the ministry fails to attract the average robust young manhood. No wonder that men talk about being compelled into the ministry like conscripts in the army, as if no virile spirit, apart from some fearful compulsion, would ever choose the healing of souls. Nor will it be otherwise until the ministry ceases to be apologetic for itself. Let the preacher claim all the prerogatives of full-grown manhood; let him eschew half rates on the railroad and ten per cent discounts upon his dignity; let him shorten his coat if thereby he may lengthen his credit as a man. Upon us who are in the ministry today will depend, in no small part, the attitude of young men toward the ministry of tomorrow. By every honorable means are we to rehabilitate the parson in the eyes of the community. Not by clerical arrogance but by sheer manhood values, not by special favors but by special self-devotement, not by elaboration of ritual but by eager, vital service of humanity shall we prove the majesty of our "high calling." Only when the ambassador of Christ succeeds in making himself as indispensable to the community as the attorney or the meat man—and for purposes as immeasurably higher as the heavens are high above the earth—will a call to the ministry be worthily appraised.

Another obvious deterrent to a ministerial career may be found in its meagerness of secular wage. "It is a dreadful thing to work for wages, to sell one's brains, one's time, one's soul—the modern version of the world-old tragedy of slavery." True. And the preacher should be the last to sell himself for wages: the

sole protestant, if need be, against such slavery. But there must be wages in dollars. "He can't *eat* souls," replied a pastor who was reminded by a stingy parishioner that a preacher should "work for souls, not money." It is not sheer mercenariness which prompts men to claim a living wage and a competence for old age. The Christian pastor is not a monk, but, presumably, a man of family. There are wife and babies. There are constant appeals to his purse. It is, doubtless, "no disgrace to be poor," but money has so many gracious, holy uses. Even a minister may like to "pay his way," as do ordinary mortals. And the young man may be pardoned for not thinking overkindly of a lean purse. To deliberately choose a salary of a thousand over a salary of ten thousand a year might be Quixotic instead of Christly. Only with the supreme rewards of life in the ministry in view has a healthy-minded young man any warrant for despising the value of dollars. Not until the glory of the invisible breaks across his sky, not until his soul by long "time exposure" catches the delicate outlines of spiritual visions can a young man honestly choose the ministry for his vocation. And even such transfiguring experience in the preacher's soul fails to justify his laymen for keeping his salary at starvation point.

A third hindrance to choosing the ministry as a vocation may be found in the difficulty of appraising its successes. "To open the door of the House of Sorrow, not with the hand of authority but as one of the household," to carry a cup of cold water to nameless disciples, to build one's soul into the recreant and backslidden, to "fling open the gates of new life" to those staled with life's weariness and embittered by its defeats—this is very beautiful, but it is so often so painfully vague and indefinite! It is all well enough to assure a man that the record of his fidelity is written in heaven; he longs to see it written upon earth. Other callings have norms of achievement. "Bradstreet" tells the merchant when he has won. A lawyer may be said to have succeeded when clients increase or the bench is opened for him. Grant knew his own worth when Confederate legions reeled and broke. Even the artist in words or colors is permitted a sense of definite value to the community as his book sells up into the hundred

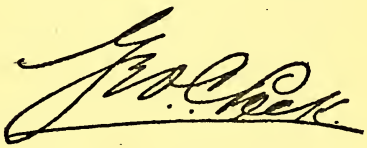
thousands or his picture hangs in the Salon. But by the very genius of his profession is the minister denied the privilege of thus rating his work. Neither may a five-thousand-dollar salary nor an elevation to the Episcopacy adequately spell success. He must find the proof of his ministry in results never tangible and at best uncertain. So many of his converts, like one of my early parishioners, backslide every summer. The young folk, over whose indoctrination with the lessons of Jesus he has spent the most unsparing pains, grow up to break his heart with their wantonness. The veriest saints of the fold show such disgusting traits. What pastor is stranger to the agony of seeing his work undone over night? Of needing to call the same sinners again and again to repentance? Of having his eagerly-borne cup of cold water flung back into the bearer's face? These experiences are the sheerest truisms of every pastor's ministry. Nor may he look, ordinarily, for lasting gratitude. He who hopes to be paid in the coin of appreciation for his service of others will go bankrupt. The most Christly toils are often the most thankless. "Were there not ten cleansed?" asked our Master. "The "nine" are still quite as conspicuous by their short memories. And he who in the twentieth century gives himself to the cure of souls must not expect to be above his Master. His passion for souls must "hope all things" against surface appearances, "endure all things" of disappointment and chagrin, "believe all things" of his ministry to be worth while. Only the divine appreciation is assured. Pastoral rewards are not wholly changed from that Pauline list of which one cried: "Great God, what a salary for a preacher!"

Then there are the constraints of the ministry. I do not now refer to the solemn obligation of a clean life. Pastors are not alone in the sacrificial necessities laid upon them. Who can read without admiration of the princely self-abnegation of the Pasteur group of scientists? Theirs, too, are crucified lives, in the interest of their humane mission. Denial of the lusts and luxuries of the flesh is not much to ask of any real servant of mankind, in whatever field of devotion. The curtailment I speak of, in the case of the ministry, refers to the very spirit of moral adventure which gives to other sacred callings their zest. Young souls feel cramped

beforehand at the bare suggestion of a pulpit and a surplice. The idea of being tied down to historic formularies, of going through the same motions year upon year, of asking permission for every innovation, galls an eager spirit. It is part of the Anglo-Saxon blood to seek new continents, to explore the unknown. Show him the land all acquired and carefully parceled and you have smitten him with *ennui.* The same passion for conquest which has given us our marvelous inventions, our commercial prestige, our national glory fronts the ministry with distrust and dismay. Never until we have conquered by crushing shall we make a great soul content with prayer-books and ministerial motions. Nor does God want "broken spirits" of this sort. What pains Jesus took to save Peter without emasculating him! to use John with his fire! Saul would never have become Paul by mutilation. But the young men who might be ministers have not yet learned these things. And there seems so much apparent repression, such interminable sameness and staleness involved in a ministerial career that an eager soul flinches at the bare suggestion. Peculiarly does he start back from mental bondage. Works such as President White's famous Conflict have left their mark on popular opinion. Rightly or wrongly, the impression prevails that a man must commit intellectual suicide before he can enter the ministry. And too often, alas, has the pulpit staked its crown in a quarrel with the spirit of inquiry. There has been too much declamation, too fiery defending of vacant citadels, too little trust of the harmonies of divine revelation. And these things have been remembered outside the church. They have not been permitted to be forgotten. They are in the popular mind today. Their ghost will not down, however complete our penitence. And they stagger the soul that might otherwise hear eagerly the call divine.

Other hindrances to the ministry might be named: loss of faith in the Bible, the war of sects, the professionalism of preachers, the intolerance of church folks, the paradoxes of divine Providence, and so on through a long list. I may, however, emphasize just one further reason for the present widespread attitude toward the ministry—a lack of definite religious conviction. Ours is an age of fine sentiments. From most unlikely lips have I heard

most canny things avouched. There is a sort of emotional rhapsody which easily passes for spiritual *finesse*. The huge ground swell of modern materialism easily crests in rainbow sprays of pretty sentiment. Communion with flowers and "wee beasties," the language of sky and hill, the majesty of the mercy of God—these are the themes over which folks go easily into raptures. Ah, but such spirit may be only too shallow and impotent. Gush of emotion is lamentable substitute for the grip of conviction. Not in the titillation of one's poetic mood but in the stirring of the great deeps where conviction is born are preachers made. Nothing less than a fresh sense of the urgency of eternal verities, only a new grasp upon the old lifelines of faith or their equivalent, only a rebirth of the heroic spirit of obligation which gave Paul and Luther, Wesley and Simpson, Moody and Brooks to the world will ever bring adequate reinforcement to the modern pulpit. God must get at grips with man. No man is fit to preach until he feels the "woe" of not preaching. Deep in the chambers of the soul must the issue be fought to a finish. A great soul in the Christian ministry without great conviction is a paradox and a warning. But with the deepening of personal conviction, with the real pressing sense of God, with the inarticulate cry in the soul of a world's sinning and suffering, with joyous consciousness of knowing a message which one's neighbors are needing to hear, most of the other hindrances will vanish. Popular esteem, wages, personal abridgment will bulk small against the weight of a great imperative. There is a pitch of self-devotement at which the soul eagerly counts everything else "but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." In such heroic mood comes the call to heal souls.



Art. VIII.—THE VALUE OF PSYCHOLOGY TO THE MINISTER

The three most important factors in the professional education of a minister are the knowledge of God, of man, and of the Bible. In a sense these three are one. To know God one must know man and the Bible, and, similarly, to know either of the other two one must know a great deal of both the remaining objects. Of these three fields of knowledge which are vitally important to the Christian minister I propose to discuss the second, namely, the knowledge of man. And lest there should be misunderstanding it must be stated that the theme is not man as a physical creation, and not man as an individual unit in the mass of humanity, but rather man as an individual spirit, a self, an I, a mind. Psychology tells us of that which is the "man himself." The minister's task relates precisely to that same subject. He is to be the agent in saving and building up the "man himself." How important this factor is in the total man the New Testament appropriately emphasizes: What shall a man give in exchange for his "self"? What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his "self"? From two different standpoints the minister and the psychologist approach the same subject—the former studies that he may serve, the latter studies that he may know. And if the psychologist has surely ascertained conclusions as to the nature and functions of the soul, we may be sure that the wise preacher will appropriate these conclusions, that he may render a wiser and more adequate service to the souls or selves of men within the range of his opportunity. Psychology tells us what the soul is by making clear to us what the soul does. We all have souls, as anyone knows who speaks of his "self"; a something which is very different from and superior to his body. But to have a soul does not at all imply a knowledge of what a soul is, any more than to have a body implies a knowledge of the body. Quite true it is that ordinary people know enough of body and of soul for ordinary purposes, but when it comes to the "cure" of either bodies or souls no sensible individual ought to be satisfied with such limited

practical knowledge as the dullest mortals may, and perhaps do, possess. It is a truism that where important interests are involved those having such interests in their care must have as complete and exact knowledge of that which is committed to them as it is possible to obtain. The maxim is beyond challenge that service is ordinarily proportioned to the intelligent appreciation of the object served (granted, of course, the mind to serve).

I have used the term, the *cure* of souls, as descriptive of the work of the minister. The term has the wider sense of "care" and within that the narrower sense of "healing." If one could conceive a pedagogue to be at once father, teacher, and physician, he would come very close to the ideal of the Christian pastor as he stands related to the souls of men. These "selves" or souls are undeveloped; they must needs be educated; not informed simply, but developed and strengthened in their normal powers. These souls need nourishment; they must receive the food which is convenient for them. These souls are sick; they must be supplied with that which is suited to the healing of their disease. When a work is so comprehensive in relation to the souls of men it seems almost a sacrilege that men should enter upon it without knowledge of what the normal development of the soul is, of what the processes of assimilation and the appropriate food to be assimilated are, and of what the sickness of a soul may be, the medicine for its cure, and the nature of the cure itself. I have employed the terms "education," "nourishment," and "healing" of the soul. They represent the comprehensive ministry of an ideal religion, and we thankfully recognize that they represent in fact the actual ministry of the Christian religion of which our Christian ministers are the agents. These three processes are described in one way or another in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. They are expounded in every treatise that deals with the doctrine of human salvation. They are implicit or explicit in the articles of all Christian faiths. But in this connection the all-important thing for us is that they are not found primarily in books or in teachings, but *first of all* in the conscious life of individuals. If they are found anywhere else, in any human speech or literature or symbol whatsoever, it is because they are, before that, actual facts within the life of

man's soul. Being such they necessarily form material for psychological study and report.

The minister is to be the instrument of a new life to souls. What is this new life? The minister may give us his answer from the Bible itself or he may adopt the language of his Christian theology, but whether he do the one or the other, the fact in consciousness lies back of it, and that psychology sets itself to report. Where the Bible or theology speak of restoration or new birth psychology recognizes, as the actual fact in the life of the soul, that certain abnormal features have been eliminated and that there has been a return to normal subjective conditions. It is most unwise to occupy an exclusively dogmatic attitude with reference to human salvation, for every single doctrine affecting human salvation requires for its full and sympathetic appreciation a knowledge of the soul and of the particular fact in the soul's life which it assumes to set forth. When the New Testament or our Christian teaching speaks of "salvation," who can understand the speech of these authorities without having studied earnestly the fact of salvation as it is actually present in the life of men? Seek to estimate, if you will, the interpretative value of psychological knowledge in relation to the following questions: What is actually happening in consciousness when one is "convinced of sin"? What is sin in the actual life of a human self? How shall we distinguish "sin in character" and "sin in deed" within the soul itself? What is "faith" as the self performs the act? What is "conversion" as a conscious state? What does a man actually do when he "seeks" salvation? What is the inner soul-history which we call "sanctification"? What does a careful and reverent examination of consciousness show the "witness of the Spirit" to be? What is the glorious fact of the soul's "communion with God" *as* a fact? On answers to these questions rest the statements of Inspiration and the uninspired statements of our Christian teaching. Psychology, more particularly the psychology of religion, gives us its answer to each of these queries. The answer is, strictly speaking, a reflection, in language as exact as the trained mind of the scientist can employ, of the facts—the whole facts, and nothing but the facts—in the inner experience of man's soul. Where inferences are

drawn they are assumed to be coextensive with the data of fact furnished by experience. If we think of these questions only as forms of teaching and do not seek to obtain a near view of the experiences they represent, we are contenting ourselves with the poorest and least satisfying aspect of the truth involved. The fact-aspect is by far the more important and attractive. Psychology does not use the language of our theological systems in its descriptions and explanations of religious experience. These symbols go beyond the actual facts of consciousness and the immediate antecedents and conditions and give a philosophy of these facts. For example, psychology will report the constituent factors of the act of faith; theology will go farther, and affirm that God is the author of faith and that faith procures for its possessor acceptance in God's sight. These are truths, but truths of another science than that of psychology. Christian theology asserts that God holds certain very definite relations to spiritual change in the life of man; psychology is not in position to either affirm or deny the truth of this assertion. It reports the change, explains its nature and genetic relations in the conscious life, but cannot transcend its own field of observation. I repeat, however, my emphasis on the necessity for a knowledge of the psychology which lies at the basis of Christian teaching concerning the soul. If we do not understand the spiritual facts which underlie doctrines and statements of experience, and understand these facts with clear and vivid apprehension, we shall leave out the most necessary of all elements for the proper interpretation of the words that are before us. We shall simply be persuading ourselves that we know when as a matter of fact we have not gone beyond an arbitrary construction of certain words. The words or symbols may then become but bandages over our intellectual sight, effectually preventing our coming to that which alone can satisfy, namely, the reality of experience. This will be true with the grandest utterances of inspired truth and with the most exact theological statement relating to the experience of the Christian life. When a Christian minister uses the splendid words of divine revelation or the stately phraseology of our Christian dogmas without clear appreciation of the conscious facts for which they stand any keen observer will

detect the note of unreality, however sincere he may feel the preacher to be; he will feel that his words have not been brought into vital touch with the data of experience. Any Christian teacher who fails to connect teaching and life, and interpret the former by the latter, is getting not only himself into confusion, but, worse than that, he is confusing souls that hear him. He may have the experience which will keep him steady in the midst of mental entanglement but he cannot be so sure that others have the same advantage. Do I seem too much concerned about this matter? Are not preachers, with the Christian experience filling and satisfying their souls, actually leading souls to spiritual life, and training them in spiritual life, without having had so much as the A. B. C. of psychological instruction? This is undoubtedly the fact; but to increase the equipment of an already efficient spiritual agent cannot possibly lessen this efficiency. Observation also teaches that those who have had marked success with the masses of the people still find themselves almost helpless in the presence of a large class of persons whose spiritual needs they but imperfectly understand, and for whose spiritual relief they can but imperfectly prescribe. A better understanding of the human soul in its normal and abnormal operations would put a powerful instrument into the hands of earnest Christian ministers who are concerned about these people whom they cannot reach. There are also a large number of ministers who bear on their hearts the burden of a failure in their efforts to win men to the Christian life. These men do not know why they have failed. They know that they have not been unfaithful; they comfort themselves in some poor way by reflecting that Christ himself was not greatly successful while he was on earth. These men would in many cases know why they had failed, or rather whether they had failed, had they but studied the facts and conclusions of psychological science.

One of the impressive things, impressive not in a favorable but rather in an unfavorable sense, in religious work, is the mechanical character which much of it bears. Men are following the prevailing mode without knowing why; the younger men are doing as the older men have done, and the best that can be said is that the older men have had success. The reason for their success

is not often a matter of conscientious investigation. Moreover, what is success in religious work? For lack of knowing what actually takes place in religious life the tests of success are made too outward and mechanical; and worst of all, because we do not know the significance and relations of spiritual states, we deal with souls in intense spiritual distress in the most mechanical and uniform way. Nowhere is it so necessary to be intensely individual and completely intelligent in our line of action as in dealing with souls which need spiritual counsel and encouragement. There are two points which the study of psychology in a general way emphasizes. In the first place, the normal development of the soul cannot by any fair construction be termed wrong or sinful. The knowledge of the psychology of the normal life will therefore disclose to us what "rightousness," "holiness," "moral purity," "cleanness of heart," or whatever our Christian terminology may use in describing the state, is as a fact in life. In the second place, psychology shows that the abnormal, in so far as responsibility attaches to it, is never fairly designated as anything else than wrong or sinful. The study of the abnormal development of the self, as it is presented in psychology, will give us the facts of life corresponding to the Christian conceptions of "wickedness," "unholiness," "impurity," "corruption," "depravity," etc. The study of both aspects of the psychical life are important to those who are set to eradicate sin and implant righteousness in men.

The sympathetic study of the facts of the human spirit will leave with the minister of the gospel the following inestimable results: (1) An intense appreciation of the value of a soul; (2) a thrilling conception of its possibilities of development; (3) a vision of the priceless worth of the Christian salvation as a fact of experience; (4) a burning conviction of the soul's indispensable need of God; (5) a perception of the measureless importance of the world of men and things for the discipline and growth of the soul; (6) an appreciation of the fact and nature of temptation, ever near, real, and terrible; (7) a sight of the frightful nature of sin as a fact. A man who knows the psychology of religion, to speak of that special aspect of psychology more particularly, has no standing ground as a rationalist, for psychology makes

it clear that religion is a fact of life which must of necessity be recorded as grounded in the constitution of man. It is not a theory to be explained on the basis of either speculation or experience. It is a capacity native to man which finds in experience the opportunity of its exercise. Moreover, psychology makes it clear that, like all deeper elements of our experience, religion in its foundation and essence is matter of feeling, not of reflective reasoning. The course of religious development has throughout had as its power and impulse the emotions. It has been guided by the reason, but the deeper element has been that of feeling. A rationalistic denial of the validity and worth of religion must rest upon the basis of a poor psychology.

It has been obvious throughout this discussion that psychology is intensely concerned with the individual. If it study the social environment it is for the purpose of discovering its relation to the perfection of the individual self. Religion, too, is most of all concerned with the soul as a unit. Whatever be the social influence of Christianity it is realized through the development of individual activity; and if we are striving for the establishment of a society which we describe as the kingdom of God, we realize that the attainment of this social ideal depends upon the influence of Christianity upon the individual. Religion recognizes that the social atmosphere has a great deal to do with the advance of the spiritual life, but it, in its turn, depends for its character upon this individual spiritual life; hence, religion and psychology are two realms of intellectual interest which make prominent one and the same subject—the individual soul. Still thinking of this element of individuality, we may ask that ministers lay more stress upon the differences in disposition between man and man and upon the difference in views and aims which depends upon individuality of temperament. In no direction will psychology prove more useful than in that of accounting for the specialties of individual disposition. And a knowledge of psychology will give us a just estimate of what the Christian religion may be expected to accomplish in individual men, each with his own specialty of character.

Walter A. Patton

Art. IX.—THE BIBLE ON THE TONGUE OF LINCOLN

Forty-six years ago a man of Springfield, Illinois, to world-wide fame unknown, spoke farewell to his neighbors, commending them and himself to the keeping of God as, in his own words, he went forth to a task "greater than that which rested upon Washington." That man, born in obscurity, until seventeen knowing no teacher but nature and the blessed Book of nature's God, which was his dying mother's only legacy, and who in all his lifetime had not been ten months under human instructors, had yet before that parting day proved himself in the toughest contests a "master of assemblies" and a speechmaker worthy to rank among the mightiest ten that have ever held their fellow men enthralled. Seven years previously, upborne upon the wings of a new reform, he had so rushed through the "third heaven" of oratorical achievement that a dozen reporters, seated purposely to take notes of his speech as the chiefest event of the convention they were commissioned to report, were swiftly pulled to their feet to stand, like two thousand others, spellbound under the torrent of his thought, entirely forgotting their duty as scribes in their enthusiasm as patriots, and aware only at the close that they had listened to the greatest address ever delivered in the West, and in all likelihood, the greatest address of the generation then battling for human rights. The fragments of that famous Bloomington "Lost Speech," gathered by Miss Tarbell's persistence, fully warrant the laudation its thrilled hearers concurrently gave it. That speech was as sane as the Declaration of Independence, while as hot with aroused righteousness as the fieriest utterances of Mirabeau and Burke, or of Patrick Henry and Sam Adams combined.

It was not the known personality of either, much less the versatility of the darling son of the northern Democracy, which lifted the Illinois senatorial debate of 1858 into national and international prominence. That elevation of a debate which, given simply two men of even Douglas's caliber, would have been a mere prairie roustabout, was due to the moral and intellectual grandeur

of the arguments proclaimed by the sturdy interpreter of the Declaration of Independence and of the purposes of the nation's founders, who seized the opportunity to speak through the state to the nation and to the world upon the burning moral issue of the period. Thousands of orators and innumerable rhetoricians, ranging in utterance all the way from the crudeness of John Brown, the impetuosity of Elijah Lovejoy, the ruggedness of Horace Greeley, the bluntness of Lyman Beecher, the pathos of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the imploration of Frederick Douglass, and the vehemence of William Lloyd Garrison up to the polished ponderosity of Daniel Webster, casuistry of Henry Clay, accusations of Henry Ward Beecher, sedateness of William H. Seward, sarcasms of Wendell Phillips, and ironies of Charles Sumner had for three decades been holding in the limelight every conceivable aspect of the subject, yet it remained for this self-tutored offspring of Kentucky's "poor white trash" not only to build arguments, but to sound the death knell of human slavery in a republic founded for the sole purpose of attesting that "all men" were created with certain inalienable rights, among which was certainly "the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which their own hand earns," by transmuting in the alembic of his practical mind the glittering generality of Seward's "irrepressible conflict" into the bedrock philosophy of the Son of God: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." This is the man who, proclaimed a boor by his foes, apologized for as a lucky illiterate by many of his friends, and even today reckoned by many as sadly deficient in culture, in less than three years from that farewell to his neighbors, by a few hours' labor and by three minutes' utterance gave to the world that Gettysburg Dedication which Emerson, Lowell, and Victor Hugo unite in declaring to be one of the three masterpieces of human speech in the history of the race. This is the man who, coming with the last shots of the Confederacy and the confident shouts of his conquering armies ringing in his ears, and with the momentous problem of reconstruction looming as awesome before him as had the certainty of civil war four years before, cast all the traditions of the occasion to the winds that, with the majesty of an Old Testament prophet and the grandeur

of Paul on Mars Hill, he might from that loftiest tribune in the world proclaim the sublimities and austerities of the providential relations to human affairs of that sovereign God before whom he bowed. That address—in his own judgment outranking all his other productions—stands unparalleled among the sayings of the rulers of the earth during six thousand years. Gladstone declared that its ideas were loftier than had ever been uttered from a throne in all the annals of time, and certainly the character that backed them and gave them force has never been equaled by any other occupant of a sovereign position.

But it is with the words, the ideas of this man, the thoughts so marvelously expressed, that we have here most to do. They raise the question concerning him that was raised of another eighteen centuries previous: "Whence hath this man learning?" How comes it that this man who learned his alphabet in his teens, who split his infinitives in company with the rails that piled before his axe, who had not read a total of five books when he was twenty, and that not because papers crowded them out as today but in an age when papers of any sort were rarer and smaller than decent ones are now, who was never a wide reader of literature in any period of his life, how comes it that this man has at command a vocabulary and a style that never fail him in expressing in the most practical, precise, and concise way, a way even though the subject matter is so abstract that from all other tongues it issues in a mist and leaves one in a haze? He had this learning, he had this vocabulary, he had this style because he made himself master of the Book his dying mother committed to him. Multitudinous are the testimonies of men of letters to the influence of that Book upon their literary output, but in Abraham Lincoln that Book stood upon the legs of a man fit to take his place among those who were inspired for its promulgation. Almost wholly trained intellectually by its pages, copying its precision in his own thinking and its accuracy in his own statements, his whole mental stock and product were so permeated with its very ideas that, whether he indulged in the genial wit that made his presence the sun in which many a troubled mind lost its gloom or stood among those graves at Gettysburg to utter what Bishop Warren lists as the

most "apt and telling speech of all time," it was Bible history, imagery, economy, philosophy, or theology that burst spontaneous from his lips. It was no "happen so" that the four greatest products of his mind and heart—the "Lost Speech," the "House Divided" utterance, the Gettysburg Dedication, and the Second Inaugural—were in conception and finish so marvelously scriptural; it was the inevitable outcome of his intimate acquaintance with the Bible. The "Lost Speech" burns with the passion of Elijah on Mount Carmel and is stamped all over with the superscription of the sacred pages; the "House Divided" utterance was literally a nail fastened by a master of assemblies, because it was so unmistakable an application of the very words of the Son of God to the problem of the period; the Gettysburg Dedication, as we will show later on, is couched in language not only thoroughly scriptural but marvelously illustrative of the more intimate personal relations which had during that year developed between the ruler of these United States and that Supreme Ruler of all men and nations whose humble instrument he acknowledged himself to be; the Second Inaugural had no other purpose than to utilize the undivided attention of the world, given him in that hour, to interpret the mysteries of divine Providence to a people just emerging from a hell of evil passions, to unite in brotherly love and political amity men and states that had during four years destroyed five hundred thousand human beings and fully seven billions of each other's treasure. Is it any wonder that coming to that utterance he found nothing upon his lips but the words of his God and a sane interpretation of their meaning? What is the mightiest miracle of modern if not of all times, a miracle before which the physical wonders that made men stare and women gape in Judea and Galilee nineteen hundred years ago pale and fade as do those very "works" before the life of Him who wrought them? It is the unearthly swiftness with which all the passions and enmities engendered by sixty years of rancorous debate and four years of unparalleled warfare ran out of the blood of both combatants, the rapidity with which old feuds were buried and new issues fraternally faced and mastered. That reknitting of the old ties, that reblending of sundered peoples went on with such unconscious

celerity, with such subtle persuasiveness and thoroughness that not until the barely concealed theft of the Presidency in 1876 put it to the test were the home people and the world really aware of the marvelous rapprochement which had been wrought. Where and when in the world's history has the like been manifested? Neither ancient nor modern times present a parallel. And to whom and to what shall you ascribe it? Surely only to that God who, according to Lincoln's conviction, wrought through men the infinite purposes of his own will; and chief among the means used of God to achieve this beneficent result was the sublime interpretation of that will so marvelously announced in the Second Inaugural and so speedily sealed with the blood of him who uttered it. Lincoln's task was God's task; he was fitted for it by being most mysteriously hedged about from all literature but God's book, and it is no wonder that in every supreme moment of his life its ideas and its phraseology sprang from his lips. A brief survey of some of his sayings, those notable and those less known, will show how spontaneously he thought and spoke in Bible language, and ought to spur many another who would speak to men for their betterment, to drink more copiously at this source of truth and grace.

In his first reported speech, that to the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, January 27, 1837, in his twenty-eighth year, I count at least ten sentences surely fashioned by his knowledge of Bible phraseology. His method of handling his theme on this occasion did not lend itself readily to biblical reference, but when he had in conclusion enumerated the materials for the future support and defense of the republic he finished with the words and the quotation: "Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest as the rock of its basis, and, as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'" In that great Temperance Address of Washington's Birthday, 1842, he hailed a cause going forth "conquering and to conquer"; spoke of the reformed drunkard as one "clothed and in his right mind," and silenced the respectable teetotaler who objected to joining a society of reformed drunkards with the argument: "Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection. If they

believe, as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on himself the form of sinful man, and as such to die an ignominious death for their sakes, surely they will not refuse submission to the infinitely lesser condescension for the temporal, and perhaps eternal, salvation of a large, erring, and unfortunate class of their fellow creatures." Drawing to his close he pictured the demon of intemperance as having "gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family," and asked: "Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? . . . Who shall be excused that can and will not help? Far around as human breath has ever blown he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere we cry, 'Come, sound the moral trump, that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army.' 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.' If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen." Four months later he is writing to his bosom friend, Joshua F. Speed. It is during that terrible period when his constitutional melancholy was preying most horribly upon him. It is not true, as some of his biographers have stated, that he failed to appear on the day when his marriage to Mary Todd was to have been consummated, but it is true that after their betrothal their relations became severely strained owing to Lincoln's morbid compunctions as to the honorableness of a man of so little standing and prospects as himself taking to wife a woman of the culture and of the social rank of his affianced; offering to one who had been long accustomed to the luxuries of life only the hazardous fortune of a country politician. Speed had gone through a very similar struggle and had been set right by Lincoln himself, who in this letter avows that he believed God had used him as an instrument in bringing Speed and his wife together in their happy union. Of himself, relative to his love affair, he wrote: " 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord' is my text just now." This is not irreverence, not jocularity. He is in a most serious,

heart and head troubled mood. It shows not only how closely he thought in biblical terms, but how intensely he believed what he in this same letter affirmed regarding divine control: "Whatever he designs he will yet do for me." But it was in making a Bible quotation or reference hit off precisely a political situation or drub an opponent that showed his art best. It is a vast pity that his addresses at the bar are so scantily reported, or we should have a wealth of this illustrative material which would richly reward the closest study. Writing to a political friend on his return from the convention that nominated Taylor for the Presidency, to which convention Lincoln was a delegate, and commenting on the strategy of the Whigs—the Anti-Mexican War party—in giving their nomination to the popular hero of that war, he said: "Taylor's nomination takes the Locos on the blind side. It turns the war thunder against them. The war is now to them the gallows of Haman, which they built for us, and on which they are doomed to be hanged themselves," as most assuredly they were. In the earlier rumbling of that battle of the hustings which was to keep his tongue and Douglas's busy with each other, the "Little Giant" had railed at him for alleged lack of devotion to the memory of Webster and Clay. Lincoln in his great Peoria speech, October 16, 1854, after showing that neither of the great compromisers ever held the principles that Douglas ascribed to them, countered: "The truth is, that some support from Whigs is now a necessity with the Judge, and for this the names of Clay and Webster are invoked. His old friends have deserted him in such numbers as to leave him too few to live by. He came to his own, and his own received him not, and lo! he turns unto the Gentiles." Speaking of those Republicans, of whom Greeley and Seward were samples, who favored the senatorial election of Douglas rather than his own in 1858 under the mistaken notion that Douglas's break with Buchanan meant his separation from the Democracy, and that his greatness would be a glorious card for the Republicans, Lincoln in accepting the senatorial nomination said: "They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted, but 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Judge Douglas if not a dead lion for this work, is at least a caged

and toothless one. How can he oppose the advance of slavery? By his own confession he doesn't care whether it is voted up or voted down." Colfax, Speaker of the House, reports that calling one day when stories were rife concerning the fitness of one or more members of the Cabinet, and mentioning the matter, Lincoln stopped him with the remark, "Now, Colfax, you be easy. Mr. —— has just been here attacking one of my Cabinet, but I stopped him with this text," and picking up a Bible he read from Proverbs a line Colfax had not known before: "Accuse not a servant to his master." At another time, being chided for considering for a certain valuable appointment a person who had bitterly opposed him, he responded: "Yes, I suppose that J——, having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly, but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have scriptural authority for appointing him. You recall that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a golden calf for the people. Yet he got his commission, didn't he?" Congressman Henry C. Deming, of Connecticut, reported that calling upon Lincoln just after Frémont had declined to run against him, in 1864, the President took pleasure in showing him the magnificent Bible which had just been presented to him by the Negroes of Baltimore. While examining the book Deming recited the strange passage in Chronicles: "Eastward were six Levites, northward four a day, southward four a day, and towards Asuppim two and two. At Parbar westward, four at the causeway, and two at Parbar." Lincoln immediately challenged the congressman to find any such passage in *his* Bible, but after it was pointed out to him, and he was satisfied of its genuineness, he asked if Deming remembered the text which certain of his friends had recently applied to Frémont, and instantly turning to the verse in First Samuel, put on his spectacles, and read in his slow, peculiar, waggish tone: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men." It is doubtful if poor Frémont finally had so many. Hugh McCulloch, while Comp-

troller of the Currency, one day brought a delegation of New York bankers to see Lincoln, and managing to get his ear for a private word whispered: "These gentleman came to see you and Chase about a new loan. I can vouch for their patriotism and loyalty, for the Good Book says, 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'" Lincoln looked up quickly from his desk, pen in hand, to reply: "Mac, there is another text that might apply equally well—'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

The big-heartedness of the President was constantly shown in his pardoning of soldiers under sentence of death, yet, knowing that discipline must be maintained, he liked for his own conscience sake to have a foundation for his mercy that would be self-explaining. Once a young soldier, who had proved his bravery in battle and had been severely wounded, after returning to the ranks deserted, was captured, and sentenced to death. His Congressman put the petition before Lincoln. It was difficult to decide. Discipline demanded his death, but the heart of Lincoln revolted at what seemed a ruthless shedding of blood. "Did you say that he was once badly wounded?" he asked the Congressman. "Yes." "Then, as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time." The pardon was issued, and the mercy of God shown in the clemency of his workman. So he made the same great Book and his acquaintance with it carry his ideas of mercy at the close of the war. His old friend Joseph Gillispie in the spring of 1865 asked him what was to be done with captured rebels. In answering Lincoln referred to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for the exemplary punishment of all leaders captured, but showed his own determination to be led into no such diabolism by quoting the words of David to his nephews who were asking for vengeance upon Shimei because he had cursed the Lord's anointed: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

As an introduction to one of Lincoln's most searching applications of scriptural truth it will be well to recall his exposition of

Christ's words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." It was in his speech at Springfield, accepting the senatorial nomination in 1858 and really opening the great debate of that year. His interpretation and application of the passage is as follows:

> The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect that any human creature could be perfect as the Father in heaven; but he said: "As your Father in heaven *is* perfect, be ye also perfect." He set that up as a standard, and he who did most toward reaching that standard attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say, in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature. Let us turn this government back into the channel in which the framers of the Constitution originally placed it. Let us stand firmly by each other. If we do not do so, we are tending in the contrary direction that Judge Douglas proposes—not intentionally; working in the traces that tend to make this one universal slave nation. He is one that runs in that direction, and as such I resist him.

The same searching application of scriptural truth and in scriptural language is found in a letter of May 30, 1864, conveying his response to the greetings of the Baptist Home Mission Society. It is surprising that this rare word has had so little currency; this results, possibly, because it has had no Bishop Simpson and Bishop Newman to publish it abroad, as had the more complimentary but less searching word of sixteen days earlier to the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference of 1864. Ponder the wisdom and force of these words:

> I can only thank you for thus adding to the effective and almost uanimous support which the Christian communities are so zealously giving to the country and to liberty. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise with anyone professing Christianity, or even having ordinary perceptions of right and wrong. To read in the Bible, as the word of God himself, that in "the sweat of *thy* face shalt thou eat bread," and to preach therefrom that "in the sweat of *other men's* faces shalt thou eat bread," to my mind can scarcely be reconciled with honest sincerity. When brought to my final reckoning may I have to answer for robbing no man of his goods; yet more tolerable even this than for robbing him of himself and all that was his. When, a year or two ago, those profesedly holy men of the South met in the semblance of prayer and devotion, and in the name of Him who said, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," appealed to the Christian world to aid them in doing to a whole race of men as they would have no man do unto them-

selves, to my thinking they contemned and insulted God and his church far more than did Satan when he tempted the Saviour with the kingdoms of the earth. The devil's attempt was no more false, and far less hypocritical. But let me forbear, remembering it is also written, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

If the people who that very year were worrying lest the President would recall or in some manner side-track the Proclamation of Emancipation had studied that speech, they would have had ease from their torment. It is difficult for us at this date to realize how many felt convinced that the measure would never be allowed to stand, and that under the pressure of events Lincoln himself would in some manner modify it. A visitor from Scotland conveying to the President the greetings of his Scotch admirers, notably of Dr. Guthrie, mentioned this, and expressing their hope that Lincoln would stand firm drew from him the reply: "Well, I am inclined to remain firm, but do not say I certainly will though all others should fail, as Peter once said and repeated with so much confidence, only to learn his folly and weakness as the cock crew; yet, God helping me, I trust to prove true to a principle which I feel to be right, and which I trust public sentiment approves, and which the country is prepared to support and maintain."

Was President Lincoln a Christian? That question has come perplexingly down the four decades since his death. That he was I have been more and more convinced as fact after fact, all tending in one direction, has shown itself in my close examination of the literature of his life with which, since the passing of John Hay, I believe I have the right to count myself the most familiar of anyone living. A statement of these facts and the only rational deduction from them I hope in due time to make otherwhere, but in connection with the theme now in hand it is but proper to point to them. Here, then, is a bare outline:

Reading Paine's Age of Reason when first getting hold of books, Lincoln became a freethinker, holding always to a personal God but looking askance at the Bible as an authoritative revelation of that God, until, under the pastorate of Dr. James Smith, at the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, and following the death of his son Edward, he gave that subject thorough investigation and made known to his pastor in a perfectly frank statement his con-

viction that the Holy Scriptures were indeed the revelation of God to the world and worthy of acceptation as such by all men. Thereafter, busied with the legal duties of his daily task, and still more with the intellectual processes through which his lifelong study of the slavery problem was ripening into the addresses which gave form and platform to the new party of the West, he paid slight attention to the personal side of the religious life; yet by the unconscious attraction of the good—to which his heart was always responsive—he was being drawn nearer and nearer to the truth. The mere telling of his life story to the children of the slums gathered in the Five Points Mission, on the Sunday connected with his trip to New York on the occasion of that famous Cooper Institute speech, had a reflex influence upon himself of which he was scarcely aware, and perhaps he himself, though in every word sincere, was as much surprised as his neighbors at the intensely religious tone of his farewell words at Springfield. He did not then count himself a Christian. By no formal act of conscious self-surrender had he made himself such. But the stress of war, with its perplexities past human unraveling and its evidence of providential interposition to which he repeatedly testified, took him often to his knees. Then, following his own recovery from the smallpox, came the death of Willie, a sorrow that so took hold upon him that for a week his Cabinet feared that the reason of their chief was to be dethroned. The marvel of conversion Lincoln first personally studied as night by night he and Mrs. Pomroy—sweet, sane, at peace with God though he had suffered her husband and all her children to die—talked of holy things as they together watched over the President's suffering, dying boy; what he there learned took form when the invasion of the North and the thunders of Gettyburg forced him more importunately before the throne of God and led him, as he confessed to General Sickles, to vow to God that if he would save the Army he would personally serve him the rest of his days. All these experiences, by his own confession and Mrs. Lincoln's attestation, culminated when he stood among those myriad dead at Gettysburg and there apparently asked of his own great mind, "Why were all these men so willing to die?" He found but one answer big enough to fit the fact of those miles of

fresh-heaped graves beneath which tens of thousands of heroes slept: God—Christ, a self-giving Saviour and his love, compelled devotion of men to the right as God gave them to see the right; and in that mood, himself strange to, but convinced of, his new relations to God, confident that something, as he had recently confessed to Mrs. Pomroy, had taken place in his life which tallied with that *change* which she called "conversion," he uttered that marvelous dedicatory address which, as the Rev. Nelson L. Brakeman (Methodist Episcopal Post Chaplain, Baton Rouge, La.,) pointed out, at once interprets his mood and speaks for his "new birth" in the surprising manner in which he possibly unconsciously, yet steadily, used the very terms which the Church and, through its terminology, all souls new to the kingdom of God use in describing their own personal self-dedication to God. Note these words in this main section of the address:

> But in a larger sense we cannot *dedicate*, we cannot *consecrate*—we cannot *hallow*—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have *consecrated* it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the *living*, rather, to be *dedicated* here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here *dedicated* to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased *devotion* to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of *devotion*, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a *new birth* of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Possibly it is only by chance that language so closely allied with self-dedication to God should be used here; yet one has solid foundation for belief that these words entered into this great dedicatory address simply because they had become so prominent in his own mental processes in relation to his personal dedication to the work of God and Christ in the world. Bishop Simpson said at Lincoln's grave: "He believed in Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and I think he was sincerely trying to bring his life under the principles of revealed religion." Candid consideration of the accessible evidence convinces me that he was simply awaiting a perfectly fitting occasion—and no public man

ever better timed his speeches—to make public acknowledgment of his new relation not only to the God in whom he had always believed but to the Christ of God, whose form, presence, inspiration, and saving help he had sought, recognized, and surrendered to in the fiery furnace of the war. In my own mind I am convinced that such acknowledgment would have been in some way connected with the great national Thanksgiving Day which he had already named when the assassin's bullet sent him to make that acknowledgment before the face of Christ and turned the day appointed for national rejoicing into a national fast, and I can conceive of no greater, loftier, holier, sublimer preparation for such an announcement than his marvelous Second Inaugural. It was as if he felt he must first, in the sight of the gazing world, transform the great Capitol of the nation into an altar, and standing beside it make acknowledgment of the sins of the whole people and plead with them to follow him in the acknowledgment of God's eternal law of sacrifice, fully determined that when that Second Inaugural had accomplished its initial mission, and he next stood before that altar on Capitol Hill, it would be to say as great a word for Christ's constraining love and daily help as on the fourth of March he spoke for the righteousness of the Father.

There remains, then, for our study this last great address, the Second Inaugural. Listen to it. Get hold not only of the Bible in it by quotation and reference, but grip fast to an apprehension of the Bible spirit in its whole philosophy and purpose and so secure an adequate conception of the full measure of the Bible spirit which actuated this man, whom Bishops Fowler and McCabe and Señor Roldan, the most eloquent man produced by the United States of Colombia, unite in declaring to be the greatest man in six thousand years:

> The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living

God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

What spokesman for God has ever declared the whole counsel of the Eternal in sublimer ideas or loftier phraseology? Has Job, or David, or Isaiah, or John, or Paul? These words of the modern Moses, who led a race into freedom and a nation into a larger life, suffer no eclipse when run parallel with the mightiest utterances of Jehovah's earlier sons. What was Lincoln's purpose in uttering this truth upon what would in all likelihood prove to be the supreme public occasion of his career? He never told any man; yet a study of the speeches and measures in which he had been expressing his ideas of reconstruction would indicate that he was convinced that only when the whole people, North and South alike, awoke to a realization of their mutual accountability for the presence and continuance of that slavery which had been the real root of the war, could reconstruction be expected to go forward in that just, fraternal, Christlike way which he longed for, and which, against the mightiest of obstruction within the very party that hailed him chief, he was battling daily to press to the front. As no other man Lincoln rose to the occasion by beholding and asserting the fault of the whole people, and though, as he wrote Thurlow Weed eleven days later, he knew that "men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them," he, feeling that "to deny it, in this case," would be "to deny that there is a God governing the world," reckoned it to be his duty to so speak for God that he might make the vast prestige of that matchless occasion help him to turn the thoughts of the people into the one sure path that could lead to a speedy reconciliation of the foemen then self-evidently fighting their last battles. He was ready to take his own measure of blame for the difference in purpose which he mentioned, for in the same letter to Weed he wrote: "It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever humiliation

there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it." He meant, then, that this speech should be through him that ruling of God's message to the American people; and that that message might have fullest opportunity to burn in and flame forth he said nothing other than this, though the wide world waited on his words. The paragraph quoted is a full third of the address and all that went before it was simply a review of the four years' warfare of the two peoples who read the same Bible and prayed to the same God—a mere preface to this most striking and stalwart exposition of the doctrine of divine Providence the world has ever heard. But one conclusion, therefore, can be reached. Facing the problem of reconstruction, scorched already by the infernal passions of Wade and Stevens and Henry Winter Davis, and realizing that only by lifting the whole problem above the level where these and their savage breed could breathe was there hope of ever conquering the hearts of those now to be so surely and speedily conquered by the sword, Lincoln, having been on his knees before the throne, stood upon his feet before the people to call upon them "with malice toward none, with charity for all," "to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among themselves," by universal acknowledgment that, inasmuch as the righteous God had smitten North and South alike, so both, accepting the severities of the war as mutual atonement for mutual sin, should without recrimination turn from the past that was under that blood and face the future determined to know and treat each other only as brothers indeed.

When the facts are fully comprehended this Second Inaugural will gradually move in front of the Gettysburg Dedication as the supreme expression of Lincoln's heart and head, and nobly does it, in language wholly biblical, close the long speechmaking of this king of men on whose tongue the English Bible ever found reverent place.

Geo. T. Lemmon.

Art. X.—JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

John Oliver Hobbes is not an artistic, ornate name. It is hardly an attractive name. There is something substantial about it, though; I had almost said commercial. It is respectable, democratic, and middle-class. The way of a woman in choosing a name is often similar to her way in taking a husband. The timid, shrinking, feminine ones do not call themselves Ethelbert or Algernon, they leave such gingerbread for their assertive, strident masculine sisters. They naturally attach themselves to John or George or a business-like initial, cowering behind a formidable mask of a name as some tender 'Arriet does behind her 'Arry. They would do ill to go for protection to a Loren or a Preston; to even a Francis or a Clarence, "Mary Jane Smith" will strike as much terror as "Wilmer Ray Smith"; indeed, my male readers will incline to think more. Some women cannot find noms de plume sufficiently soft and slushy among those of masculine gender, so we have our "Sadie" and "Violet Fane" and "Pansy." We have also our George Eliot, our E. Nesbit, and our John Oliver Hobbes. Mrs. Craigie, it is believed, deliberately chose this last name for its bourgeois smack. She believed her idealistic temperament needed a compensatory balance. If her realism owes anything to her assumed name, here is ample material for High School debates on the subject, "What's in a name?" From some of her stories one would hardly suspect her of idealism. Just as this name is getting to be familiar to American readers, and the elect are fairly sure when he is mentioned that John is a woman, the literary world is startled by news of her death. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie has finished a brief life. She had fifteen years of production, which, fulfilling wonders as a literary artist, promised even greater. What she would have done, none can say; what she might have done, her admirers, blunting their grief on the divine plan, can only surmise. As Americans we are interested in her, for we gave her birth; as students and seekers after truth we admire and honor her, for she has made a permanent contribu-

tion to the world's riches and carved a new niche in the advance of literary expression.

When a few years ago, in 1891, a thick volume was published containing four novels—short because concise, not because incomplete—and bearing the above mentioned pseudonym, some few discerning ones congratulated themselves on a "find." Here was something new, something really unique. Some were piqued later to discover that the author was a woman. This proves the stories were unique. A woman had never before shown a book so sexless. The genius of irony seemed to have guided the pen. Review the titles: "Some Emotions and a Moral," "A Bundle of Life," "The Sinner's Comedy," and "A Study in Temptations" —certainly not sleepy-sounding. No one ever went to sleep reading them. The people are not always *nice* company, nor such as we should care to associate with, but, for that matter, the strongest books in modern fiction abound in the most exasperating characters. Exasperation seems to have been added only in recent years to the stock of emotions of legitimate literary appeal. Certainly the writers who have impressed our time most strongly have trafficked in it largely: Barrie, Caine, Kipling, and John Oliver Hobbes. A critical justification would doubtless be that the appeal, while not distinctly pleasing, is deeply wholesome. In Lear and Othello, fretfulness at the credulity of the central figures swells the colossal effect of the whole. Moreover, is it just to blame the author for exasperating characters if they are true characters and if there is any benefit to be derived from their delineation? Thomas Sandys, and Anna Christian, and Bishop Sacheverell, and even Oscar Stephenson, though all nerve-racking enough, owe their paternity to the age. If we can produce such people, we ought to know about it. Perhaps we may improve our standard. While Mrs. Craigie's people, then, are not always companionable folk, such as we should enjoy on a day's outing, they are brilliant or—brilliantly dull. Her conversations sparkle—sometimes with a cold luster, to be sure, but they do sparkle—and so many other literary diamonds turn out rhine-stones. Her pages fairly bristle with terse aphorisms, niceties of expression, subtleties of logic. If sarcasm is a weapon that cuts both ways,

she must needs have been an unhappy woman. The pen of irony has had few such masters since the terrible Dean of Saint Patrick's. It is safe to say that one does not turn a page of the four stories already named, of Robert Orange, The School for Saints, The Herb Moon, The Serious Wooing, or The Vineyard, without pausing to read some sentence again and to conclude either that it is strikingly true or that it is keen to feather-edge and has a good deal of truth in it. The sophistries of her society people are worthy of Thackeray while her simple folk remind one of the region of Raveloe, Dolly Winthrop, Mr. Macey, and Silas Marner himself. But the charm for an athletic reader, of these jets and juts of wisdom, sarcasm, humor, and pathos, is that one has to make such intellectual leaps to keep alongside. She indicates the chasm, but she does not help us jump. A sedentary, lethargic reader will be left behind—in disgust. The author cares little; natural selection blesses her with appreciative way-farers. I said no one went to sleep over Some Emotions and a Moral; I should say sleepy people cannot read far enough to get up a drowse. Mrs. Craigie has traveled far from George Eliot in the matter of psychology, and has prophesied the school of the future, Suggestion.

The last page of The Sinner's Comedy is an epitome of our author's matter and manner: Anna Christian, wife of a drunken brute, loved by Bishop Sacheverell has just died of a broken heart. The Bishop's sister says:

> "Will you preach tomorrow as usual?"
>
> "Of course," he said, without looking up from his paper. "Shall I not live as she would have me live—working?"
>
> But the future, as he saw it, was dim.
>
> Some years after the Bishop of Gaunt confided his brief love story to a friend.
>
> "But why," said the friend, "since the husband had forfeited every right to be considered, why didn't you punch his head and bear the woman off in triumph?"
>
> "To tell the truth," said Sacheverell, "I was tempted to some such decisive measure—sorely tempted."
>
> "If you had succumbed," said the friend dryly, "she would have recovered."

"Don't say so," said Sacheverell, putting out his hand; "*I think I know it.*"

The friend, who was a psychologist, went home with more material for his great work on Impulse and Reason.

If the gods have no sense of humor they must weep a great deal.

This may be dangerous doctrine, if interpreted literally, like The Statue and the Bust; but we like a woman who can handle a climax without writing a text-book on psychology.

Cynicism?

"I have been harder hit than you," said Legge, "I died twelve years ago; the only thing about me that lives is my stomach. I remember they fed it with chops—on the day *She* was buried. Life is certainly humorous."

Wit? Why multiply instances? Look on any page. It loses its flavor, detached.

Character? When Robsart entered Rose Arden "sighed, smiled, and chose a brighter thread." You don't need to be told what she thought; it is all there.

Unlike most satirists, Mrs. Craigie could write exquisite songs,

"Love is a bubble
Love is a trouble—"

has gone the rounds, and the lines of the last stanza are eloquent beyond most modern songs:

"Love is a jig
So tread you a measure;
Love is a dirge
So fill you with grief.
Love is bright wine
To quicken your pleasure;
Love's the North Wind
And man the dead leaf."

The song Rose Arden sang is almost as beautiful in its pathos as "Tears, Idle Tears," which, indeed, it suggests:

"O weep, my heart, for summer days are fled,
The earth is cold, and roses that were red,
Birds that once sang and little things that flew
Are dead.

> The pallid day is moist with chilling dew,
> There is no moon, because the wind that blew
> The clouds across the sun is stern, poor heart,
> Like you."

After this we feel like Robsart, "Dear Girl, sing something cheerful."

Nonsense verse she might have written, too had she cared to try. In The Serious Wooing,

> "There was Harry Augustus, Lord Beauleigh.
> He *was* good, really and truly;
> And when pretty dears looked at him with their leers,
> He wished 'em to Heaven, did Beauleigh."

But with all her cynicism and all her sarcasm she is not a pessimist. Individuals are silly and mean and abominable, but she has not lost faith in humanity. The lump is good and waits only for the leaven. She has the sharp tongue and the tender heart of the true reformer. Because some good people are uncomfortable companions, and some bad ones good fellows, she does not turn the moral standards topsy-turvy. In The Herb Moon she says: "A famous priest once wrote that the majority of sinners are so excessively unpleasant that one wondered how the Almighty could feel love for them." Mr. Bernard Shaw would have substituted for "sinners" "saints." There lies the difference, she shirks not truth, even courts realism, but truth for her is not circumscribed by her little horizon of experience. There may be something beyond. It cannot all be put into a syllogism and shot at every mark.

Thomas P Beyer.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE METHODIST REVIEW is part of the permanent literature of the church. Its bound volumes are preserved in many libraries, public and private. The complete set of eighty-eight volumes is a veritable cyclopedia for a minister. No church corner-stone should be laid without containing a copy of the REVIEW.

THE GOD OF LAW AND ORDER

GOD is nowhere the originator of disorder. The visible creation reverberates through all its depth and echoes from all its heights that the Creator is the God of order. The evidence is written in light upon the sky, where the spheres keep time and tune; and upon the air, whose winds, though they seem wild, wayward, and wanton, without known whence or whither, are yet not unchartered, but go with secret orders, under rigid law, to definite destinations. It is written also over all the varied surface of the earth, and in the stone parchment of its voluminous strata, as well as in the restless depths of the sea, marked by the Almighty long ago with "ocean lanes," along which the great currents sweep and curve between the continents.

All sciences with their classification of phenomena and facts, their discovery of principles and tracing of laws, are but the progressive demonstration of the Divine order. Looking up into the stupendous firmament, where all things keep appointed orbits and nothing flies the track, it is plain that the order seen there is transcendent. No step of the best-trained soldiers the earth ever saw could compare with the drill of those starry regiments which wheel and maneuver on the blue parade-ground of infinite space. No wise and skillful housekeeper of the best-ordered home that woman's statesmanship ever directed could approach the perfect management of the great unseen Keeper of this "house of many mansions" which we call the universe. Yet, clear as this now seems, there was a time when men looked on the ordered firmament and discerned no plan, no harmony; stared at the powdery splendor and thought it a piece of wild spatter-work without a pattern. Only by the painful study of thousands of years has the outline of its plan become vivid to the

eye of man. Thus science, slowly uncovering plan and order where none had been perceived, teaches us that in God's other ways of providence and life, though "the drift of the Maker is dark" and we see no wise purpose, there is doubtless order and the reign of law, awaiting discovery in the fullness of time.

God is so orderly that both the scientist and the most illiterate Christian can count on him out of sight. The astronomer tracks the craziest comet in the sky along the small part of its orbit which is in sight, and then knows all its path beyond vision, telling with precision in how many thousand years the punctual God will bring the wanderer back. The most unbelieving scientist constantly exercises more faith in God than would suffice to save his soul if directed aright. Everywhere we may depend on God, in the dark, for all which, in the light. he leads us to expect. To this God of order, man is amenable. On us, as on the world of matter, he imposes restrictions, rules, and system, requiring regulated character and life. Order does not yet visibly and completely prevail in the moral world; but it is exacted, and will in the long run be enforced. The universe is so constituted that moral disorder, which is mutiny and treason, is certain to be effectively discouraged. Human hearts, thoughts and lives are full of disorder, and society is a troubled sea; but God has not made, and will not countenance, this confusion. He insists on control, rhythmic regulations and moral decorum in all that we are and do. Disregarding this, we lie under his eye, a spectacle of miserable and guilty anarchy.

Among the faculties and powers of man's nature a relative rank is ordained on the recognition and sacred maintenance of which depend the peace and welfare of his being. The appetites, passions and desires of the flesh belong in the lowest place. The intellect, clear and unbesotted by carnal indulgence, is set to perceive logical consequences and the reasonableness of righteousness. The affections are put in their graded place to furnish pure, beneficent fire of motive warmth, kindled rightly from, and aspiring to, the holy source of love. Above all is conscience, clear as intellect, loyal as love, charged to give law to all that ranks below it, receiving law from Him who ranks above it; its fit upward look being humble, docile, dutiful; its downward attitude imperative and lordly. Yet conscience is but God's vicegerent, needing constant communication with the Home Government, to receive instructions therefrom.

Whoever will keep his nature and life under due discipline and

subjection must needs be vigilant over all the turbulencies and treacheries of his own being; for no Russian Empire was ever so catacombed with conspiracies, mined by mutinies, and infested with enemies as this many-provinced, half-explored, triple-zoned human nature of ours. Vigilant also must we be against the hostile and pitfalled world neighboring all around us, and swarming in all its thickets of concealment and ambush with secret, subtle, and savage foes. Introspection must see if law and order rule the inward elements into their places, in due relations of authority and subjection. Circumspection, observing our outward relations, must ascertain if we are in our required place in the world; for to be out of place is to be in the way of penalty—on the track, when the lightning express is due and coming, though unseen, around the curve.

These things are inexorable. We must make our peace with them or they will grind us to powder. The God of order punishes disorder.

> "His will fulfilled shall be:
> For, in daylight or in dark,
> His thunderbolt hath eyes to see
> Its way home to the mark."

Not by arbitrary nor even by special decree is man's final destiny fixed, but by the normal operation of the natural forces of the moral universe. By the law of moral gravitation every man goes to his own place, to the good place or the bad place according as the one or the other has the greater attraction for him. God endows man with free agency, allows him to choose, and then simply lets him have what he has chosen. The just and sufficient reward for having chosen the good is to have it ever more and more with all its sweet and blessed fruitage. The just, unexcessive, yet unsurpassable punishment for having chosen the evil is to have it to the full with all its bitter, rankling, fiery and consuming consequences. The natural forces of the spiritual universe, its attractions and repulsions, carry men to their destiny. That for which they have affinity is what they go to. The place or state where a man would feel most at home, that place or state shall be his home forever. This is eminently right and manifestly inevitable. The story of the conversion of John Nelson, one of the most remarkable of Wesley's early preachers, is impressive. It was brought about by means of a dream. "He saw the great white throne set and the myriads gathered of earth and heaven. The Judge sat silent, but before him was an open book. Up to that book came,

one by one in long procession, every soul of all mankind, and as each advanced he tore open his breast as a man would tear open the bosom of his shirt, and then compared his heart with the commandments written in the book. Not a word was said nor did the Judge lift his finger, but each man, according as his heart agreed or disagreed with that perfect standard, went with joy to the company of the saved, or in despair to the company of the lost. Every man was conscious where he belonged and each went to his own place."

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

THOMAS À KEMPIS wrote an immortal book setting forth man's highest possibility, The Imitation of Christ. It is amazing what store men have set on the power of imitation; and the more refined they have become the higher value they have seemed to put on this capacity. It has almost been regarded as man's finest faculty. To discover the deep philosophy which explains the laudation that has been bestowed on him who has the genius for imitation is not easy. It is the occult reason of all love of art and praise of artists. The artist is simply the imitator. Imitation is the work of the painter on canvas, the sculptor in clay, marble, or bronze, the engraver with his burin, and the etcher with his *aqua fortis*. The artist labors to copy effects of light, colors of sunsets, tints of flesh, sheen of silk or satin, gleam of metal, bloom of flower or fruit, delicate intricacy of lace, subtle expression of the eye, animals' fur, or sparkle of moonlight on water. In this work, such is the fame men win that we are told the artist outlives in renown the general, the magistrate, and the statesman; indeed, never dies. What is the great artist but the consummate imitator?

This faculty of imitation is essential and natural, not grafted on by education, for it develops almost in earliest infancy; indeed, scarce anything is more marked in childhood. And it is universal, for the most savage and brutal tribes display it, making rude images of things. Everywhere this instinct hews in wood, or carves in stone, or molds in clay some copy of things known, heard of, or imagined.

Singularly enough, it is before the product of this imitative faculty that groping, dim-eyed, unenlightened man bows down and worships. When his instinct for copying has carved out and completed its result, the next instinct which springs into operation makes of his image a god, before which he prostrates himself and offers sacrifices. Is there a subtle persuasion, an intuitive assumption, in

human nature, that the imitative faculty is to be man's instrument for his most valuable achievement—nay, his guide to God? The facts of human sentiment and conduct are hardly explicable otherwise. Did the Divine Intelligence implant this active power in humanity at the beginning, in order that when at last the complete, stainless Pattern should be visibly presented in the person of Jesus Christ this instinct, groping ever to find a perfect model for its copying, might not only be impelled to imitate the perfection, but be carried by the natural current of its unformulated reasoning and unconscious inference to the conclusion that what satisfies the imitative faculty as an adequate object for its exercise must be Divine? that the ultimate outreach, arrival, and seizure of this most noble capacity can be nothing less than God? It would seem so. The lines of this logic appear to have been invisibly bedded as in the very marrow of man's bones and laid deeper than thrilling nerves.

Recent years have witnessed in art the revival of the pre-Raphaelite or realistic school of painting, the ruling principle of which is to copy literally, to paint things as they are, instead of idealizing and painting them as the artist thinks they ought to be.

Let us say that it is this principle of fidelity to reality which must rule and insure our moral progress, through the exercise of our power of imitation, to the highest result. Christianity is the realistic imitation of Christ. Whatever objection may be made to the pre-Raphaelite principle in reproducing a faulty original, it is the only rule to be approved when we are to render the faultless model.

Sir Joshua Reynolds once complained of the difficulty of the work of a portrait painter, in that he must in each case paint "a particular man, and consequently a defective model." As any human face is defective, so is every human character, and any one who tries to copy or imitate it has an imperfect model. One perfect Model stands singular, sublime, supreme. All imitation which has not sighted Christ shows by its partialness and immense defect the meanness of its ideal.

> "An Ethiop's god hath Ethiop's lips,
> Black cheek, and woolly hair;
> The Grecian god hath a Grecian face,
> As keen-eyed and as fair."

A portrait painter or engraver may fall into two noticeable faults. One is that the portrait may show more of the personality of the artist who copies than of the subject who is copied. Longhi com-

plained of Bartolozzi that in engraving portraits he was "most unfaithful to his archetype," and so inflexible and unsympathetic in his selfhood that, whatever the original, his engraving exhibited more his own characteristics than the features and spirit of the face he was copying.

To melt self into Christ so that the new man shall be more marked by the Christly spirit than by our peculiar native individual traits is not easy; but Paul must have arrived at it when he could say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

We have seen deeply stained glass in a window shone through by the sun more noticeable for the conspicuousness of its own strong bright color than for the amount of sunlight it transmitted. Our life should rather transmit Christ-light than exhibit self-color.

A second possible fault in a portrait artist is to make more of accessories than of the principal, more of the drapery than of the person, or more of the surface than of the soul. It is far easier to copy incidentals and furnishings than to capture and render that subtle, complex, evasive something which we call the expression—the face with its spirit-meaning.

The engraving of Jerome Bonaparte, by the Müller brothers, is most famous for the skill with which the fur and lace of the Westphalian king's attire are rendered. Longhi's copy of Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, is remarkable chiefly for the surpassing finish of the plume in the cap of the Viceroy of Italy; and in his picture of Washington this artist felicitated himself especially upon the hair. Wille's graver showed its highest mastership in representing satin and metal, and he sought for portraits which had rich surroundings.

Being set to copy Christ, we may give more attention to moralities and humanities, observances and respectabilities, than to spirituality and Christ-likeness of heart. The reason why the hem of the robe was healing to the sick woman was because Christ was inside of the robe. The virtue of externals is in their relation to Jesus. Ceremonies, observances, ritual and conduct are impotent and expressionless unless they drape, depend from and set forth the living Christ.

Of the arts, sculpture and painting are imitations of visible external objects; music and architecture are not. Bible prefigurations of heaven give us songs of the blessed, and the Holy City coming down from God. Building and melody are thus put into our celestial

expectations, but there is no hint of statues or pictures. The imitative arts are represented only in "*We* shall be *like* him." The halls of the King's palace, the paths and slopes of its gardens shall be populated and adorned not by the motionless marbles of niche and pedestal but by moving, animated copies of our Lord. Purified human beings renewed in the Divine image are to be the fair, white, living statues of heaven. To this end we work, while God works in us his own good pleasure, which is that we be conformed to the image of his Son. To shape us thus must be the purpose of life's smiting discipline and reduction.

One day the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, caught a holy thought from the block of marble he was chiseling toward its desired form, and laying down his implements and taking up his pen he wrote a sonnet which has this line: "The more the marble wastes the more the statue grows." A block of marble feeling itself broken and chipped away under incessant blow on blow might think, "This is destruction; this fierce man means to make an end of me; shortly there will be nothing left of me and mine." But there is that that diminishes bulk, yet enhances value. If "the Captain of our salvation" was made "perfect through suffering," shall not we also submit to be brought toward perfection by the process of reduction?

To make us Christlike is the greatest Sculptor's purpose; let him smite!

The imitation of Christ is our business and endeavor; let us set the Lord continually before us!

MY PARISH

From pastoral life to editorial duties is a change likely to make certain faculties feel lost through being deprived of the particular exercise to which they were habituated. The unemployed pastoral instincts feel out for an object, and go around seeking a job like a man out of work. For three years Providence mercifully met this exigency by providing one editor with a small parish sufficient to give play to certain ministering impulses which find little scope in an editorial office. A good woman of high character, godly, wise, and sensible, widow of Rev. William Torrey, a missionary in South America who died in 1858, herself nearly fourscore and ten years old, was in Brooklyn without a pastor. She adopted the editor, and became his parish. So Sunday afternoons were provided with a

chance for pastoral visiting, without trespass, three miles away. Her membership rested in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, New York, whence she removed five years before her death. She left her name there for two reasons: because she was too aged and infirm to make acquaintance in or to attend any church here; and because two officers in the Albany church, her friends and admirers, always remembered her in their prayer-meeting petitions, so that whenever prayer service night came round she had the dear feeling of being prayed for, by those who knew and loved her, one hundred and fifty miles away. Between her church in Albany and her adopted pastor here she had the benefit of prayers on both the Calvinistic and the Arminian basis; if one failed because of basal error, success might the more reasonably be hoped for the other. Practically and in effect Calvinism and Arminianism mix pretty well. A pastor of considerable experience records here his observation that Presbyterians make excellent Methodists; sometimes they ripen to it simply by the progress of the seasons. In one of this pastor's churches were two eminently successful class leaders, one of young women and the other of young men, and both were thoroughbred Presbyterian women married to Methodist husbands. It is a good thing to be well grounded in definite doctrines and thoroughly drilled in the Catechism, even if it be the Westminster, and then to have the whole sweetened and sun-drenched and mellowed with Methodism. A hard-headed, warm-hearted leather dealer, in business many years in "The Swamp" in New York city, long president of the Board of Stewards in a prominent city church, but later retired to his ancestral farm, fed himself regularly on the Christian Advocate, the METHODIST REVIEW, and the New York Observer—a nutritious and sufficiently varied diet.

Whether "My Parish" was most Presbyterian or most Methodist I could not tell. In that respect it was like heaven. But it was foreordained to have, at the last, a pastor who did not believe in foreordination. Possibly Mrs. Elizabeth Sutton Torrey had been suffused, if not saturated, with the essential spirit of Methodism through an intimate and loving friendship of over seventy years with Richard Sutton Rust. The two were cousins, on his mother's and her father's side, and lived together as little children under the same New England roof, in her father's house. For her ninetieth birthday, which fell on October 3, 1895, that life-long friend sent her a characteristically genial and tender letter, to cheer her in her "age and feebleness extreme." In it he wrote: "Dear cousin, you are too near home

to be sad or sorrowful. Be happy! Were you a Methodist, I would say, Shout 'Glory!' Get used to it, cousin, before you go. It is the common language up there. May the hour of your departure be the great coronation time to you! I wish I might be with you then; but I could only commend you to Jesus. My sister died as I was aiding her to quote the lines:

> 'Jesus, the vision of thy face
> Hath overpowering charms;
> Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
> If thou be in my arms.
> And while you hear my heart-strings break,
> How sweet my moments roll—
> A mortal paleness on my cheek,
> But glory in my soul!'

No matter whether we go now or a little later, God will take good care of you. Dear cousin, I wish you a happy New Year on earth or in heaven! God knows best." She went home on Monday morning at seven o'clock, November 25, 1895. Having lived ninety years in this world of mortality without ever seeing anybody die, she knew not what death might be like, and perplexed herself much with wondering what mien the messenger would wear. But heaven stole a march on her. The angels took her when she was asleep, and she found herself with the Lord in paradise without knowing how she got there. She experienced immortality without seeing death.

Some interesting things were learned from "My Parish"—how early sometimes in beneficent lives, as well as in others, the currents of the soul select a course to which they keep life-long, like the Gulf Stream, unfenced but steady, flowing where most needed, warming the ocean and its borders against the chill of arctic tides. Very early the sympathies of Richard Sutton Rust seem to have chosen the channel in which to this day they continue their humane and benignant flow. From the house in which he was a lad the family wash went regularly to the home of a poor colored woman. Her small son was often sent to bring and return it. When the wash was heavy little Richard Rust would take hold of the basket on one side and help the little colored boy carry it. (He never let go of that basket, but kept on helping the Negro with his load.) Once, when he went to her poor dwelling, the black laundress told him about slavery as she had known it, and how cruelly slaves were sometimes treated. The story was more than he could bear, and he came home sobbing as if his heart was broken. On that long-ago day a chief champion of

the cause of the oppressed and a steadfast friend of the African set his face toward the presidency of Wilberforce University, and the secretaryship of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and all the noble service of many years. This was learned in visiting "My Parish."

Another story impressing the same lesson was recently told. One Sunday afternoon more than sixty years ago a minister talked with his four little boys, explaining to them as simply as possible what it is to give one's heart to God and be a Christian. He asked if they understood, and they answered: "Yes." Then he said: "If any one of you wants to give his heart to the Lord now, let him come and kiss me." The boys sat silent, thinking, for a while. Then one by one, with intervals between—the youngest, five years old, first; and the oldest, twelve, last—they came and kissed their father's face; kissing also, in that sacred act, the Son of God, in token of reconciliation with the heavenly Father. One of those boys, retired at seventy from long and faithful service in the Congregational ministry, says: "If I ever gave my heart to the Lord, that was the time when I did it." He was six years old when that happened. Bishop Wiley did the same thing when he was ten. The lesson is so plain that he who runs may read.

The pastor of "My Parish" has on one end of his mantel a photograph of the Adirondack Lake Placid, tranquil and beautiful, with old Whiteface sloping steeply up from its shore into the crystalline sky. On the opposite end is another charming picture of equal serenity and peace, a photograph of "My Parish," taken in her room the day before she was ninety. She sits in her chair, knitting. On the table at her left her spectacles lie on her well-worn Spanish Testament, between which and her arm stands a framed cabinet photograph of her fondly cherished cousin, Dr. Rust, dear to her heart for almost eighty years. What is the lovely old saint in this picture knitting? Her father was a sea captain, and the men of the sea have always seemed like her own. She knows the perils and hardships of their life, and is interested in every effort for their welfare. Every fall she knits several dozen pairs of woolen wristlets, which are sent to the men of the Life-saving Service on the coasts of New Jersey and Maine; the men whose swinging lanterns twinkle like fireflies along the surf through the long, wild, bitter nights, as they patrol the beaches on the lookout for vessels in distress, ready to risk their own lives for the saving of others.

The heart of a woman who would have mothered the whole world,

and saved every soul and body in it if she could, beats on her ninetieth birthday as strong as ever with that yearning and passionate compassion which receives its example and its impulse from the cross of Christ. Uchimura, the Japanese, tells us that characters like this are among the evidences of Christianity, because paganism does not produce such. As a rule, "heathens go into decay early," lose interest and spirit and enterprise; but Christians, as a rule, "know no decay whatever." "Octogenarians, still planning for future as if they were still in twenties, are objects of almost miraculous wonders with us heathens. We count men above forty among the old in age, while in Christendom no man below fifty is considered to be fit for a position of any great responsibility. Judson, a missionary, after hardships of his life-time, exclaims he wants to live and work more." "Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three life-angels that defy Death and his angels, have worked upon Christendom for the past nineteen hundred years, and made it as we have it now."

An old age, with expectation and desire still full of eagerness and onwardness, with sympathies still flowing, affections still fresh and warm, intellect still enterprising, ready for new tasks or persisting earnestly in old ones—this, a born pagan tells us, is a distinctively Christian phenomenon. And he asks: "Is not Christianity worth having, if but for this power alone?" Who was it came in order that men might have more abundant life, spirit-life, heart-life powerful enough to push on superbly past eighty and ninety, and then exult in the prospect of entering on mightier employments in the heavens? Whoever He was, His mission seems not to have failed. By Him, today, is fresh life, imperishable and bountiful life, breathed into human hearts for their perpetual renewing, as undeniably as in the beginning, by creative Power, was breathed into man's nostrils the breath of original life. Of this "My Parish" was an evidence. She took up the study of German after she was seventy and mastered it, so that she could then read her Bible in four languages—English, French, Spanish, and German. Her faithful fingers failed fast as they worked at their final self-imposed task; but she was happy in using her last strength to finish the annual batch of wristlets, in pure Christian love, for men she had never seen, and whose names she knew not. The life-savers on watch along the coast wore them after she was gone. The small part of "My Parish" that was mortal her children and grandchildren laid to rest at Honesdale, in the hollow of Pennsylvania hills, which lie in the hollow of God's hand.

THE ARENA

SYSTEMATIC PULPIT TEACHING

Is our present pulpit work systematic? Let the average preacher examine the record of his sermons for some successive weeks and will he not find his texts to have been somewhat as follows: Two from the Psalms, one from Revelation, one from Genesis, one from First Corinthians, one from Nehemiah, one from Matthew, and so on, as if they had been kicked out in a game of hop-scotch? Is this in harmony with systematic pulpit teaching? Possibly; but probably not. If the preacher has had in mind some definite order for the presentation of the truth, and has found these texts, scattered as they are, best suited for foundation statements of the truth to be presented, then he has been giving systematic pulpit teaching. But is it uncharitable to judge that these texts, seemingly chosen at haphazard, indicate haphazard preaching, as far as the relation of one sermon to another is concerned?

But is it really desirable that the sermons preached from week to week should stand in any definite relation to each other? Ought not a minister of the gospel to hold himself free to present such teaching on any particular Sunday as he has been impressed during the week preceding will be adapted to that day? Would not a different course grieve the Holy Spirit, who is to teach us what we shall speak? Judging from the course we have commonly followed in the past, and probably will follow in the future, one would suppose this to be our conviction. Yet certain considerations are not out of order. Indeed, the object of this paper is that we may examine and see whether the general practice in this matter is wisest and best. First, Is it not quite possible for us to mistake a natural impulse to speak on a certain subject at a certain time for the voice of the Spirit directing us so to do? Have we not each probably made such a mistake a time or two since we entered the ministry? Have not some ministers thus been led to continue to speak on one subject or one class of subjects until the church has really suffered by their action? Furthermore, the sudden flashing of light upon a portion of Scripture that we may come upon in our reading and study, can hardly be taken as evidence that we should at once preach a sermon on that particular passage. For, if so, we should have to preach a half dozen sermons on one Sunday, and, perhaps, on another Sunday have no sermon at all. Then, too, if God is pleased to give the leading of the Spirit in our choice of text or subject for a certain Sabbath, may he not, seeing the end from the beginning, direct us in the choice of themes for a month, or a quarter, or a year in advance? The harmony of the universe proclaims his farreaching plans and his love of order. Is it not supposable that he would have his ministers give an orderly presentation of the truth of revelation throughout the year?

Of course all does not depend on the pulpit. There are the Christian

home, the Sunday school, and the Bible study work of the Senior and the Junior Leagues. Yet, without detracting at all from the actual work done through these agencies, it must still be affirmed that the bulk of religious instruction has to be imparted from the pulpit; and this the more positively when we remember that many are brought into the church from year to year who have had little if any help from the sources named. Does not some sort of system therefore become necessary that we may fulfill satisfactorily our office as religious teachers?

Admitting the necessity, what plans shall we adopt? This must be for every man to decide for himself. Recognizing the obligation to present the full round of truth, let him look the whole field over, enter upon some order, keep track of himself, have a constant look ahead so as to steer his course aright, and the work will be accomplished. The old-fashioned way of preaching a regular course of doctrinal sermons, following the order used in works on Systematic Theology, might be employed to good advantage. And in this day the very novelty of such a proceeding might attract and interest the people to an unusual degree. With or without announcement to that effect, one might plan a course of Sunday morning sermons under the head of "A Year with Jesus," following in part such an order as is presented in Stalker's Imago Christi; of which some of the chapter headings are "Christ in the Home," "Christ in the State," "Christ in the Church," Christ as a Man of Prayer," "Christ as a Student of Scripture," "Christ as a Sufferer," "Christ as a Winner of Souls." The parables and miracles of our Lord would furnish many other themes in this course. A plan of this kind would help to put down the charge, perhaps too truthfully made, that we preach Paul more than we do Christ.

The biographical method is now used extensively in teaching history. Why may it not be used as well in presenting the vital doctrines of Christianity? Have we not a hint of this method in 1 Cor. 10. 11, "Now these things happened unto them by way of example; and they were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages are come"? Certainly various Christian doctrines find concrete expression in the lives of Scripture characters, while modern heroes and heroines of the cross exemplify most inspiringly the teachings of the Book as to what constitutes real manhood and sainthood.

Bible geography may even furnish a foundation for the setting forth of Bible doctrine. The sacred mountains, Sinai, Nebo, Ebal and Gerizim, Carmel, Zion, Hermon and Olivet, the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan all afford splendid opportunities for pressing home essential teachings.

Then what could be more helpful in the promotion of Scripture study—a matter so indispensable to the true knowledge of God and the development of Christian character—than a course of sermons on books of the Bible? The authorship, circumstances calling it forth, a brief analysis, and the chief message, of one of the epistles, for instance, would supply material for a sermon that might give a new view of what the Bible really is and impress important truth so as never to be forgotten. Or, devoting more time to a single book, here are a few themes from the Book of Daniel: "A Young Man's Purpose," chapter 1. 8; "The Eternal

Kingdom," 2. 44; "The Tested Three," 3. 17; "The Great Deliverer," 3. 29; "The King's Experience," 4. 2; "The Faithful Counselor," 4. 27; "Weighed and Wanting," 5. 25-28. Or, for a course covering the development of God's purpose in the Scriptures, try the following: "The Patriarch," "The Lawgiver," "The Judge," "The King," "The Psalmist," "The Prophet," "The Herald," "The Messiah," "The Apostle."

These are only a few suggestions of lines of procedure in systematic pulpit teaching. The profit of following some plan is obvious. First, and mainly, as to the congregation, is it not clear that greater knowledge of the Scriptures will be gained thus, a better understanding of God's ways acquired, and a more symmetrical Christian character developed? And would it not seem that this orderly movement in teaching from Sabbath to Sabbath would promote more regular and constant attendance? Is it not probable also that the pulpit would come to be respected more highly by the community at large and the churchgoing habit become general? And, as more people come under the influence of the church and of gospel truth, will not more converts be secured? If these questions claim an affirmative answer, is not the duty of the preacher to follow such a method both plain and binding?

At the same time, for the preacher's own good, is it not evident that systematic pulpit teaching will necessitate his being more studious and making more diligent and careful pulpit preparation? And will not this in return make him an abler minister of the gospel of Christ?

If all this be true, the case is a strong one, and the words of Scripture apply with special force: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Warren, Indiana. J. W. Cain.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND "RATIONAL CHRISTIANITY"

Under the above caption the Literary Digest some time ago discussed Goldwin Smith's attitude toward the Christian religion as revealed in his recent letters to the press. He describes his attitude as "that of one who has heard the words of the Founder of Christianity on a hillside in Galilee. No miracle was needed to confirm belief in his words, nor was any performed by him on that occasion. Of dogma nothing fell from his lips." He further says: "As to dogma, the whole structure apparently rests on the Mosaic account of Creation and of the Fall of Man. Without the Fall there could have been no room for the Incarnation and the Atonement. But who, in the face of the discoveries of science can continue to believe in the Mosaic account of Creation and the Fall of Man?" A correspondent of the New York Sun said of Smith: "He accepts the Sermon on the Mount; the crux of Christ's law (not Paul's theology, nor Dean Farrar's apologetics, but the law of kindness, patience, justice, mercy, and self-sacrifice—hence Christianity)."

Now, in Goldwin Smith's apparently monumental faith in the so-called discoveries of science which negative the Mosaic account of Creation and the Fall of Man, the undersigned has no particular interest, but at the

easy way in which he accepts the Sermon on the Mount and at the same time rejects the Incarnation and the Atonement, surprise and wonder are confessed. The doctrinal implications of the Sermon on the Mount are as pronounced as its ethics and are not to be lightly passed by. In this sermon Jesus represents himself as in future the Judge of mankind. Witness: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name . . . and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Now, what sort of being must he be who has the wisdom to see through all the infinite ramifications of human conduct and pronounce an accurate and just judgment, as Jesus assumes that he will do? If we were to assent that any being short of Deity could do this we would have to insist that none as low as man would be capable of it. We have, then, in the Sermon on the Mount a human being and a supernatural one, and they are the same Person—this constitutes an incarnation. But we do not so assent; instead, we insist that nothing short of Deity would be capable of rendering just judgment upon the deeds of a sinning world. Hence we say that in the Sermon on the Mount we have not only *an* incarnation, but *the* Incarnation. And this is not far from the theology of Paul, who says that Jesus thought it not robbery to be equal with God, and also declares that we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Furthermore, Jesus says of himself in that sermon that he came to fulfill the law and the prophets. Concerning this statement Alexander Maclaren says: "He asserted that he, standing there in the midst, the son of a carpenter in a little village, was the goal toward which the whole solemn march of progressive revelation through the centuries had been tending, and that in him all the purposes and premonitions of that earlier revelation centered and were fulfilled; that he was the realized ideal of humanity as God had willed it to be, that he was the pivot on which the world's history turned, the center to which all the rays of the earlier revelation converged and who dared to put his 'I say unto you' side by side with Moses's 'Jehovah hath said.'" On the basis of Jesus's plain statements in the Sermon on the Mount it is difficult to avoid constructing a Christology that involves Deity and the Incarnation, not to say also the Atonement. And this is the essence of Paul's theology. The ethics and the theology of that sermon stand together, and to gushingly accept the former and have disdain for the latter is no credit to the acumen of any man. The fact is, the somewhat fashionable cry against dogma is very largely what the English would call "twaddle."

Centralia, Kansas. W. A. Keve.

WANTED, A VISION

Wanted, a vision! Not of the former days, which were no better than these, but of our own times, and of the years that are yet to come; a vision of civic and political righteousness, of national, state, and municipal

honesty; a vision of unselfish patriotism when public men will be patriots and statesmen, rather than mere politicians, and the public weal will concern them more than personal gain. Most of us can look back to some vision or dream that was so real to our youthful imaginations that the impression it has left is still fresh. Imagination is usually vivid and strong in the young, and sometimes in the old, and middle-aged. The Bible is replete with such pictures given to patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. And one old prophet, Joel, tells us that in the times in which we live, because of the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, sons and daughters should prophesy, old men should dream dreams, and young men see visions. The experiences of the few should become the birthright of the many.

Visions and dreams, though sometimes considered alike, differ according to the circumstances and place of their birth. The dream is like a mist of the morning which is dissipated with the rising sun; like the vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. The vision may abide forever. Visions and dreams may come from above as well as from beneath; they may be revelations from God as well as outgrowths of human imagination. Centuries ago a young man of twenty-six years had a vision which he called "heavenly." It came from the skies. It came to him not in the darkness of the night, when dreams come to men, but in midday. It came with light, and power, and glory. It came to him on a public highway near a great city, and while accompanied by others on a persecuting mission. A voice from the skies called him by name and reproved him for his waywardness. He was not an ignorant man in other respects, but in this he acknowledges that he did it ignorantly, in unbelief. He was told where to go and what to do. He recognized the voice or the place whence it came, as the Lord's, and responded cheerfully to the commands of the persecuted Jesus. He was not disobedient to the "heavenly vision" but went forward to do his Lord's will. Had Saul of Tarsus conferred with flesh and blood, and disobeyed this vision who can tell what the Christian world would have lost? During nineteen hundred years his influence has been second only to that of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he preached, and about whom he wrote, and in whose cross he gloried more than in anything else. But he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and the church and the world are even today reaping the benefits of his prompt obedience. If "great oaks from little acorns grow," as saith the proverb, verily the greatest moral movement of the ages past has sprung from the obedience of Paul to the heavenly vision, which came to him from Jesus, near Damascus, nineteen hundred years ago. How quickly a heavenly vision—a vision of the Christ, takes the conceit out of a man! It leaves him no room for boasting. Ancestral inheritance, scholarly attainments, ecclesiastical or political prominence, great material possessions, are as nothing when the soul hears the voice and looks into the face of Jesus Christ, as into a mirror. Paul who was a great linguist, a profound philosopher and logician, possibly not a brilliant orator, but one who could wield a ready pen, and who might have been a marvelous leader of men, counted all his attain-

ments of every kind as dross and dung, compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He was nothing, but Christ was all and in all. If there is moral power and beauty anywhere recorded in the literature of the world, it is surely in the evangelistic and Pauline portraits of the life and character of Jesus Christ. If God is perfectly revealed anywhere in this world, he certainly is in Jesus Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Paul realized this, and it threw such a spell over him that he determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. He was a man of many ideas but of only one theme. That absorbed his thought and life. We can readily perceive what a wonderful influence this heavenly vision had upon him, mentally, as well as physically. When, later in life, doubts were thrown over his apostolic commission, he could proudly ask his detractors: Am not I an apostle? Have I not seen Jesus Christ? This midday vision placed Paul on the same apostolic footing as Peter, and James, and John, and other apostles of the Lord.

Have we had a heavenly vision and obeyed it? Has the Methodist Church—the Christian Church, seen the glorified Lord, and received her commission? If she has, what is she doing with it? Has the ministry looked into the risen Redeemer's face and asked, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Oh for the vision that thrilled the great Apostle to the Gentiles to come to every minister, and every church in this land, and make us all as he was, in labors more abundant than we have been, that the day of the Lord may hasten its coming. Is it too much to ask and to long for the vision of a world when men shall learn war no more, but shall turn their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; when peace shall flow down as a river and righteousness shall abound as the waves of the sea? A famous Russian jurist has declared that "armed peace and direct despotism are a mighty drag on the beneficial development of nations. Only the rule of justice can strengthen real peace and check the ruin of nations by the unlimited increase of military expenditure." Russia is reaping today the fruits of unjust government, and barbaric cruelty toward God's ancient people. And the end is not yet. When peace shall have her victories, not less renowned than war, and the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and eat straw like the ox; when the weaned child shall play in the cockatrice's den without fear or harm; when the Sabbath will be a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable, instead of as at present being a day of mirth and madness, of fun and frolic; when the word of the Lord shall be more precious than the secular newspaper or the latest novel; and the worship of Jehovah be more sought after than the ball game, the automobile, or boat race; when the rights of the godly majority to a quiet rest day will be recognized as binding, and be accorded by the ungodly, pleasure-seeking minority, then will be seen the heavenly vision *I* long to see. Don't you?

Dixon, Illinois.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE ANTHEMS OF THE APOCALYPSE

MANY students of the Apocalypse of John have recognized its poetic structure, and some have discovered here and there its great choric songs, but no one has ventured to freshly translate and set in order the great series of anthems which dominate at once the artistic form of the book and set forth its lofty message. It cannot be doubted that the chief note of the Revelation is one of assured triumph, a revelation vouchsafed on the part of Jehovah through Jesus Christ his Son, and signified by his angel unto his servants of all times and tongues for their encouragement and sure support. From Him that overcame to him that overcometh.

The voices of the Apocalypse, now single, now double, now fourfold, now sevenfold, and now of innumerable multitudes, utter words of vast variety, from acclaiming anthem to damning dirge, but the series of seven great hymns under review mark the chief points of crisis into which the great action is divided. It must be remembered that the real climax in any such sevenfold cycle of scriptural visions is not to be sought at the conclusion but rather midway between the beginning and the end, that is, at the fourth rather than at the seventh member of the series.

FIRST ANTHEM.—REV. 1. 5-8. UNTO HIM THAT LOVETH US

1. Song of the Saved

"Unto him that loveth us
And from our Sins loosed us
By his blood
And made us to be a Kingdom,
Priests unto his God and Father;
Unto him be the glory
And the dominion
Unto the ages of the ages. Amen."

2. Chorus of the Angels

"Behold he cometh with the clouds;
And every eye shall see him,
And they that pierced him;
And all the tribes of the earth
Shall mourn at Sight of him."

3. Response of Jehovah

"Even so Amen. Saith the Lord Jehovah,
I am the Alpha and the Omega
Who is and who was and who is coming,
The Allpowerful."

It is clear that there are three members in this movement: first, the acclamation of praise and dominion on the part of the redeemed to their

King; second, the refrain, or chorus, of the angelic hosts; third, the response of Jehovah the Allruler himself. The word παντοκράτωρ in English would be "pantocrat" or "almighty," but perhaps more correctly "allpowerful." It is interesting to note that it occurs only once in the New Testament outside of the Apocalypse and is here confined almost entirely to these anthems.

SECOND ANTHEM.—REV. 4. 8-10 and 5. 8-13. WORTHY IS THE ALLPOWERFUL AND THE LAMB

1. Trisagion by the Four Living Creatures

"Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God the Allpowerful
Who was and who is and who is coming."

2. The Twenty-four Elders

"Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God,
To take the glory and the honor and the power:
Because thou didst create all things
And through thy will they were, and were created."

3. The Four Creatures and Twenty-four Elders

"Worthy art thou to take the book;
And to open its seals:
Because thou wast slain,
And didst purchase to God with thy blood
Men out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation,
And didst make them to our God
A kingdom and priests; and they are ruling over the earth."

4. Creatures, Elders, and Heavenly Hosts

"Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain
To take the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might,
And honor, and glory, and blessing."

5. All Creation

"To him that is enthroned, and to the Lamb,
Be the blessing, and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion,
Unto the ages of the ages."

6. The Four Living Creatures

"Amen."

7. The Twenty-four Elders

Prostration and worship in silence.

In this anthem there are seven parts, beginning with the trisagion and closing with silence. It rises to a mighty climax in the middle where the threefold combination of choristers and the sevenfold ascription of homage mark the emphasis.

THIRD ANTHEM.—REV. 7. 9-17. SALVATION TO GOD AND THE LAMB

1. Chorus of the Innumerable Multitudes

"Salvation unto our God that is enthroned,
And unto the Lamb."

2. Response of the Angelic Hosts

"Amen: The blessing, and the glory, and the wisdom,
And the thanksgiving,
And the honor, and the power, and the might,
Be unto our God
Unto the ages of the ages. Amen."

3. Inquiry of One of the Elders

"These that wear the white robes,
Who are they and whence did they come?"

4. Reply of the Revelator

"My Lord thou knowest."

5. Aria of the Elder

"These are they coming out of the great tribulation,
And they washed their robes,
And made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
Therefore are they before the throne of God;
And are serving him day and night in his temple:
And he who is enthroned will spread his canopy over them.
They shall no more hunger, nor thirst any more;
Nor shall the Sun smite them, nor any heat:
Because the Lamb that is before the throne
Shall shepherd them, and shall guide them
Unto springs of living water:
And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

This is the song of the universal church, in some sense a continuation of the last, but here the special and peculiar outburst of praise from those most vitally concerned, namely, redeemed men. Beginning with the full chorus of sinners saved, one of every race and time, the angels answer with sevenfold response, falling prostrate in adoration and worship. Then one of the twenty-four elders, inspired with the unique character of the theme, with great art draws forth from John the request to dwell upon it in fitting detail. Finally comes the climax as the same mighty presbyter lifts up his voice and with bursting heart proclaims—"These are they."

FOURTH ANTHEM.—Rev. 11. 15-19; 12. 10-12. THE KINGDOM IS OUR LORD'S AND HE SHALL REIGN

1. Acclamation of the Heavenly Hosts

"The kingdom of the world
Is become our Lord's and his Christ's
And he shall reign unto the ages of the ages."

2. Response of the Twenty-four Elders

"We give thee thanks, O Lord God, the Allpowerful,
Who is and who was; because thou hast taken
Thy great power and didst reign.
And the nations were wroth, and thy wrath came,

And the time of the dead to be judged,
And to give their reward to thy servants the prophets,
And to thy saints, and to those fearing thy name,
The small and the great;
And to destroy those destroying the earth."

3. A Great Voice in Heaven

"Now is come the salvation, and the power,
And the kingdom of our God, and the rule of his Christ:
Because the accuser of our brethren was overthrown,
Who accuseth them before our God day and night.
And they themselves conquered him
Through the blood of the Lamb, and through their testimony;
And they loved not their life even unto death,
Therefore rejoice, O heaven, and ye that dwell in them.
Woe for the earth and the sea:
Because the devil is gone down unto you,
Having great wrath, showing that he has but a short time."

In this anthem we have the center and summit of all the great Apocalypse, namely, the enthronement of the eternal King. The trumpet of the seventh angel had just sounded. The following silence is broken by a mighty outburst of great voices in heaven, "The kingdom is become." Then the twelve and twelve elders representing the old and new church of the covenant fall prone upon their faces while they give formal thanks. After which follow the four great signs of conflict and of conquest: the woman, the dragon, the Son, and the victory. Whereupon the soul of a great voice in heaven assures the redeemed that they, too, shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb and through their own martyrdom.

FIFTH ANTHEM.—REV. 15. 2-4. GREAT AND MARVELOUS ARE THY WORKS

Song of Moses and of the Lamb

"Great and marvelous are thy works,
O Lord God, the Allpowerful;
Righteous and true are thy ways,
Thou King of the nations.
Who shall not fear, O Lord,
And glorify thy name? for thou alone art holy;
For all the nations shall come and worship before thee;
For thy righteous acts have been made manifest."

With this song of Moses and the Lamb belongs the song without words referred to at the beginning of the preceding chapter and led by the Saviour himself with a voice "as the voice of many waters," and taken up by the one hundred and forty-four thousand "as the voice of harpers, harping with their harps." Here again mention is made of that ineffable praise which only sinners saved can bring. Thus, also, in this anthem it is the same redeemed host assembled by the glassy sea mingled with fire, whither they have come victorious "from the beast and from his image and from the number of his name."

SIXTH ANTHEM.—REV. 19. 1-7. THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS

1. Full Chorus of the Heavenly Hosts

"Hallelujah:
The Salvation, and the glory, and the power,
Belong to our God:
For true and righteous are his judgments;
For he hath judged the great harlot,
Her that corrupted the earth with her pollution,
And he hath avenged the blood of his servant
At her hands. Hallelujah."

2. Response of the Elders and Living Creatures

"Amen; Hallelujah."

3. A Voice from the Throne

"Give praise to our God,
All ye his servants,
Ye that fear him,
The small and the great."

4. A Great Multitude

"Hallelujah!
For Jehovah our God, the Allpowerful, reigneth.
Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad,
And let us give the glory unto him:
For the marriage of the Lamb has come,
And his wife hath made herself ready.
And it was given unto her to clothe herself
In fine linen, bright and pure:
For the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints."

This is the well-nigh frenzied outburst of souls but just escaped from the flames of the pit and the thralldom of the harlot of hell. With a great voice a great multitude in heaven break out in splendid unison as they lean above the battlements of bliss, "Hallelujah," and a second time they say, "Hallelujah." Then the twenty-four elders and the four living creatures fall down in adoration saying, "Amen, Hallelujah." Again the great throng bursts forth "as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunders, 'Hallelujah.'" The spell of a double intoxication has here fallen upon the trembling host and finds mingled utterance. On the one hand horror and loathing of the scarlet woman and on the other rejoicing beyond bounds at the presence and bright array of the heavenly bride.

SEVENTH ANTHEM.—21. 3-7; 22. 12. BEHOLD GOD'S TABERNACLE IS WITH MEN

1. A Voice Out of the Throne

"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,
And he shall tabernacle with them,
And they shall be his peoples.
And God himself shall be with them,

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes;
And death shall be no more;
Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying,
Nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away."

2. Response from Jehovah

"Behold, I make all things new.
These words are faithful and true.
They are already fulfilled.
I am the Alpha and the Omega,
The beginning and the end.
I will give to him that is athirst
Freely of the fountain of the water of life.
He that overcometh shall inherit these things;
And I will be his God and he shall be my son.

. . . . . .

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me,
To render to each man as his work is.
I am the Alpha and the Omega,
The first and the last, the beginning and the end.
Blessed are they that wash their robes,
That they may have right to the tree of life,
And may enter in by the gates into the city."

3. Chant of Invitation by the Spirit and the Bride

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.
And he that heareth, let him say, Come.
And he that is athirst, let him come:
He that will, let him freely take the water of life."

4. The Attestation of Jehovah and John's Amen

"Yea: I am coming quickly.
Amen: come, Lord Jesus."

At last the drama is complete. Heaven descends to earth, Jehovah dwells with men. The bridegroom claims his bride, let joy be unconfined, let the wedding feast be spread, let the viands flow freely, and all that hear, and all that thirst, and all that will, come freely and partake.

This is the order of the action: First, a great voice out of the throne proclaims the new creation and Paradise redeemed with God again in the garden with his children. Second, Jehovah himself speaks as at the beginning and offers freely of the tree and stream of life and sonship to him who overcomes. Then follows a prose-poem picture of the Lamb's wife as a bride, as a city, and as an Oriental garden. Finally the word of Jehovah, the Allruler, silences all voices and brings a quick end to the entire Apocalypse with a renewal of the beatitude upon such as wash their robes and thus enter in by the gates into the city. The wooing chant of the brooding spirit and the inviting bride, "Come," "Come," and the farreaching "Yea" of the returning bridegroom and "Amen" of the revelator himself bring us to the benediction, "The grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints. Amen."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SUMERIANS

THE term "Sumerian" is the name now usually given by Assyriologists to a prehistoric people, supposed to have preceded the Semites in ancient Babylonia; we say supposed, for to this day, there is not a concensus of opinion that there ever was either a Sumerian people or Sumerian language. Though a very large majority of those entitled to speak upon this difficult question believe that Babylonia was settled by an industrious, peaceful, and highly civilized people ages upon ages before a Semite set foot upon that fertile country, yet, there are not a few of equal learning, who follow in the footsteps of the great Halévy and stubbornly reject the theory of a pre-Semitic occupation of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys.

Mr. E. J. Banks, who superintended the recent excavations at Bismya, shares the view held by the majority of Assyriologists, as may be gathered from the following words from his pen. He says: "The earliest Mesopotamian ruins far beneath cities which flourished six thousand years ago, indicate that thousands of years before that remote age the Sumerians began to evolve a civilization which has never been surpassed or hardly equaled by any other nation." Thus Mr. Banks has doubt neither regarding the existence of a Sumerian people, nor the superiority of their civilization.

Here we might remark that till comparatively recent times there was a widespread tradition among Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans that Babylonia was first settled by the descendants of Shem, the reputed father of the Semitic people, and that from this center the ancestors of the Assyrians, Syrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Arabs, and other minor tribes, forced by inadequacy of sustenance, emigrated in all directions, taking with them everywhere in more or less pure form, the elements of an advanced civilization and the foundations of a spiritual religion. In other words, the Semites and not the Sumerians were the people to which we are indebted for the best in our civilization and religion. Halévy and his disciples cut the discussion short, by denying the existence of Accadians or Sumerians. This view is also held among others, by Professor McCurdy, of Toronto, and Professor Price, of the Chicago University. These two are ardent adherents of Halévy's school. Professor McCurdy states his position at great length in his History, Prophecy, and the Monuments. Notwithstanding his splendid learning and the weighty arguments produced by him in support of his deductions it must be confessed that he is fighting a losing game, if we are to judge from the number of those opposed to him. While true that from very ancient times there was a Semitic civilization in Babylonia, and that it is next to impossible to point with certainty to a period when any other civilization exclusively prevailed, yet it is equally true that recent excavations

have brought to light facts which seem to indicate that the Semites were at one time intruders and invaders, and that they settled there only after having subdued their more peaceful predecessors.

Halévy with great force has emphasized the fact that in all Semitic inscriptions, whether early or late, there is not a syllable referring to a people which they subdued before becoming the possessors and masters of the land. This is, indeed, remarkable, for Babylonia and Assyria inscriptions abound in references to later wars with other nations and great victories over the same. Why, then, this sphinxlike silence regarding their victories over and subjugation of the Sumerians? Those who aver that a Sumerian civilization preceded the occupation of Babylonia by the Semites claim that the latter were indebted to the former not only for their script, but also for many of their laws and institutions, and for even their religious ideas. "The Semites," says Mr. Bank, "adopted the civilization of the Sumerians, accepted their polytheistic worship, repaired the temples which they had destroyed, learned to sing the old Sumerian hymns, and responsive psalms, and offered sacrifices to the various local gods, though retaining their own Semitic language."

While saying that the Semitic inscriptions do not make the least acknowledgment of their indebtedness to the Sumerians or any other race for any of these things, it is, however, true that both the kings of Babylonia and Assyria constantly speak of "Sumer and Akkad." The phrase, however, is rarely, if ever, used by itself, but as an additional title by some ruler or king. For instance, Ur-Gur styles himself king of Ur and king of Sumer and Akkad. So also Dungi and many other Babylonian rulers. It is also a fact worth mentioning that Sumer and Akkad are never mentioned alone as independent powers, but always in connection with some other city or land. From this it has been inferred, correctly or incorrectly, that the phrase is political rather than geographical in its nature, and that Sumer and Akkad had, at no time in the world's history, an independent existence.

But a word regarding the terms. The Akkad of the inscriptions is doubtless the same as the Accad of Gen. 10. 10, where we read that the beginning of Nimrod's kingdom was Babel, Erech, Accad, and Calneh in the land of Shinar. Assyriologists are generally agreed that Akkad and Accad are different spellings of the same word, and may be the same as *Agade*, the capital of Sargon, the first historical ruler of Babylonia. The name "Sumer" or "Shumer" is nowhere found in the Bible, at least in that form, but Assyriologists of the Hommel school regard it as a dialectic variation of the scriptural "Shinar." The oldest form of the word was Ki-Ingi; then, we have Imgur, or Imgir, hence Ki-Imgir, from which we have Shimir, or Shumir, which, in turn, was early changed into Shingar—Shinar. This etymological feat is regarded with suspicion by Halévy, Jensen, and others, who suggest other derivations equally obscure.

Those who regard Akkad and Sumer as geographical designations locate the former in the southern part of Mesopotamia and Sumer directly south of it. In other words, Akkad was north Babylonia, and Sumer, southern Babylonia. But granting that Sumer and Shinar are synonymous

then there can be no objection for making the term the equivalent of entire Babylonia. But it must be remembered that Babylonia shifted its boundaries at various times, as has been the case with many other provinces or countries in every period of the world's history.

Now what are some of the chief arguments in favor of the ever growing claim that the Sumerians preceded the Semites in Babylonia?

First of all, it is an undeniable fact that the discoveries of the past few years, especially at Telloh (ancient Sirpurba or Lagash), Nippur, Bismya, and elsewhere have disclosed very convincing evidence of the presence of a race, highly cultured and civilized, which must have existed many centuries previous to the reign of Sargon I, who flourished about 3800 B. C. The ruins of these ancient capitals have produced abundant material, such as bas-relief, dolerite, and diorite inscriptions, seals, cylinders, and other antiquities of exquisite workmanship. Indeed, we are assured by competent judges that, if the marble slabs and other sculpture from Nineveh and Calah be compared with similar objects from Telloh, a supposed ancient capital of the Sumerians, the difference at once becomes evident. The former appear very modern and superior when contrasted with the latter.

Now, the so-called Sumerian monuments were found at a much greater depth than those which Assyriologists have agreed to date from the reign of Sargon I and his immediate successors. Then again, there is a real difference in the script itself. Everything about the Sumerian monuments appears archaic when placed side by side with the most ancient Semitic objects discovered in the same ruins.

Pinches tells us that the terms, "tongue of Sumer," and, the "tongue of Akkad" are found more than once in the Babylonian inscriptions. Accepting, then, the fact of a Sumerian language let us now inquire into its nature. Schrader pointed out many years ago that this language was neither Semitic nor Indo-germanic, but in its construction, agglutinative rather than inflectional—something similar to the Finno-tartaric or Turkish. Those who deny the existence of the Sumerian people naturally maintain that there never was such a language as the Sumerian. They assure us that what has been regarded as such was nothing more nor less than a system of cryptograms in which the priestly class concealed their thoughts from the common people. Professor McCurdy, discussing this subject, says: "A closer examination of these alleged foreign vocables shows that in many cases they are common Semitic words, slightly altered, and in the majority of the remaining instances they are made up of the same idiom more or less disguised according to methods for the most part easily ascertainable." He further says that the so-called Sumerian cuneiform script had no phonetic value but was simply hieroglyphic or ideographic, and consequently, that nothing could be proved from the script itself, for a script purely pictorial or ideographic would be as easily deciphered by a Semite as by a Sumerian or vice versa. Even those who fully recognize the existence of the Sumerian language freely admit that the Sumerian inscriptions are saturated with Semitic words and Semitic constructions. This, however, proves little or nothing, for it is

generally the case that when two nations speaking different languages have lived for any length of time side by side or even in the same community it is the easiest thing in the world to borrow words and expressions from the language of each other.

The fact that a large number of bilingual or at least interlinear texts have been found goes far to prove the existence of a language not intelligible to those for whom these tablets were written. Halévy replies to the objection by saying, that both texts were Babylonian, but the one was the vulgar script and language and the other a mere cabalistic method of writing, invented by the Babylonian priests, for esoteric purposes.

Those who have compared the Sumerian and Semitic languages call attention to several differenees. Nowhere does this difference appear more clearly than in the matter of prefixes and suffixes. A Hebrew, for example, would say "to-house-his"; a Sumerian, on the other hand, reversed the order of the compound and wrote "house-his-to," that is, where one language used prepositions the other employed postpositions. There is also a marked difference in the numeral system of the two languages. The Sumerian counts up to five, then begins again and says five-one, five-two, etc., up to ten.

If we make a comparative study of ancient Babylonian sculpture, we cannot fail to notice the marked contrast between what we know to be Semitic and that found in lower strata. The Sumerian is lank and slender while the Semite is heavy set and muscular. The former shaved both the face and the head while the Semitic people made but little use of the razor, but wore full, flowing beard and long hair.

Another very conclusive argument in favor of a Sumerian race, or at any rate a foreign people as predecessors of the Semites in Babylonia is the fact that many of the Semitic Babylonian gods have non-Semitic names. This goes far to prove that the religion of the Semites was at least, in part, inherited or rather adapted, rather than of native development. "As in our own era the wild Turkish hordes yielded to the influences of the cultured Arabs, adopting their civilization, their religion, and their written characters, though retaining their own language, so the Semites adopted the civilization [and script] of the Sumerians."

Finally, the Hebrew Scripture recognizes Nimrod the founder of the most ancient Babylonian cities as of non-Semitic origin. It is true that not a tablet has yet been found which throws any light whatever upon the name, character, or nationality of Nimrod; thus nothing can be concluded concerning him from the monuments.

THE ARTEMISIUM OF EPHESUS

Mr. D. C. Hogarth, well known to archæologists, met with extraordinary success during the past winter in the excavations under his supervision at Ephesus. His attention was especially directed to the ruins of the Artemisium, which must not be confounded with the famous temple of Diana so widely known in later ages, and mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. According to special correspondence in The Evening

Post, this experienced archæologist came across one of the most valuable pockets of antiquarian treasures, which have yet come to light.

It is a pity that all these objects cannot be taken to the British Museum, or some other center of learning, and thus made accessible to the largest number of students possible. Turkish law, however, requires that all objects of antiquarian interest discovered on Turkish soil must be left in Turkey. Thus, of the four thousand objects discovered by Mr. Hogarth at Ephesus, by far the greater part will be deposited in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, and at best, worthy but few duplicates will find their way to Europe or America. In the future, therefore, advanced students of Oriental antiquities must needs repair to Constantinople and Cairo to finish their education.

As to the age of the objects brought to light in the ruins of the Artemisium, most of them belong to the seventh and eighth centuries before our era. This, however, does not apply to the large number of coins, found here. Some of these, unmarked, unstamped, mere pieces of metal, bear eloquent testimony to their own antiquity. Some of them, too, have very archaic characters, which, so far, have refused to give up their secret. It is possible that in this newly discovered collection, there may be coins older than any other so far brought to light.

Several terra-cotta figures of Artemis were dug up, none, however, representing the goddess as many-breasted, as are found in later figures. It is worthy of remark that Artemis is represented in this last collection with a babe in her arms, involuntarily reminding us of a modern Madonna. It may be purely accidental, nevertheless it seems to be a fact, that the worship of the Virgin Mary was first sanctioned by the council of Ephesus in 431 A. D. It is possible that the pagan worship of Artemis and her babe did in some way contribute to the sanction given by this council to the adoration paid Mary, the mother of our Lord? The goddess is also represented as accompanied by the sacred hawk, the lion, and the bee. The large number of objects in all sorts of material, show all stages of workmanship from the rudest to the most exquisite. Many of the objects are vessels, bowls, knives, etc., such as would be used in the temple service. There is also quite a collection of *astragali* (dice) used, no doubt, in ascertaining the will of the goddess. Personal ornaments were found galore. No less than one thousand of these are of the precious metals, while many more are of bronze, lead, and stone. There are, too, a large number of "repoussé gold plates," which were probably used, much as we in our day use embroidery or gold lace to trim garments. These ornaments were left as presents for the goddess and her female attendants. There are, too, a large number of ex-voto offerings which reminded us of many a modern Catholic shrine, such as the Lourdes, or Saint Anne. The great quantity of rude representations of hands, ears, eyes, and other parts of the body bear eloquent testimony to the faith the poorer classes had in the healing power of Artemis.

The publication of a volume by Mr. Hogarth for the British Museum in the near future fully describing this last excavation at Ephesus will be awaited anxiously by students of archæology.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Adolf Harnack. There would be little need of bringing him to the attention of readers of the REVIEW were it not that he has recently appeared in a somewhat new role. During the early part of 1906 he issued a book entitled *Lukas der Arzt der Verfasser des dritten Evangeliums und der Apostelgeschichte* (Luke the Physician the Author of the Third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles). The work is done as we would expect Harnack to do it, in a comprehensive, detailed, and thorough manner. It is impossible to give here more than a general outline of his argument. After a general investigation as to the personality of Luke and the relation of the Gospel to the Acts, he examines minutely the so-called "We" portions of the Acts to show that the contents of those portions are not out of harmony with the spirit running through the third Gospel, and that the vocabulary, the style, and the syntax, are like those of the Gospel. In the third chapter he considers the question whether, as is ordinarily supposed, the third Gospel and the Acts could not have been written by Luke. It is needless to say that he concludes that they could have been and that they were written by Luke, the beloved physician and companion of Paul the Apostle. Speaking of the Acts of the Apostles he says that all the mistakes that have ever been made in New Testament criticism have been made in connection with this one book of the Acts of the Apostles. In this chapter Harnack takes up about all the objections that have been made to the Lukan authorship of the Acts and shows that they are of very little force. In the fourth chapter he draws the consequences of the conclusion that Luke wrote the Gospel and Acts. In this connection he discusses the probability that Luke gained much of his information relative to the events in the life of Christ from the daughters of Philip, who, it will be remembered, are called prophetesses. Here it is that he calls attention to the large feminine element in the third Gospel. Of these features he mentions the prominence of Elizabeth, Anna the prophetess, the widow of Nain, the woman who was a sinner, the statements of chapter 8, 1ff., Mary and Martha, the woman who called the mother of Jesus blessed, the woman who had been eighteen years sick, the widow and the unjust judge, the widow's mite, the Galilean woman at the cross, the women who bewailed and lamented as they followed him to Calvary, the women as the first messengers of the resurrection of Christ, and the like. He thinks this is one of the indications that the family of Philip gave him much of his information. It is interesting to note also that he regards the information contained in Mark and Luke as older than is generally supposed. This, he thinks, is some advantage, though neither this, nor the fact that Gospel and Acts were written by Luke, makes unbelievable statements believable; and he distinctly says that Luke might as easily have been

in error as anyone else. In fact, he repudiates the reputation of being conservative by saying that while in the criticism of the sources of our information we are tending toward orthodox positions, thereby gaining some things, he believes that in reference to the material itself we are farther away from orthodoxy than ever. In fact, he regards it as in some respects a disadvantage to discover that the Gospels were written earlier than many critics have hitherto supposed. It would be a serious mistake, therefore, for the traditionalist to lean upon Harnack for support. One of the most interesting and suggestive features of Harnack's deliverance in this book is his comparison of the third and fourth Gospels, showing that they have much in common. Indeed, the more one studies the views of Harnack the more one is convinced that but for his critical predictions we would admit that since the Gospels are so much alike, and since the Gospels are so much like the writings of Paul, these writings must all be essentially true.

Daniel Völter. Perhaps there is no better way by which to discover the folly of one kind and the sanity of another kind of criticism than to take the case of a man like Völter, of which like there are all too many, and examine into his methods. In a recent book on *Paulus und seine Briefe.* Kritische Untersuchungen zu einer neuen Grundlegung der paulinischen Briefliteratur und ihrer Theologie (Paul and his Epistles. Critical researches designed to provide a new Foundation for the Literature and Theology of the Pauline Epistles, Strassburg, that is, J. H. E. Heitz, 1905), he has exhibited his methods to perfection. His avowed purpose is to show us the true Paul and the real letters of Paul, and thus to do a real service to theology. The presupposition is that we have a distorted conception of Paul and his theology as well as of his literary products. In order to get at the genuine writings of Paul, Völter examines critically every section to see whether the verses as they succeed each other are suited together in their inner connection. For example, in 1 Cor. 11. 10-16, verses 11 and 12 can be dropped out without injury to the sense. In 1 Cor. 4. 16, 17, verse 16 is out of harmony with the entire connection, etc. Of this principle he makes much use, with the result that a good part of each book or letter is eliminated. That this principle is sometimes valuable in detecting interpolations is unquestionably true. But the danger in it is that it is peculiarly subject to abuse. If one wishes to rid himself of an inconvenient passage, and if the passage in question can be made to appear inharmonious with the connection, or unnecessary to the connection, it may be dropped out without further ado. This may result in losing to us an idea of an author who was more anxious to give us the idea than to place its expression in some suitable and necessary connection. Besides, while one may regard the doubtful passage as unsuitable another may feel it to be necessary to the complete argument. The full use of the principle may be properly called subjective criticism from the seed. Very much the same principle is it when Völter professes to find in the letters of Paul as we have them ideas which, if

not directly contradictory, so differ as to show that they are not the product of the same mind. For example, he holds that in the true Paul we have the thought of the death of Christ as the ground of reconciliation and justification, but no such idea as the sinfulness of the flesh, the preëxistence of Christ, or any theory of the Spirit, or any antinomianism. All these last ideas he holds were interpolated into the writings of Paul by later Paulinists of the extreme type. Because these two lines of thought are found in the New Testament Pauline letters Völter thinks those letters need expurgation. He thinks he has found the criteria by which to detect the genuine and the spurious. In the former we have as the central thought the reconciling death of Christ, a purely human Messiah, and the recognition of sin in history, but not as inherent in the flesh. In the spurious we have the resurrection of Christ, who was a heavenly being, and the recognition of sin as inherent in the flesh. Probably there is no one who would fail to note these differences; but it is not necessary either to accurate thinking to regard them as impossible of being joined in one system of thought, nor is it impossible that they should all have sprung from the same mind, especially when it is considered that the whole work of Paul was that of an advocate who used such material as best suited his purpose in accomplishing his end in any given case. Besides, the Paul that Völter leaves us is a very weak sort of man to make so much stir in the world.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Beitraege zur Einfuehrung in die Geschichte der Philosophie (Contributions to the Understanding of the History of Philosophy). By Rudolf Eucken. Leipzig, Dürrsche Buchhandlung, 1906. Anything that Eucken writes is worthy of attention. This book is no exception. It consists of a series of essays, some formerly published, some entirely new. One of them is The Doctrine of Development as Taught by Paracelsus, in which Eucken shows that in one phase of his teaching Paracelsus prepared the way for our present-day theory of evolution, while in another of its phases Paracelsus differs from our thought of evolution, probably in the interest of truth. Among French philosophers he takes up Bayle whom he regards as a thinker striving to escape from the skeptical and to reach the critical stage of thought, but was unable to loose himself from the clutches of doubt. Had he been able, like Kant, to see in the nature of moral obligation the ground for belief in a Supreme Being he might have reached a firmer standing place. Eucken does not underestimate the brilliant labors and industrious efforts of recent decades in the field of the history of philosophy. Still, he finds in these results too much of learned and disinterested chronicling of facts, or at best only a hesitating and changing judgment of facts in accordance with purely subjective moods. Instead of this he would have in the history of philosophy an attempt to take an attitude toward philosophical systems in accordance with the same universal, objective, standard of judgment in

the light of which all systems should be estimated. But such a demand cannot be fulfilled if our life and deeds belong exclusively to time and if there is no kind of influence operating against the changeableness of time. Hence the presupposition must be that thinking is elevated above the variable and contradictory conditions of individuals, which is impossible without some kind of participation in an absolute and timeless spirit. Judged by these premises the labors of the different philosophers appear in a new light, and new points of view appear for judging and representing their works. The worth and significance of distinguished thinkers does not rest upon the fullness of their knowledge, their calm consideration of reality, their keenness in reflection, but in the fact that in their effort to understand given facts new meanings, new potencies, and new tasks are opened up, and in the fact that thus they have proved themselves colaborers and cobuilders in a world of mind superior to time. If, however, the history of philosophy is bound to exhibit the creative activity and energy of the individual thinker, on the other hand, it is its duty to give a more careful statement of what has already been accomplished in the light of the present and existing conditions. Hence the by-products of investigation should be taken into account in richer measure than hitherto, especially the finer forms of the dependence of philosophers upon their surroundings. Among the most valuable features of the book is his opposition to what he calls the dangerous influence of a rationalistic doctrine of evolution upon the formation of one's general view of things, on the classification of phenomena, the division of the periods of history, because it thoughtlessly and constantly regards the present time as the highest point of the whole movement. To rebut this it is not sufficient to reason weakly against Hegel, but it is necessary to apply with all possible energy the consequences of the fundamental idea that all movement toward truth proceeds not from one period of time to another but from every period to a timeless order of things.

Sabbat und Wache im Alten Testament (Sabbath and Week in the Old Testament). By Johannas Meinhold. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1905. W. Bousset and H. Gunkel are editing a series of studies in the religion and literature of the Old and New Testaments, of which this is the fifth number. It is not in any sense a practical work, but belongs strictly to the category of critical studies. Meinhold was incited to this investigation by a remark of Zimmern to the effect that in ancient Israel the Sabbath was the day of the full moon. This remark was based in turn on a day-list discovered by Pinches in which the fifteenth of the month, that is the day of the full moon, is called sa-pa-ti (the resemblance to Sabbath is plain). Meinhold shows that the periods both of the new and the full moon were celebrated both in northern and southern Palestine as family festivals. As a result of this these days became days of rest from the ordinary daily occupations. The first by whom the Sabbath appears as the seventh day of the week is Ezekiel. But if the Sabbath was originally a festival of the moon it was probably

brought with the Israelites from the Sinai peninsula. Meinhold points out that the Babylonians had a week of five days, but that there is no evidence that they had the seven-day week. Hence the Israelites could not have gotten their seven-day week from the Babylonians. By some means the Israelites came to hold the number seven as sacred. There is no suggestion of the custom of dividing the month into four parts of seven days each, or of dividing the year into seven-day weeks. In fact, Meinhold is of the opinion that the seven-year period is older than the seven-day period. The week is found first in the South and had reference only to the period of harvest. These beginnings of a rest period of seven days in the period of plowing and reaping were confused in the recollection with the festivals of the Sabbath kept in honor of Jahve, and thus the way was prepared for the later Sabbath. It is probably needless to say that this deduction of the seventh day rest from the seven-year and seven-day rest is a complete reversal of all our previous conceptions, according to which all periods, whether of seven days, seven weeks, or seven years, were not the product of any gradual, natural evolution, but of direct divine command. Relative to the Sabbath as an institution of the Jewish Church Meinhold finds nothing in the sources previous to Nehemiah to indicate an observance of the Sabbath. There were various localities in which the seventh day was observed as a day of rest, and these, according to Meinhold, were made the basis for holding it a religious duty to keep this seventh day as a Sabbath. He thinks Ezekiel was the first to do this. Plainly the Sabbath had taken deep root even during the exile, so that it could be adopted as a sort of Shibboleth of Judaism. In Exod. 20, which Meinhold thinks was contributed by P, the Sabbath is known not only by name but as to its meaning and obligation. Hence some knowledge of it must have existed previously; so, for example, in Exod. 16. The priests interested themselves especially for the Sabbath, and from them came Exod. 31. 12ff.; and the Sabbath became the sign of the covenant (see Ezek. 20. 12ff.; 22. 8, 26; 23. 38) which could have occurred only in heathen surroundings where the Sabbath as a day of rest was unknown. All manner of questions arose and to these we find instances in such passages as Exod. 25. 1ff. and Num. 15. 32ff. Respect for the Sabbath grew greater and greater. The execution of the Sabbath commandment in the year 400 met with difficulties inconceivable if it was of Mosaic origin; nevertheless, in Neh. 9. 6ff. it is called the holy day, and its observance is a greater and more important duty than all other ritual obligations. We must leave the estimate of the argument to the reader.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

A richly varied number was the Fortnightly Review (London and New York) for November, 1906, with eighteen contributors on topics literary, economic, industrial, artistic, political, historical, and military. Henry James continues his studies of American cities; this time Richmond, Virginia, reports the impression made upon this Anglicized American revisiting his native land and scrutinizing it with the critical eyes of a foreigner. This temporarily repatriated observer found the Confederate capital a great disappointment, so characterless, shapeless, and shabby in appearance, so meager in memorials of its tremendous history. The city which was for four years the center of a tragedy, immense, august, terrific, gave Henry James only a weak impression of that epic and epochal tragedy. The poverty of the place in this particular added to the general pathos of its historic background. He deplores that there are for the eye of the visitor so few visible records and references to help him reproduce to his imagination the awful majesty of the history there enacted. Recalling what the Confederacy stood for and attempted, he sees that the old Southern idea was the hugest fallacy for which hundreds of thousands of men ever laid down their lives. The immense, grotesque, extravagant project of establishing a vast Slave Empire, artfully isolated in the midst of the world that was to contain it and trade with it, was from the first fantastic, and now appears as pathetic in its folly as it proved disastrous in its downfall. James Ford Rhoades's admirable History of the United States since the Missouri Compromise shows us lucidly and humanly the Southern mind in the fifties and sixties possessed by its perverse misconception—the conception of a modern world rearranged on an outworn plan, an Empire or State solidly and comfortably tucked-in by itself in the interest of slave-produced Cotton. This solidity and comfort, says Henry James, were to involve the complete intellectual, moral and economic reconsecration of slavery—an enlarged, glorified and beatified application of its principle. Against this fatuous anachronism, this mediæval scheme, all the light of experience and every finger-post of history, all the lessons of empires long ago gone, drifting with their dead things down to dark oblivion, gave warning; and all the political and spiritual science of civilization looked with amazement and huge derision. Nothing in the Slave-Scheme conformed to the reality of things. If it were to succeed, the plan of Christendom and the gathered wisdom of ages would have to be renounced. The South said with sacramental solemnity, "I renounce them all; I will not follow nor be led by them." It marshalled armies to establish an anachronism, isolated from and hostile to the whole great modern world. This meant, says Mr. James, a general and a permanent quarantine against the rest of mankind; "meant the eternal bowdlerization of books and journals; meant in fine all literature and all arts on an expurgatory index. It meant, still farther, an active and ardent propaganda; the reorganization of the school, the college, the

university, in the interest of the new criticism. The testimony to that thesis offered by the documents of the time, by State legislation, local eloquence, political speeches, the 'tone of the press,' strikes us today as beyond measure queer and quaint and benighted—innocent above all; stamped with the inalienable Southern sign, the inimitable *rococo* note. We talk of the provincial, but the provinciality projected by the Confederate dream, and in which it proposed to steep the whole helpless social mass, looks to our present eyes as artlessly perverse, as untouched by any intellectual tradition of beauty or wit, as some exhibited array of the odd utensils or divinities of lone primitive islanders." The painful sense of this narrow provincialism which isolated the South gave our visitor from England a feeling of tenderness toward a people historically and sentimentally bound to an eternal "false position," their affliction being that they seemed condemned to a state of temper, exasperation, and depression, a horrid heritage that has bound up the life of the South with a hundred mistakes and make-believes, suppressions, and prevarications, none of which could have lived in the air of the greater world. Mr. James sees in that section a society still shut up in a world smaller than it deserves and ought to desire. He says the tone and attitude of the South as he saw it, raised in his mind the image of a figure somehow blighted or stricken, uncomfortably and impossibly seated in an invalid-chair, and yet fixing one with strange eyes that were half a defiance and half a deprecation of one's noticing any abnormal sign. He thinks that there is today in the Southern eyes more of this deprecation than of the old lurid challenge; but the similitude that still haunts him is an image of the keeping up of appearances in an excruciating posture, and above all the maintenance of a tone, the historic "high" tone, now as always a "false note." Among Richmond's relics and memorials of the war, Mr. James noticed the fairly ample white house, a pleasant, honest structure in the style of eighty years ago, which was Jefferson Davis's official residence during part of the war. He says of the church in which the President of the Confederacy was seated in his proper pew on that fine Sunday morning of the springtime in 1865, when he was called out of church by the news of Lee's surrender: "The news was big but the place of worship was small, and the visitor cannot help resenting its trivialization of history. Though perhaps its very commonness suited with the chief promoter of so barren a polity as the futile and impossible scheme for a great Southern State isolated by its peculiar institution, in perpetual quarantine against modern civilization." Looking at the meager poorness of the local mementos in the melancholy capital of the Confederacy, located in the center of a blood-drenched radius of tremendous battle-fields, Henry James says, "No leaders of a great movement, a movement acclaimed by a whole people and paid for with every possible sacrifice, ever took such pains to make themselves uninteresting. It was as if, on the spot there, I saw Romance and Legend turn their backs on the whole scene and walk out of the place." Visiting the Museum of Confederate Relics in what was the "executive mansion" of the later half of the war, he is struck with "the nudity and crudity,

the pathetic historic poverty, of the exhibition. He found in the tragically sacred rooms not a single object of beauty, scarce one that was not altogether ugly and indicative of the absence of means and of taste and of resource. The only charm he discovered in the Museum was the soft-voiced, gracious, mellifluous, little old lady who had charge of the exhibition, and whose exquisite good manners made him feel like one received at the gate of some grandly bankrupt plantation and submerged up to his neck in that delightful, tepid medium—the social tone of the old South. For the sorry collection of objects which filled the Museum she did the honors with a gentle florid reverence that made the visitor tender toward the heroic pathetic history there memorialized. The poor assemblage of historic mementos had no beauty; "but the little old lady had it, with her thoroughly 'sectional' good manners, and that punctuality and felicity, that inimitability, one must again say, of the South in her, in the patriotic unction of her reference to the shabby objects about, which transported me as no enchanted carpet could have done. No little old lady of the North could, for the high tone and the right manner, have matched her, and poor benumbed Richmond might now be as dreary as it liked." Having seen her he felt that his pilgrimage was well rewarded. He noticed the passionate flare of the inscription over the front of the Charleston section of the exhibition, "behind which inscription the Daughters of the Confederacy nurse the old wrongs and the old wounds." He says that, practically, the South is reconciled, but that ideally and sentimentally it still burns with a smothered flame in presence of that heritage of woe and of glory which the Museum enshrines. He says that the collapse of the old order, the bitter humiliation of defeat, with the bereavement and bankruptcy involved, constitute a social revolution, which remains the most unrecorded and undepicted, in proportion to its magnitude, that ever was; and the sore consciousness of this renders the reversion of the starved spirit to these poor memorials of the South's heroic age, those four epic years, a definite soothing salve; even though the æsthetic level of the exhibition is so low that Mr. James finds it impossible to imagine a community, of equal size, more disinherited of art or of letters. For art, he found only the monument to General Lee of which he says: "The equestrian statue of the Southern hero, made to order in far-away uninterested Paris, is the work of a master and has an artistic interest—a refinement of style, in fact, under the impression of which we seem to see it, in its situation, as some precious pearl of ocean washed up on a rude bare strand. The very high florid pedestal is of the last French elegance, and the great soldier, sitting his horse with a kind of melancholy nobleness, raises his handsome head as he looks off into desolate space. He does well, we feel, to sit as high as he may, and to appear, in his lone survival, to see as far, and to overlook as many things; for the irony of fate, crowning the picture, is surely stamped in all sharpness on the scene about him. The place is the mere vague centre of two or three crossways, without form and void, with a circle half sketched by three or four groups of small, new, mean houses. It is somehow empty in spite of being ugly,

and yet expressive in spite of being empty. 'Desolate,' one has called the air; and the effect is, strangely, of some smug 'up-to-date' specimen or pattern of desolation." Nevertheless, the greatest object in Richmond is the statue of Lee. This visitor, from over the sea, looking upon the whole scene through European eyes and speaking with untrammeled foreign candor, says that Richmond's plight is a consequence of having worshiped false gods. The statue of the great General perched aloft seems to him to be over-arched by the very heaven of futility; and as he gives it a last look he says: "I recognized something more than the melancholy of a lost cause; the whole infelicitous scene speaks of a cause that never could have been gained." Wandering among the historic memorials he met a handsome and stalwart youth Southerner, who told Mr. James with evident pride how his father had escaped capture or worse by luckily smashing with his musket the skull of a Union soldier. And the gallant young man added: "I myself would be ready to do it all over again, if need should arise. That's the kind of Southerner I am." Looking into his innocent, smiling face, Mr. James did not believe that he would really hurt a Northern fly; but that he felt it necessary, out of loyalty to his ancestry, his section and its history, to cherish this sort of Platonic passion which did not mean anything serious. The visitor from Europe thanked the ingenuous young man for being such a capital Southerner, just the sort of Southerner he had wanted to see a sample of. The one object in Richmond which seemed to the visitor to stand for the large and liberal world, and to make the affirmation farthest removed from the vain vaunt of the narrow old time and from the social order which was founded on delusions and exclusions, was the town Library. Everything else seemed to Mr. James a bequest from a sadly mistaken even though heroic age, part of a heritage of departed glory and lingering woe. The Library stood in the beautiful openness of world-relation, and exhaled the balm of a disprovincializing breath. For our own part, reading Mr. James's cold and unsympathetic criticisms of the mementos of a misguided and ill-fated enterprise, we cannot help feeling that he expects and exacts too much from a Confederacy whose painfully precarious existence was so brief, and whose energies and resources, for every day of that brief time, were taxed to the uttermost by the mere effort to exist. This frequenter of the rich historic museums of Europe is unreasonable in the demands he makes for stately and splendid memorials upon a people who came out of their tremendous struggle utterly impoverished and destitute, unable for many long years thereafter to do more than barely to subsist. We wonder also that to so bright a man as Henry James it did not occur that in the absence of any large number of conspicuous and imposing memorials of Secession from the Confederate Capital, there may be some sign of a loyal refraining, some play of the larger patriotism which arose in the honest hearts of noble Southern men when, having fought and suffered like heroes and martyrs for a cause they believed in, and the arbitrament of war having gone against them, bravely and faithfully accepted the verdict and gave to the happily reunited Nation the patriotism and loyalty which they had given to their Section.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Letters on Evangelism. By EDWIN H. HUGHES, President of DePauw University. 16mo. pp. 104. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cloth, 25 cents, net; paper, 15 cents, net.

We call attention to this little book because it seems to us well adapted to be helpful to the working pastor. Its manner is unconventional, its method unhackneyed, and the note of reality sounds all through it. Its author has come to a college presidency through years of aggressively evangelistic pastoral life, and writes out of knowledge gathered in actual experience and successful evangelism. All its wisdom is practical. These twelve letters are written to a young Christian who longs to be a true teller of the good news, but does not know exactly how to fit the gospel trumpet to his lips, or how to decide when other souls will probably give heed to his notes, to one of thousands of ministers who have the evangelistic spirit but who lack knowledge and confidence for its efficient expression and use. The general secretary of the Epworth League and his coworkers told President Hughes it was his duty to help his younger brethren by writing these messages. "Evangelism," he says, "is the finest art on earth." The church has special reason for thanksgiving when a college presidency is held by a man full of the evangelistic spirit and passion; and the possibility of potent and perpetual usefulness is vast and glorious for such a man in such a place. Indubitable and sturdy manliness, ringing clear and fervent, real religiousness, appealing by character and call to his students, will bring nearly all of them to follow Jesus Christ. To such appeal, youth makes a generous and loyal response. And this little book makes us think how good an omen it is when our culture is becoming more passionately and resolutely evangelistic; as also when all evangelism is becoming less crude and ignorant—more intelligent, rational and convincing. One of President Hughes's letters gives counsel about approaching individuals on behalf of Christ. One admonition is: "Allow me to warn you, my young friend, that this individualism is not easy work. I have worked publicly and privately in evangelistic effort. The private way calls for the more grace and consecration, and it requires more boldness. Be quite sure that your life is measurably consistent ere you undertake the sacred task. Do you know that if every Methodist Episcopal pastor brought one person each month to Christ and his church by this method of individualism, it would mean an annual increase of 160,000? And that, if each evangelical pastor in the republic did the same, it would mean fully 1,500,000 souls each year? And what would be the effect if one in ten of our young lay members should claim for the Lord in this way one person every twelve months? That these suggestions point the way to the Church's power and hope is my earnest opinion; that the call to such work may now come to you is

my equally earnest prayer." Another wise suggestion is: "I would advise that letter writing should have a place in your individual work. There are several differences between spoken and written address. A conversation often seems passing—very much as if our words went out into the air and never found a stopping-place; but a letter has a kind of permanent quality. It is easier to file than is a conversation. Spoken address may be laughed away; but it is hard to joke about an evangelistic letter. Men's lips sometimes say what their pens would refuse to write. Besides, a brief note is often an excellent test and forerunner. The recipient feels that he must take some notice of it, and in meeting the law of courtesy he is almost bound to reveal himself somewhat. I am not writing to you a mere theory; I have written scores of evangelistic letters—and with marked results. The post office is used for business correspondence, and for social correspondence. Why should it not be used to carry our personal gospel? But, my friend, in heaven's name be natural and unstilted in what you write; and in all ordinary cases be brief." At one point Dr. Hughes makes unexpected but effective use of Kipling: "We need a promotion of lay preaching—not of that type which shows a pride of public speech and which leads its victim to take time in a prayer meeting which belongs to better and more modest folk, but rather of that type which counts it both joy and duty to tell the good news where the telling does not spread abroad the teller's name. Kipling has a poem with an evangelistic lesson for our day. It is called 'Mulholland's Contract.' Mulholland was a worker on the cattle boats—a gambling, cursing, drinking fellow. One day the gale was on the sea and fear came on the cattle. They broke loose on the lower deck and became wild. Mulholland looked into the face of death. In his wild eagerness for life he made 'a Contract with God':

> "An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the same,
> If He got me to port alive, I would exalt His name,
> An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came."

They picked Mulholland up senseless with a vast gash in his head. When he came to consciousness he saw 'the shiny Scripture texts' on the walls of a Seamen's Hospital. These reminded him of his solemn promise:

> "'An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer:
> 'I never puts on my ministers no more than they can bear,
> So back you go to the cattle boats an' preach my gospel there.
>
> "'For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
> But most of all, as well as you know, when the steers are mad afraid,
> So you go back to the cattle boats an' preach 'em as I have said.
>
> "'They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't knife on a blow,
> They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must preach it so.
> For now those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know.'
>
> "'I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
> An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet,
> But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.
>
> "'An' I sign for four pound ten a month and save the money clear,
> An' I am in charge of the lower deck, and I never lose a steer;
> An' I believe in Almighty God, an' I preach his gospel here.'"

This is the voice of the everyday worker, crude and rasping, if you please, but sincere and penetrating. God grant that this voice may begin to sound in genuineness until factories and stores and fields and roadsides may become the places of the blessed Evangel!" Very judicious is the letter on "Evangelism and Children." On exacting too much of the child this is said: "The question is, *Whose child is he?* What if he does show inconsistency and weakness? Are we older people perfect? Are we free from inbred taints? And how does this affect our relation to the kingdom? As for the child's questionable conduct, we can match it by the conduct of older people who profess the Lord's grace. The child gets angry! So does the church trustee. The child is forgetful! So is our older listener. The child wants his way! So does that mature steward. The child is selfish! Well, that adult member grasps what he can get and keeps it quite successfully. Of course it is unwise and untrue to idealize childhood too gloriously. Wordsworth says: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Sometimes it does and sometimes it does not. Still, I am inclined to believe that the normal child is as true to his conception of duty as is the average adult to his. It is not fair that we should try the child by a stricter standard than we apply to the older folks. Childhood has its essential immaturities. Let us allow for them. You, my friend, must often be glad to believe that God has yet several million years in which to work on you for your improvement. What does your own childhood experience say about this? Do you recall how fully you believed in God? Do you remember how surprised you were when you discovered that certain people did not consent or profess to belong to Christ? Were not your prayers in the idiom of full trust? Did not the sympathy of your young heart turn toward God? My own experience in childhood confirms fully the Saviour's words. If I have ever belonged to God, I belonged to him then. For thousands of people with whom you work, nothing better could be done than to bring them back to the love and faith of their childhood. Tom Hood writes:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

This speaks of the tragedy of too many lives. If your evangelism can save children from this pathetic experience, you may well count yourself both happy and successful. Let me commend to you, my young friend, Dr. John T. McFarland's pamphlet on Preservation versus the Rescue of the Child. That will make clear your evangelistic duty with reference to children much more forcefully than I have here presented the matter." In the letter on "Evangelism and Men" is this piece of good sense: "A religion that merely empties and restrains will not conquer the young

man. He does not like bare deserts and vacant rooms and bristling negatives. He will not answer an invitation that calls to prison and to chains. God always seeks to put the good, rich and full in the place of the evil. You should not say more to the young man about what he must 'give up' than you say about the blessed and noble things he will take on. The emptiness made in his life by the prohibitions of religion should be filled at once by its positive inspirations and duties. So, my friend, do not make the young man feel that our blessed faith is a vast 'No,' when it is truly an eternal 'Yes' for the best that is in him. Directly the young man comes to feel that life is large—very large. We have much to say about the confidence of youth and the lexicon that does not contain the word 'fail.' But I wonder if the people who talk thus really know the dictionary of the young man. He does fear failure. Whether he teaches his first school, attends his first patient, addresses his first jury, or deals with his first customer, his outer boldness hides an inner tremor. The largeness of life oppresses him. It is just here that the Christian evangelist has his opportunity. Personally, I have found young men peculiarly susceptible when they stand before life's opening work. They well know that the strength and wisdom of the great God are alone adequate for their help. My friend, watch for this peculiar mood in the life of the average young man and meet it with the offer of Christ's unfailing aid. I think, too, that the young man has the sense of life's conflict and that our appeal must be to his heroic quality. Truly he is not looking for softness. He prefers football above croquet. In deeper things his heroism comes out. Our armies were largely made up of young men who became the central heroes in the tragedy of the last century. Our faith will reach the young man more surely if it sounds an heroic note. We often say that life is a battle; yet I feel that we do not make real enough the spiritual conflict. An eminent teacher said recently that we need now 'a moral equivalent for war.' Our Lord offers just this; offers it so actually that his greatest follower called himself a 'soldier of Jesus Christ.' My friend, put this militant spirit into evangelistic appeal until many a young man shall feel that the failure to enlist under the banner of the cross is the very shame of cowardice."

Speaking of the need of more aggressive methods in church work, and of going out among men to get their attention on behalf of religion, Dr. Hughes truly says that no other business on earth could survive if it depended so largely as the church does on voluntary public gatherings. Once Dr. Hughes said to a wholesale merchant: "Suppose that your salesmen were sent into our various towns and cities to sell your goods; that they advertised in the papers in each place that at 10:30 A. M., on a certain day (one special day out of the seven being chosen) the goods of the firm would be presented and described by an expert; that all people interested would be 'heartily welcomed'; and that, if the feeling of those present seemed to warrant it, the goods would be offered for sale! How long would your firm last?" The merchant's immediate answer was: "We would go into bankruptcy next year." Dr. Hughes insists that this illustration points a terrific moral for church work. For two centuries

we have been following the course described above, depending largely on the public and general presentation of our gospel wares and too often wholly omitting that "face to face" urging which is the very life of most business houses. It is little short of a miracle that our church is alive at all! The literature which furnishes instruction, suggestion and inspiration for practical evangelism is now voluminous and varied. No pastor can plead lack of guidance as an excuse for inaction and a passive ministry. The intensifying urgency of the times in which we live serves notice on the young minister of today that if he wishes to win success for his Master and for himself in this intense age, his ministry must be of the stirring, active, outreaching, ingathering type. Dr. Hughes's Letters on Evangelism, Dr. W. F. Sheridan's The Sunday Night Service, Dr. C. F. Reisner's Workable Plans for Wide-Awake Churches are, each in its own way, helpfully suggestive. From them each minister can select such suggestions as he can best use.

Atonement in Literature and Life. By CHARLES ALLEN DINSMORE. Crown 8vo, pp. 251. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

The successor of Dr. Joseph Anderson in the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Waterbury, Conn., is already known to our readers by his two books on the study and the teachings of Dante. In this volume Dr. Dinsmore takes the gospel of reconciliation out of the stiff forms of theology and finds its essential truths as they appear in life as the best minds have seen it. Inasmuch as Atonement is as prominent a theme in literature as in religion, this book makes a study of the theme in the pages of the great seers who have been recognized by the generations as portraying most truthfully the guilt, the woe, the peace of the heart. Approaching one of Christianity's supreme verities by this unfrequented path, he brings to view two aspects of Reconciliation which are clearly revealed in literature, but which have either been neglected by theology or been left out of our systems of religious thought. Walking with such master-minds as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Hawthorne, Tennyson, and Whittier, who saw life steadily and saw it whole, one becomes convinced that the legend of Lethe with its magical waters has a deep spiritual value, and that a trust in "some soul of goodness in things evil" exercises a most important part in reconciliation. It is the unfolding of these two truths that gives distinction to Dr. Dinsmore's study of "Atonement in Literature and Life," a study which makes strongly and in a fresh way for faith in the reality of the eternal atonement wrought by the Son of God. His book will help to bring on the day, which he with confidence expects, "when the Church that has lingered weeping at the Cross will catch a glimpse of a splendor which will dim the shadow, and with exultant joy will preach the glad tidings that the blood of Christ, offered through the eternal Spirit, is efficacious through all the ages, changing the wrath of man to praise, restraining the residue of evil, and achieving for God and man the great Reconciliation." The first chapter shows that sin, retribution, and reconciliation are the controlling ideas of both literature and religion; the second defines recon-

ciliation and atonement, and the relation of the incarnation to the atonement; the third studies sin, retribution, and reconciliation as set forth in Homer's Iliad; the fourth examines this theme as treated in the pages of Æschylus; the fifth in Sophocles; the sixth in Dante; the seventh in Shakespeare; other chapters study the great all-pervading theme in Milton, Hawthorne, George Eliot, Tennyson, Hosea, Job, Symonds, and Whittier. In Part Second, the first chapter deals with Sin, its defilement, devastation, moral blindness, and lawlessness; the certainty of retribution: also with Reconciliation, its conditions—repentance, confession, satisfaction: and the necessity that the sanctity of moral obligation shall suffer no diminution in forgiveness. It is shown that reconciliation is a larger problem than forgiveness, and that memory needs a Lethe, and that the triumph of goodness, either realized or believed in, is the ground of reconciliation. The next chapter shows that over against every great clerical expounder of the Atonement there is a great poet or novelist who caught the same vision and proclaimed the same essential truth. By way of illustration, our author sets Æschylus over against Anselm, Dante over against Aquinas, Sophocles over against Duns Scotus, Hawthorne over against McLeod Campbell, Hugo over against Bushnell. The next chapter answers the question, "What Did Jesus of Nazareth Do for the Forgiveness of Our Sins?"; and the closing chapter aims to set forth what the Eternal Christ does for our reconciliation. It is explained that the Eternal Christ is Christianity's solution of cosmic evil; that while the chief note of every great theory of the Atonement is that God must be satisfied, it is also true that sin will be so dealt with that every living creature, every moral being, will be satisfied; that Christ's victory is a Lethe for the memory; that the indwelling Christ literally takes our sins upon himself; and that his triumph is as essential a part of the Atonement as are his sufferings. Such is the outline of the volume's argument, which is presented as a new path to Calvary and to that Cross which is the focus of all the truths and forces disclosed in the life and words of Jesus. The soundness and virility of Dr. Dinsmore's doctrine is indicated in a sample passage like the following: "The moral-influence theory of the Atonement is greatly in vogue to-day. As often expounded, it amounts to little more than this: God, in the life and sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, so revealed his fatherly love and pity that men are persuaded to repentance and won to a life of rectitude and filial obedience. This makes Christ an actor and Calvary a spectacular performance. The voices both of literature and of experience are strongly against any such trifling and artificial conception of Redemption. In all the authors studied in this book, the sinner has been aroused by a knowledge of the dire consequences of his sin, and not by any vision of the glories of righteousness. The penalties of sin check the footsteps of the one going in the wrong way; the solicitations of love are effective after the sin has become abhorrent." As to Horace Bushnell, a powerful exponent of the so-called "moral-influence theory," this book says that he sought to avoid any such dilutions of his doctrine as have become current; he taught that Christ does more than reveal God's fatherly com-

passion, that He is "the moral power of God upon us," and that "He executes the remission by taking away the sin and dispensing the justification of life." In all literature, whenever the problem of sin, pardon, reconciliation, has been presented or pondered, one point of universal agreement is found; the invariable conclusion is that forgiveness must be strictly in accord with fundamental righteousness; in its very going forth it must reveal the blackness and baseness of sin, and unveil the august and spotless majesty of holiness. As Dr. Dinsmore presents to us the teachings of author after author related to his theme, we perceive anew how full of ethical feeling and force all really great literature is. Even very ancient writers furnish us with language for describing and denouncing the sins of to-day. Æschylus might be characterizing the criminal rich of our own time when he speaks of "the gorgeous glare of gold, obtained by foul, polluted hands"; and his ancient warning loses no force now when he says that though "ruthless and oppressive power may triumph for its little hour," yet full soon a Power above the hard oppressor's power "shall break his fell force, and whirl him down through life's dark paths, unpitied and unknown." The reader of this admirable book will have only pleasure and profit in its pages. From the choice and apt extracts which preface the chapters we take these: "There is no principle involved in the Atonement that is not included in its essence in the most sacred relations between man and man" (Phillips Brooks). "I am striving to bring the God which is in me into harmony with the God which is in the universe" (Plotinus). Also from James Martineau this following, which leans far toward evangelical orthodoxy; "Were the human Conscience, like human Prudence, the mere product of experience; were it the reflection of the world's opinion; were it given only for our temporal guidance without significance beyond; why should we not get rid of our sins as we do of our mistakes,—commit them and have done with them,—and leave no ghost behind? This is actually the approved wisdom of hard and driving men whose ethics are but the instruments of external work. But where there is a deeper insight, where the outer doing is looked upon as the symbol of the inner being, where affection, character, will, have any life and drama of their own, this discharge of old compunctions, this cheerful erasure of bankrupt accounts, is quite impossible. Only when evil is regarded as a transitory mishap, can it be thus forgot: once let the consciousness awake that it is disloyalty to the Spirit of eternal Holiness, and there is in this a conservative power which will forbid its awful shadow to depart. And hence, strange as it may seem, it is not the guilty who know the most of guilt; it is the pure, the lofty, the faithful, that are ever haunted by the sense of sin, and are compelled by it to throw themselves upon a love they never doubt yet cannot claim. . . . Why do you hear from a Fénelon words of humiliation that never escape a Richelieu? why are the prayers of prophets and hymns of saintly souls so pathetic in their penitence, so full of the plaintive music of baffled aspiration, like the cry of some bird with broken wing? It is because to them the truly infinite nature of holiness has revealed itself, and reveals itself the more, the

higher they rise; because in its secret breathings to their hearts they recognize, not any romance of their own, but the communing Spirit of the Living God. . . . But if this be the meaning of our sense of sin, what hope, you will say, that it can ever leave us? Was it not the work of Christ to give us rest from the strife and sorrows of compunction? Yes: not, however, a rest within ourselves, as if we either ceased from sin or could see it with other or less saddened eyes; but a rest out of ourselves, a pure and perfect trust in Him whose spirit draws us from before and whose pity supports us from behind." The impression made by the personality of the author is one of blended modesty and mastery.

Is Religion Undermined? By REV. C. L. DRAWBRIDGE, M.A. Crown 8vo, pp. 238. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The author's previous book, Old Beliefs and New Knowledge, sought to prove that there is no necessity for a breach between devotion and intelligence, between intuition and science, between what we believe and what we know. This volume addresses the shallow notion that the foundations of religion have been undermined by modern investigation, and answers by showing that the *fundamental* faiths and facts which unite believing saints in one vast brotherhood (no matter what their theological systems may be) are still undisturbed. Various unenlightened persons, at sundry times and in divers places, have imagined that religion had been undermined and was toppling to its fall. In the early part of the eighteenth century unbelief had an uproarious revel and laughed religion down the wind. Then came Archbishop Butler in 1736 with his great Analogy, in the preface of which he wrote: "It seems to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is at length discovered to be fictitious." After him came the Wesleys with the mighty evangelical revival proving the reality of religion and its power to silence scepticism and sweep wickedness away. And the boastful giant Unbelief, pierced through the brain by Butler and through the heart by Wesley, fell down. The book before us canvasses fundamental questions without obscurity in a clear and sensible way. The author calls it a critical investigation of the bases of religious belief. Its eleven chapters contain outlines for many possible sermons. One of its notable and valuable features is its wealth of pertinent quotations from authoritative sources. In the introduction, the author shows that Faith cannot be destroyed by inquiry, any more than Life can be blotted out by interrogation points. Rather is Bishop Gore's declaration correct, that faith and inquiry "subsist together and force each other." Fearless investigation is an absolute necessity for religion. Faith cannot build its house on anything but truth and reality. To fear lest some undiscovered truth be brought to light is the depth of cowardice and the height of unwisdom. It betrays timidity, doubt, and disloyalty. As Lytton says:

> "Truth is certain, soon or late, to appear
> In front of us, whatever we may do
> To avoid the meeting. Better when we hear
> Her steps approching for the interview,
> Prepare at once, and meet her face to face."

Free investigation and liberty of judgment are the life-blood of Protestantism, distinguishing it from Romanism. The Protestant spirit speaks in Archbishop Temple's words: "The study of Theology and Criticism imperatively demands freedom as a condition of progress. To tell a man to study and yet bid him, under heavy penalties, to come to the same conclusion with those who have not studied, is to mock him. If the conclusions are prescribed, the study is precluded." The Romish spirit of unquestioning docility, accepting dogmas on the authority of a church which claims infallibility, is seen dominating even so great a mind as Cardinal Newman who believed in the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius at Naples, and in the motion of the eyes of certain pictures of the Madonna, and who wrote: "I do not doubt the genuineness of the material of the Lombard Cross at Monza, and I do not see why the Holy Coat at Treves may not be what it is said to be. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the Crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Also I firmly believe that the relics of the Saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily. I firmly believe that Saints have raised the dead to life, crossed the seas without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured innumerable diseases, and stopped the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways." This is the spirit which can believe in the equal infallibility of a succession of Popes whose utterances, acts, decrees, and policies differ through the centuries to the point of incompatibility and contradiction. Cardinal Newman's capacious credo looks to the Protestant mind like a feat in deglutition, with reason in a state of suspense. By the altars of Protestantism there is room and welcome for a scientist like Sir Oliver Lodge who says: "If anyone thinks that effective study of theology, or of any other science, can be carried on by a person in fetters, with the conclusions all determined and the results all prearranged, he is mistaken; such study would be a farce." By the altars of the Papal Church there is neither welcome nor room for the relentlessly inquiring scientific spirit. In 1904, the Romish Bishop of Newport said in his pastoral address: "If the formulas of modern science contradict the science of Catholic dogma, it is the former that must be altered, not the latter." That is the ultimatum of dogmatic infallibility to the inquiring human mind, the challenge of the fourteenth century to the twentieth. Nothing but recantation and surrender can be before such pretentious and intolerant authority, just as nothing but retreat and surrender can be before the Vatican in its present defiance of the French republic, which is the people of France. As we said, the book we are noticing is rich in quotations. In one a man of sharply critical mind describes the effect upon him of simply listening to the Scripture lesson as read in an ordinary church service: "As we listen, the story is quite familiar to us. We supply the sentences beforehand as the reader proceeds. Yet it has happened, one knows not how, and will doubtless happen again, one cannot tell when, that as the verses follow each other, suddenly out of the well-known story there comes a strange, thrilling sense of heights and depths never before scaled or plumbed. Something

in the air or in ourselves or in the voice of the minister, in sunny mornings in country churches when the sounds and scents of summer come through open windows, or in the equable atmosphere of some vast minster when the words of Scripture read at the lectern are encompassed with stillness—under all sorts of varying circumstances defying calculation and explanation—the new comes out of the old, passion comes out of the commonplace, touches us inwardly in sensitive centers of our being, and we say instinctively within ourselves, "*The thing is of God.*" Heinrich Heine was no pietist; on the far contrary, possibly the most daring and startling skeptic of the nineteenth century; yet he wrote near the end of life, of the miraculous effect of God's Word upon him: "Neither vision nor ecstasy, neither voice from heaven nor bodeful dream, has pointed the way of salvation to me. I owe my enlightenment quite simply to the reading of a book. Of a book? say you. Yes, and it is an old and homely book, plain and natural as nature herself, a work-a-day and unpretentious-looking book. And this book is sometimes called quite simply *The* Book, the Bible. Rightly it is also named Holy Writ. He who has lost his God may find him again in this volume, and he who has never known him will there be met by the breath of the Divine Word." With regard to the present position of biblical critics, Dr. Wilberforce, the Archdeacon of Westminster, says: "No literary compilation that has ever been given to the world has been subjected to such rigorous, ceaseless, remorseless criticism as the Bible. Its survival is one of its guarantees, and one of the credentials of its inspiration. The miracle of the Book is greater than any miracle in the Book. What has been the effect of this criticising upon the theory of inspiration? Briefly it has been this: As to the New Testament, what have we gained? Conclusions of inestimable value. The four biographical sketches have been severely tested in the crucible of scientific criticism, and have been proved to be documents of the first century of a high order of historical accuracy. No one *now* dare commit himself to the statements that they are worthless forgeries of a late date. The authorship of the Gospel of Saint Mark, A. D. 65, compiled from reminiscences of Saint Peter, is absolutely undisputed; the Gospel of Saint John, though its date and authorship are still an open question, contains the proof within itself that God's Spirit gave it for the light and guidance of mankind; the Book of the Acts has been proved to be certainly the work of the author of the third Gospel; and the letters of Saint Paul are accepted as genuine by the greatest scholars with practical unanimity. Thus the diamond comes back to us from the hands of the polishers, smaller if you will, but more brilliant and more valuable. In the indisputable portion of the New Testament, the Gospel of Saint Mark, and the Pauline letters, we have the authentic life of Christ, and the history of the growth of Christian doctrine—a revelation which gives us the Holy Incarnation, the Holy Eucharist, the indentification of the risen Christ with his brethren, and the organization of the Church." Geo. J. Romanes whose critical mind led him for many years to oppose not only Christianity but all belief in God has said: "The outcome of the great textual battle is impartially considered a signal victory for Christianity.

Prior to the new (biblical) science there was really no rational basis in thoughtful minds, either for the date of any of the New Testament books, or, consequently, for the historical truth of any one of the events narrated in them. Gospels, Acts, and Epistles were all alike shrouded in this uncertainty. Hence the validity of the eighteenth-century skepticism. But now all this kind of skepticism has been rendered obsolete, and forever impossible." There is nothing new in this book which asks whether religion has been undermined by modern research and discovery; but it brings to bear much available and pertinent material in such order as to substantiate the answer that no particle of the real foundations of religion has even been jarred.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, with an appendix containing the Biblical Aramaic, based on the Lexicon of William Gesenius as translated by Edward Robinson, late Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edited with constant reference to the Thesaurus of Gesenius as completed by E. Rödiger, and with authorized use of the latest German editions of Gesenius' Handwörterbuch über das Alte Testament, by FRANCIS BROWN, D.D., D.LITT., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary, with the coöperation of S. R. DRIVER, D.D., LITT. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., D.LITT. Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. Lex. octavo, pp. XIX, 1127. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, half Russia or full sheep, $8, net.

There has been no more acute scholastic want in the entire system of English scholarship and teaching, than the want of a scientific lexicon of the Hebrew language. This want is now met so signally that all dispute is barred. This lexicon began to appear in parts in 1891, the last part is now issued and the entire volume completed. It is a monument of learning, patience, and skill on the part of its editors, and its beautiful composition, typography, and printing add new lustre to the well-earned fame of the Clarendon Press of Oxford University. The basis of modern Hebrew lexicography was laid in the Hebräisch—deutsches Handwörterbuch des Alten Testaments, 2 vols. 8vo, published at Leipzig 1810-1812, and the production of Wilhelm Gesenius, professor in the University of Halle. An abridged edition of this appeared in 1815, and of this improved editions appeared in 1823 and 1828. In 1833 Gesenius published in Latin his *Lexicon Manuale Hebraicum et Chaldaicum in V. T. Libros*, and in 1834 a German edition of the same work issued from the press. This book, edited and re-edited by different scholars, and translated from time to time into other languages has supplied the entire civilized world with the most necessary tool in Old Testament study. To few men does a kind Providence give greater honor than the preparation of a book to live and influence successive generations as this has done. Gesenius died in 1842, and the German publishers who own the copyright of his lexicon have had it revised at different times by Professor Rödiger of Berlin and by Professors Mühlan and Volck, formerly of Dorpat, and the fourteenth edition under the editorship of Professors Frants Buhl, of Copenhagen, and Albert Socin and Heinrich Zimmern of Leipzig has but lately appeared. The history of the English editions has been very different. The one with which Americans have had most to do was issued in 1836

by Edward Robinson, professor in Union Theological Seminary, who revised and republished it in several editions until 1854. In 1859 there appeared an English translation by Tregelles. With these two editions Hebrew lexicography in the English language practically ceased. The Germans continued to revise their Hebrew lexicon every four or five years, while the whole English speaking race has contented itself since 1859 with one edition that had long since ceased to represent the philological science which it was supposed to carry on. The long and painful wait is over. We now enjoy a lexicon of Hebrew in our own language superior even to the latest edition in German. Let no man dare to speak his mind henceforth upon any question of Old Testament exegesis or lexicography who has not brought his lucubrations to the touchstone of this great book. The whole learned world owes a deep debt of gratitude to the scholars who have performed this great task in such a large way. The chief credit belongs to Professor Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, one of the foremost Semitic scholars of America, but Professor Briggs has written the definitions of all terms in Biblical Theology and Professor S. R. Driver, greatest Hebraist of the English speaking peoples, has dealt with all pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, interjections, and other particles, together with some nouns whose uses are chiefly adverbial. It is difficult to speak of the book in terms of restrained praise. It is a great book and deserves so to be called.

The Methodist Year Book. STEPHEN V. R. FORD, Editor. Pp. 246. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, 25 cents, net; per dozen, $2.40, net.

This compendium of the Methodist Episcopal Church is larger by thirty pages than that of last year. Many new features have been added. The statistics of our denomination were never presented in such a variety of comparison and detail as in this indispensable handbook. The Ready Reference Statistical compend answers at a glance scores of questions that are continually arising in relation to the membership of the church and Sunday school, the ministerial record, the benevolent collections, the number and value of our churches and parsonages, etc. How any pastor can attempt, without the YEAR BOOK, to answer intelligently the questions that are propounded to him by his people concerning the state of the church is a mystery. The increasing demand for the book year by year attests its value. Every pastor and every official member of the Church should have the YEAR BOOK.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Book of Music. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 70. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, ornamental, $1.

Thirty short poems about music make this book. They tell of music's power over one soul that in these pages brings tuneful memories of many a happy hour enjoyed by music's gift. When Kipling had outlined his story of "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin" he was surprised to find that he had written a tract. Some similar surprise seems to be in

Gilder's Prelude, "without intent, I find a book I've writ and music is the pleasant theme of it." His Book of Music, he says, "has come as doth a lover's litany by some miraculous chance, with added song to song." He speaks for many of us in saying, "Though I can no music make, I love it"; albeit of this we cannot give such ample, exquisite, and melodious proof as he gives in his latest volume. He does not agree with those who disparage music as a childish art, lacking in the things of mind, conveying no meaning. He says that music partakes of something deep, primeval, that began when God fashioned man, something near the source of being; it "repeats the vibrancy that runs in the rhythmic beats through all the shaken universe." And he insists that though the cry of music is not human language but pure ecstasy, and though one thrilled heart cannot tell another what music says, "yet is the meaning real: and many a wound wherewith our spirits are beaten to the ground heals neath its sanctity of noble sound"—a claim which finds support in what Thoreau wrote in a letter in 1842: "Soon after John's death I listened to a music box, and if at any time that event had seemed inconsistent with the beauty and harmony of the universe, it was then greatly constrained into the placid course of nature by those steady notes." Gilder likens Essipoff's playing to "a bird who, singing in a wildwood, never knows that its love melody is heard by wandering mortal, who *forgets his heavy woes.*" The first poem urges that music is not to be scorned because it has no words; for each art is sufficient unto itself, and "each doth utter what none other can—some hidden mood of the large soul of man." There are thoughts and feelings that never can be spoken, too frail for the rough usage of men's words—thoughts and feelings that "Keep their silence all unbroken till music stirs them; then, like birds that in the nighttime slumber, they awake, while all the leaves of all the forest shake." And Gilder gets some message from the master violinist's "music that doth speak in wordless wail and lyric ecstasy from that good viol pressed against his cheek." Yet he recognizes the superiority of the human voice over all manufactured instruments. Though under the magic spell of the rich music of sweet instruments there seems "no hiding passion of the heart, no sigh of evening winds, no breath of dawn, no hope or hate of man that is not told"; yet when, above that surge of blended instrumental sounds, a human voice leaps up and soars aloft, "something more wonderful assails the soul." The sweet harmonies of sound made by men in a world of harsh noises and dissonance, intimate to Gilder's faith a like harmony sure to emerge eventually from all the jarring discords of human history. As our mortal musicmakers frame their melodious messages to men, even so the Eternal fashions his mighty harmonies of life, and time, and destiny. Were we to choose from these thirty poems one for quotation here, we might take the lines that report the effect of listening to Handel's Largo:

> When the great organs, answering each to each,
> Joined with the violin's celestial speech,
> Then did it seem that all the heavenly host
> Gave praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

We saw the archangels through the ether winging;
We heard their souls go forth in solemn singing;
"Praise, praise to God," they sang, "through endless days;
Praise to the Eternal One, and nought but praise."
And as they sang, the spirits of the dying
Were upward borne from lips that ceased their sighing
And dying seemed not death, but deeper living—
Living and prayer, and praising and thanksgiving!

A characteristic verse is that which recalls the playing and the countenance of Rubinstein:

He of the ocean is; its thunderous waves
Echo his music; while far down the shore
Mad laughter hurries—a white, blowing spume.
I hear again in memory that wild storm;
The winds of heaven go rushing 'round the world,
And broods above the rage one sphinx-like face.

After all the poems in his Book of Music Gilder feels the inadequacy of language to describe the wondrousness and power of music, and says that words praising music are like leaves whirled round about a fountain by the wind. The music is the fountain playing on, and the words are withered leaves that flutter and fall. Or is it not rather, the music that ceases, while Gilder's words that tell of it live on? While noticing this volume it is impossible to forget that the year which brought from the press this latest book of his poetry also brought freshly to public notice another side of Richard Watson Gilder's large, fine, affluent nature, expressed with passionate and militant patriotism, in a most scathing and scorching Philippic aimed with deadly accuracy against the brazen attempt of a very yellow multi-millionaire political mountebank and social incendiary to finance himself into the highest offices, by which denunciation one of the purest of patriots exposed his spotlessness to the vile and vindictive vituperation of vulgar demagogues. In this, as in harder and heavier services rendered through the years, Mr. Gilder is seen to be the embodiment of that high, pure type of Christian citizenship which he defined and illuminated in this Review in May, 1906. He is no dilettant literateur, no "idle singer of an empty day," as William Morris called himself, but a sturdy, resolute, patient, laborious servant of the needs of his suffering fellow men. If any man knows the history of movements for the betterment of the condition of the poor in New York city, Jacob Riis is the man. Recently he seized an opportune occasion for recalling to the public's mind some of that history by issuing the following statement: "The two million New Yorkers who live in tenement houses remember Richard Watson Gilder as the man who gave their children their chance of life by checking landlord greed when it went unchallenged, forcing the builder to let sunshine and air into houses that had been dark; who throttled the worst conspiracy which ever beset any city till now, and tore down a hundred 'dens of death,' in New York—so named by the Board of Health itself; who gave the poor tenants' children playgrounds where before they had only the street and the gutter; who opened small parks and recreation piers; who compelled the building of

new schools; who shaped the laws that make the tenant safe against the horrid peril of midnight fires; who, as the head and great heart of the never-to-be-forgotten Gilder Tenement House Commission, stood more than any other one man for the reforms that reduced the death rate of New York from twenty-eight in a thousand to eighteen in a thousand of population, saving annually more than 12,000 baby-lives in the crowded tenements—a man who, after fighting through the civil war as a mere boy, took up in his later years, unasked, the cause of the poor and the helpless, and made it his own at unknown sacrifice of effort and time and well-earned rest. New York for all time will be a better city for his faithful work; its toilers will never live to see a greater or more unselfish champion of their cause." The three citizens of New York who did most to cleanse Augean stables and slay dragons by reforming the slums and Police Station houses and sweat-shops on behalf of the physical and moral well-being of the unfortunate, the friendless and poor are R. W. Gilder, Jacob Riis, and Theodore Roosevelt. The one citizen whom Mr. Gilder by his ideals, his position, his gifts, and his earnestness, most recalls to New Yorkers is George William Curtis; but it is only just to recognize without any disparagement of Curtis, that Gilder's services as a citizen while inferior in no particular to Curtis's have a larger range, greater practical result, a wider-flowing sympathy, and a costlier self-sacrifice even to the perilling of health and life in heavy and exhausting toil. From the marble arch in Washington Square to the lowest slum on the East Side New Yorkers note the chain of evidence which proves that the American metropolis has no finer or more useful citizen than Richard Watson Gilder who is poet, artist, patriot, prophet, reformer, soldier, missionary, inspirer and helper of mankind.

An Introduction to the Study of Browning. By ARTHUR SYMONS. 12mo, pp. 263. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

Though published twenty years ago, Symons's book is still the best introduction to Browning that we know; and this new revised edition is welcomed by those who have long known it and for the sake of those who may now know it for the first time. Walter Pater said of this book, "It is before all else a useful one; it points to the best, the indisputable, rather than to the dubious portions of Browning's work." It gives patient attention, and clear, even when brief, exposition to about all of Browning's poems. It has a full Browning bibliography and a good index. Thirty pages are given to the general characteristics of Browning's works, and two hundred pages to a study of the poems one by one, beginning with Pauline in 1833, and ending with the Epilogue to Asolando in 1890, We agree with the author that the first and the final impression we receive from the work of Robert Browning is that of a great nature, an immense and magnificent personality. "He is dramatist, humorist, lyrist, painter, musician, philosopher and scholar, each in full measure, and in richness of nature, in scope and penetration of mind and vision, in energy of passion and emotion, he is second among English poets to Shakespeare alone." To this just statement from Symons we add that

Shakespeare has nothing like as much to give to the minister of today as Browning has. We are almost ready to say that the minister who really appropriates and absorbs the best of Browning's rich and splendid product, can easily do without Shakespeare. In addition to all the things Symons, in the sentence just quoted, declares Browning to be, the minister discovers this vast and mighty man to be also a tremendous *preacher*, a minister's comrade in faith and in works, the greatest non-professional preacher in the nineteenth century. As for Shakespeare one would hardly think of calling him a preacher. Browning is the poet of the soul, its struggles, its trials, its crises. Often he shows us some soul in its hour of conflict, opportunity, decision. The choice of good and evil is before it, and in a moment its fate will be decided. When a soul plays dice with the devil, the time comes when there is only a second in which to win or lose; but the second may be worth an eternity. These moments of intense significance, these tremendous spiritual crises, are struck out in Browning's poetry with a clearness and sharpness of outline, and with a flashing vividness, which no other poet has achieved, and which few preachers have ever equalled. In no books that we know of is there a larger opportunity to study human nature in a vast multiplicity of types than in the roomy and populous ranges of Browning's works. Scarcely in Shakespeare's characters is there such novelty and variety. Symons truly says that "there is hardly a salient epoch in the history of the modern world which Browning has not touched with vital and instinctive sympathy based on profound and accurate knowledge. He has painted the first dawn of the modern spirit in the Athens of Socrates and Euripides, revealed the whole temper and tendency of the twilight age between Paganism and Christianity, and recorded the last utterance of the last apostle of the now-conquering creed; he has distilled the very essence of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the very essence of the modern world. The men and women who live and move in that new world of his creation are as varied and original as life itself; they are kings and beggars, saints and lovers, great captains, poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, priests and popes, Jews, gypsies and dervishes, street-girls, princesses, dancers with the wicked witcheries of the daughter of Herodias, wives with the devotion of the wife of Brutus, joyous girls and malevolent graybeards, statesmen, cavaliers, soldiers of humanity, tyrants and bigots. ancient sages and modern spiritualists, heretics, scholars, scoundrels, devotees, rabbis, persons of quality and men of low estate, women as multiform as nature or society has made them. He has found and studied humanity, not only in English towns and villages in the glare of gaslight and under the open sky, but on the Roman Campagna, in Venetian gondolas, in Florentine streets, on the boulevards of Paris and the Prado of Madrid, in the snow-bound forests of Russia, beneath the palms of Persia and upon Egyptian sands, on the coasts of Normandy and the salt plains of Brittany, among Druses and Arabs and Syrians, in brand-new Boston and amidst the ruins of Thebes." So ranges this great healthy and hearty cosmopolite, painter and exhibitor of all sorts and conditions of men and women. And so we are warranted in repeating that in liter-

ature, or even in actual life, there are few opportunities for studying human nature comparable to those found in Browning's works. Mr. Symons' selections from Browning's poems in illustration of his exposition of them give us much of the poet's finest and best. One that never fails to go through us with a thrill is the little poem, Count Gismond. Two stanzas especially spoken by the falsely-accused girl, describing how her rescuer smote the liar, never fail to shake us with exultant emotion:

> Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
> That I was saved. I never met
> His face before, but, at first view,
> I felt quite sure that God had set
> Himself to Satan; who would spend
> A minute's mistrust on the end?
>
> He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
> Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
> With one back-handed blow that wrote
> In blood men's verdict there. North, South
> East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
> And damned, and truth stood up instead.

Another favorite poem is *Pheidippes*, of which Bishop Warren made fine use at Bishop Merrill's funeral. Another favorite is *Echetlos*. And yet others, *A Grammarian's Funeral* and *Herve Riel* and *One Word More* and *Evelyn Hope*. Of the truly great among Browning's shorter poems there are that superb, magnificent defiance of death entitled *Prospice*, and that noblest lyric of life, mortal and immortal, called *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. How any man with intelligence and soul can withstand such poetry, or fail to be roused and enkindled by it, passes our comprehension. Poems for the preacher to study are *Saul*, *Easter Day*, *Christmas Eve*, *A Death in the Desert*, *The Epistle of Karshish*. For two great glowing souls, on fire with God, who in the nineteenth century, illumined for their fellow men the realms of thought and feeling, the one in poetry and the other in prose, take Robert Browning and John Ruskin, and get help from them to realize the grandeur of the world and the glory of man's life.

Ithuriel's Spear. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., L.L.D. 12mo, pp. 434. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The well-known English author, W. H. Fitchett, in Ithuriel's Spear reasserts the eternal principles of God's moral government. The scene of the story is laid in Middleford, England. The book describes the formation in that town of a Freethought Association whose object was to prove the "nonhistoric character of Christianity and the unscientific quality of its teachings." The apostle and high priest of the movement was a Mr. Gifford, a picturesque figure, of magnetic speech, whose daring rhetoric swept the crowd away and half emptied the not overfull churches of Middleford. Excited audiences cheered his lectures delivered at the local theatre, especially that on "Every Man his own Christ." A Mr. Hobbs, a wealthy brewer, had "vested $150,000 in trustees for the establishment of a Freethought lectureship." The story opens with a discussion of the movement by three young men prominent in Middleford society,

namely, Claude Mears, or "Smears," a clever artist, Cecil Sparks, whose father was vicar of Saint Silas, and Christopher Somers, or "Kit," a mining engineer. Smears and Sparks had been easily won over to the Freethought cause by the fervid oratory of Mr. Gifford, whereas Kit's devotion to the orthodox faith remained absolutely unshaken. Cecil and Kit were rivals for the hand of Kate Arden, the heroine of the story, and herself a courageous, unswerving disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. In due time the crisis in Cecil's wooing of Kate was reached, and fervently avowing his love he confidently asked her to become his wife. His was a rude awakening, however, since her reply was: "Cecil, you have separated yourself from everything I hold sacred: from Jesus Christ and all he is and means. No, I would not give up Jesus Christ for anything under heaven or in heaven." The situation was rendered doubly painful to both Kate and Cecil by reason of the fact that Kate's father was the manager of the leading bank in Middleford and Cecil was his clerk. Meanwhile Freethought flourished and grew up. Among its adherents was a sturdy, stubborn, practical Englishman, John Blunt, who essayed to put the movement to some practical tests. His niece was the wife of Tom Oxley, a drunken, brutal wifebeater, and honest John Blunt attempted to reform him along the lines of Freethought, only to be unceremoniously shown the door by both husband and wife. His next effort was to apply the principles of his propaganda to the reformation of fallen girls in "Angel Court," one of the foulest slums in the city. Utter failure ensued. He then tried an "experiment in youth" by organizing a Freethought Sunday school. But his outfit was sadly deficient. He had no hymns, no music, no gospel of hope and cheer to offer the thirty boys who came to the school. He thought to have them sing "God save the Queen," but that would be a recognition of the existence of God and so could not be. But sing the boys must and sing they did with a swing:

> "Jack Spratt
> Killed the cat
> And made a hole in the Bobby's hat"!

And thus ended the Freethought Sunday school experiment. Soon a series of events occurred in quick succession which went far toward disrupting Freethought in Middleford, namely, the conversion of Tom Oxley through the instrumentality of "the Bible Woman," Mrs. Baxter; the tragic suicide of Smears, and the invasion of the Gifford household by the angel of death who bore away little Mary, a dainty maiden of ten summers, from the godless earthly home to "the house not made with hands," leaving the stricken parents to pass through the furnace of affliction unsupported since "God was not in the fire." Then followed the theft of the bank's funds by Mr. Arden and young Sparks; the organization of a burglarious plot by them to conceal their crime, the discovery of both the theft and plot by the sturdy Kit; his arrest as an accomplice and discharge, and departure for Africa because of the humiliation to which he had been subjected; the theft of the Hobb's Lectureship Fund by Mr. Creakles, one of the Freethought adherents, and his flight; the con-

fession by Mr. Arden to his daughter Kate of his guilt, and his death. Kate more than half convinced of Kit's complicity in the bank robbery had bade him adieu on his departure for Africa in no kindly spirit, but her father's confession and establishment of Kit's innocence left her no alternative but to send an apology to the latter which she did coupled with an appeal for his forgiveness. Her missive reached him at Ladysmith, he having enlisted under the British flag at the outbreak of the Boer war and served as a faithful soldier to its close. On receipt of Kate's letter he obtained his discharge, returned to Middleford and in due time won Kate as his bride. As for the Freethought Association it ceased to be and the secret of certainty in things spiritual came to be experienced by many of those who had been betrayed into embracing the Freethought delusion. The volume is a sturdy and brilliant defense of Christianity and is intensely interesting. Read it, put it into the hands of college students, pass it around from house to house, and from hand to hand.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Memories and Thoughts. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Crown 8vo, pp. 409. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

The father of Positivism was Auguste Comte. The first preacher of it in England was Richard Congreve. After him Frederic Harrison came to be in our day its expounder and advocate. He tells us that he accepted Comte's teachings in the following order: his view of history, his scheme of education, his social Utopia, his politics, his general view of philosophy and his religious scheme: yet toward some portions of Comte's system of belief Harrison felt repugnance, and by some of his fellow-Comtists he is regarded as a schismatic and heretic. He withdrew from the practice of law to the occupation of urging on his neighbors opinions which, he candidly admits, have met with small acceptance. Positivism gains few adherents. A few years ago an effort was made in London to number the Positivist Israel; and a diligent search discovered seventeen persons who confessed to holding Comte's views; so that Frederic Harrison came near having, as Lord Rosebery said of the late Duke of Argyll, a following which was compact and portable, consisting only of himself. Now, in his seventy-fifth year, Mr. Harrison finds it better to live quietly with his books and his garden than to peddle doctrines which nobody wants. The worship of Humanity is beset with discouragements, one of which is the manifest undivineness and utter inadequacy of its divinity. It is indistinguishable from self-worship. Not by the worship of Man can man uplift himself above himself. This apostle of Positivism declares that he has not, at any time in his life, lost faith in a supreme Providence, in an immortal soul, or in spiritual life. He still reads his Bible and the Christian mystics and poets. He does not seem to us to hold his Positivism with any positive conviction. He says that to be an advocate of Positivism is to be like a dog suspected of rabies. The interest of this volume is made of matters unrelated to Comtism.

After witnessing Tennyson's burial in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Harrison discusses whether the great Laureate will ever have a worthy successor, or only imitators. He says: "The exquisite jewelry of Tennyson's style, subtle and delicate as it is, is imitable up to a certain point, just as Virgil's hexameter is imitable up to a certain point, and for the same reason. Both are the poetry of intense culture, inspired by the worship of form. I take, for example, a typical stanza not surpassed in melody by any poetry of this century—a stanza wonderfully prophetic of Tennyson himself and his enduring influence:

'His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun
And dwells in heaven half the night.'

That is simply perfect: a noble thought, an exquisite simile, a true and splendid analogy between Nature and Man, the simplicity as of marble, and a music which only Shelley has equaled. Yet it is imitable up to a measure: we can analyze the music, we can mark the gliding labials, the pathetic cadence in the 'mournful light' and 'dwells in heaven,' the *largo* in 'broods above.' It is beautiful, but it is imitable as Milton and Shakespeare are not imitable. Take Milton's

'He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.'

Or again, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' or 'Laughter holding both his sides,' or 'thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.' When Shakespeare says 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine,' or

'We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep—'

this is not imitable. Both thought and phrase are incalculable. No other brain could imagine them; once heard they are indelible, unalterable, unapproachable. It is not the music which rivets the attention first, but the thought. The form matches the idea, but the idea transcends the form. Poetic form, we are often told, must be 'inevitable.' True, most true. But poetic thought must also be incalculable. For this reason the greatest poets who clothed incalculable thought in inevitable perfection of form—Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Æschylus, Homer—never misled their generation into imitation, never founded a 'school.' We shall have a poet worthy to succeed Tennyson when we no longer have Tennyson on the brain; when we are less absorbed in the technical mastery of the instrument, and are intent on the great human message which the instrument merely transmutes into music." Harrison says Renan exerted "the solvent, dispersive influence of the man of letters who hints his doubts and hesitates his creed." Renan was mentally incapable of having a creed. His religion was mere religiosity. The thing Harrison is most impressed with in Browning is his intellectual power; but he thinks Tennyson mistook his own gift of words for profound thought. Sir Alfred Lyall speaks of Tenny-

son's "dubitating temperament," and says that *In Memoriam* is "long-winded, lugubrious, and unsettling to the general reader." For the thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great our author wrote: "He was a pure and simple follower of the Gospel, a victorious warrior whose victories left no curses behind them, a king whom no man ever charged with a harsh act, a scholar who never became a pedant, a saint who knew no superstition, a hero as bold as Launcelot and as spotless as Galahad." Of Oliver Cromwell he says: "Morality and religion were conditions of entrance to his court and his service. His note as a statesman is the union of matchless audacity with exhaustless wariness. No great man so brave and daring was ever so untiringly prudent and watchful. In his whole career Cromwell never met with a single disaster, either in war or government. He was never off his guard, was never once caught napping, never relaxed his intense hold on the smallest detail, or allowed a single point to be unguarded. In this he is like Elizabeth, Wellington, and Marlborough, but he surpassed them all in sleepless vigilance and unbroken success. He was forty-three when he first drew a sword, and of the fifty-eight years of his life he spent but nine under arms. Great soldier as he was in the field, he was far less the professional soldier than George Washington or William the Silent. The larger part of what was brave, pure, and just in England gathered around Cromwell, who, of all English chiefs since Alfred, was the most heroic, sincere, just, wise, and devout." He adds, "Had Cromwell had his way, he would have made the political system of England akin to that of the United States; and it is a pity he did not have his way." The essential force of the greatest ruler England has ever known is happily summed up by Lord Rosebery, who said: "Cromwell was a practical mystic, the most terrible and formidable of all combinations." He combined spiritual inspiration with the energy of a mighty man of action. A similar combination is seen in Stonewall Jackson and Bishop Thoburn. Mr. Harrison received a different impression of Thomas Carlyle from that of most visitors to his home in Chelsea. He says: "When, after a most memorable afternoon, he rose to bid me farewell and conducted me to his staircase with a sweet and stately courtesy, I thought I had rarely seen a more simple and genial dignity. How the fierceness and crabbedness which the Memoirs seem to attribute to much of his earlier life could ever have dwelt in a nature so urbane, so hearty, so sympathetic, as that which I found in his later years is more than I can unravel. I have seen and have spoken with some strong and famous men—with Gambetta, Mazzini, Garibaldi, John S. Mill, Tourgenieff—but I can remember no more intense and impressive personality than that of Thomas Carlyle." Our author calls Carlyle, by virtue of his original genius and mass of stroke, the literary dictator of Victorian prose. His peculiar power was, by his superb independence and the fiery impact of his genius, to wake into life many active minds." Writing of Nero, Mr. Harrison says: "The Neronian age was a resplendent and resounding orgy. But underneath the orgy there was growing up a new society, and new faith, a nobler race, a purer life." Even an apostle of Positivism cannot fail to perceive in imperial Rome the making of a new

world by the transforming power of Christianity. Why does not this English Positivist see that the same holy faith which worked so mightily then is working more mightily and more widely now the transforming of the whole world? And how paltry and feeble seems his Positivism in comparison with the glorious gospel of the blessed God! What is Auguste Comte in comparison with Jesus Christ, or Frederic Harrison beside Paul? When Harrison's children were growing up from infancy, their mother, he tells us, felt the need of some equivalent for family prayer. Her husband's Comtism made no provision for such a need. In their destitution and helplessness they called on George Eliot to invent something that would do for the children what is done by the family altar in Christian homes. Neither Marian Evans nor George H. Lewes had ever used anything resembling family prayers in the flagrantly peculiar household they had established and were boldly maintaining; and she told the Harrisons that she did not feel able to contribute to the construction of a liturgy. Failing to persuade her to produce anything devotional and suitable for family prayers, Harrison submitted to her criticism some prayers which he seems to have written. She wrote to him her judgment on them, thus: "The prayers keep, I think, within the due limit of *aspiration* and do not pass into *beseeching*." In framing anything that could be called a prayer, the Positivist's difficulty was to keep it from addressing Somebody or asking for something, which would exceed the narrow warrant of Positivism's faith. To try to pray to nobody for nothing seems an effort in which a man might be liable to suspect himself of being a fool. We do not wish to be disrespectful, but, really, could anything be more grotesque than to see the Harrison family running over to the Lewes-Evans domicile to appeal for instruction and assistance in bringing up the children of a lawful home in a properly moral and religious way? Think of it, the Lewes-Evans firm called in as architects to design a substitute for the family altar! The firm seems to have realized its own limitations, and said it was not able to contribute to the construction of a liturgy for family worship. It seems certain that family prayers were dispensed with in the Lewes-Evans habitation. Mr. Harrison's impressions of America are favorable. He thinks there is not in the Old World a nobler city than Washington nor a grander edifice than the Capitol, which he regards as the most effective and imposing public edifice in the world, its effect being enhanced by its magnificent site. He says the central dome, by its admirable proportions, lends to the building a nobler effect than do the domes of Saint Peter's at Rome, the Cathedral of Florence, the Pantheon, Saint Paul's in London, or the new Cathedral of Berlin. Washington, he says, bids fair to become the most beautiful and most commodious capital city of the world; and will, in two or three generations, look more like the splendid Rome of the Antonines than any city of the Old World. Harrison likes the Spartan simplicity of Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon better than Grant's magnificent mausoleum above the Hudson at New York. He is amazed at our sumptuous commercial edifices, like the Illinois Trust Bank in Chicago, and says, "Nothing in Europe since the fall of old Rome and Byzantium, not even

Genoa in its prime, has equaled the lavish use of magnificent marble columns, granite blocks, and ornamental stone, as seen in the United States today." About the prodigious luxury, extravagance, and money-making of America, he says a passing visitor has no right to dogmatize. But as to the worship of the almighty dollar, the Englishman says, "I neither saw it nor heard of it; hardly as much as we do at home." He says that "even a passing tourist must note the entire freedom of American towns from the indecencies that are paraded in European cities. The youngest girls go about the streets of New York alone; and a lady travels unattended from San Francisco to Washington. I received a deep impression that in America the relations of the sexes are in a state far more sound and pure than in the Old World; that the original fine feeling of the Pilgrim Fathers about woman and about man has sufficed to color the mental and moral atmosphere, and to give to all sex problems a new and clear field to develop wholesomely in normal ways." He has faith that America will ultimately solve its two gravest problems, the race problem and the struggle between labor and capital. If anybody is so ignorant of the richest glories of English literature as not to know Ruskin, let him read (preparatory to buying "Modern Painters" or "Stones of Venice") what Frederic Harrison writes on seeing the Complete Edition of Ruskin's Works: "I am amazed at the richness of this monumental work. What miracles of labor, thought, invention are crowded into these thirty-seven volumes! What miscroscopic delicacy of observation! What glowing enthusiasm for beauty, truth, goodness! It is Ruskin's perennial fertility, the encyclopedic variety of his ideas, which holds me spellbound. No other English writer, no writer of any land or age, has poured forth such a flood of pregnant prose, such varied, elevated, and radiant thought about nature, poetry, art, society, religion, science, history. These volumes make us familiar with mountains, seas, rivers, lakes; with trees, rocks, gems, clouds, storms, sunsets; with the buildings of Athens, Italy, France, England, antique, mediæval, renascent; with a multitude of artists, Giotto, Tintoretto, Veronese, Claude, Turner, Prout, Millais, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico; as well as with Political and Social Economy, and plans for making a new heaven and a new earth. There are some perversity, extravagant rhetoric, merciless denunciations, and other excesses; but, withal, what geysers of noble feeling! What Ithuriel spear to unmask the lurking toads of falsehood! What patience and subtlety and refinement! These thirty-seven volumes contain enough teaching about buildings to equip a leading authority in Architecture; enough about Painting to found a school; enough material for a general history of Art; enough about Poetry to make a master of criticism; enough of Economy to create a separate type of Socialism; enough verse to make the reputation of a poet; enough perfect prose to place him beside Burke and Bacon for an inimitable style." Much as Mr. Harrison justly admires Ruskin, he has not studied that great teacher of expression enough to learn how to use the apt, exact, fittest word to convey meaning. Occasionally our author surprises and jars us by a blundering use of the wrong word. One impression left upon us by these Memories and Thoughts is

that this long-time preacher of Positivism feels at the age of seventy-five that Comte's Religion of Humanity is not worth talking about any more. The subject seems to have gone by. *Requiescat in pace!*

Father Taylor. By ROBERT COLLYER. 12mo, pp. 58. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Price, cloth, 80 cents, net.

Robert Collyer always refers to Methodism as "my mother church." Once on a Methodist platform he gave this homely account of how he got away from his good mother church: "I made faces at her, and she boxed my ears." He held her license to preach; he began to deny some of her fundamental doctrines; she told him to recant or get out and go where he belonged. He went to the Unitarians. But his speech sometimes betrays a sense of the hallowed glory of the creed he once held, and even his "liberal" ministry owes something sweet and warm and winsome to his early Methodism—a debt greater than he can ever pay or even estimate. In this thin, brief book he tells with hearty sympathy the fascinating story of that scintillating child of genius, known as Father Taylor, who bewitched more, and more widely various men and women than did any other man in New England in his day. Not long after Robert Collyer left Methodism he attended a morning prayer meeting in Dr. Bartol's church in Boston. Father Taylor was there, and spoke, casting over young Collyer the magical enchantment of pure genius. Being introduced to the Sailor's Preacher at the close of the meeting, the young man held out his hand rather shyly; but Father Taylor, instead of taking it, opened his arms wide and gave Collyer a great brotherly hug, and kissed him on the cheek; giving him a new sensation, for he had never been kissed by a man before. Collyer describes Father Taylor as he appeared that morning: "A broad, thick-set man, a man whom, in his prime, you would have traced back to the lion if you were taken by the humor of seeing him through Darwin's glasses; a man with a great mane and gray eyes, with a gleam of red fire in them when his blood boiled as it was apt to do, but always for good reason: a brow wide and ample, that knotted rather than knitted under intense thought or overmastering emotion: a grand jaw, well set and well corded, and a mouth large and limber, equal to every demand of utterance." Edward Thompson Taylor was born forlornly in Richmond, Virginia, of a father and mother whom he could scarcely remember at all, tossed on the world as a poor little waif, cared for by some kind-hearted woman whose very name is unknown. At eight years of age a friendless cabin-boy, tossing to and fro on the wide ocean for ten years. One tradition of his childhood is that he held a funeral service over a chicken he had killed with a stone. A lot of little Negro children, whom he pressed into service to act as mourners, failed to behave as befitted the occasion; so he trounced them till they cried, thus solemnizing their frivolous little minds and insuring enough genuine tears to make a proper funeral. Coming ashore in the port of Boston, the sailor lad, eighteen years old, floated into a church and heard Elijah Hedding preach. One of the brethren had sense enough and heart enough to shake hands with the

rough, bronzed-faced boy, and ask him to come again; in which decent little act he did more for Methodism and for the neglected men of the sea and for the world than if he had that morning gathered in a dozen gray-headed millionaires. For the sailor-boy came again, and "was converted," Robert Collyer says, "in the good old Methodist way of knowing you are converted." Unitarian ministers like Bartol, and laymen like Amos Binney and Governor Andrew, helped Father Taylor much in financial support of the Seamen's Bethel; but when a Unitarian preacher said something sour about Methodist ministers, Father Taylor rose on him in majestic wrath and defied the Unitarians to match them in power with God and with men, when set with the Bible in their hands and before them a wilderness of human souls to save. More than once he told the Unitarians, so Collyer says, that they might as well try to heat a furnace with snowballs as to save souls in the way they went about it. One morning Jenny Lind went to hear Father Taylor. The Bethel was crowded up to the pulpit floor. He paid a tribute to the gentle and devout Swedish woman whom he called "the sweetest singer that ever alighted on our shores," and commended her modesty and charity. When he finished his spontaneous and honest little eulogy, a tall, grim-looking stranger sitting on the pulpit steps arose and asked the preacher whether a person who died at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Father Taylor glared at him and replied: "A good man will go to heaven, sir, die where he may; and a fool will be a fool, though he sits on my pulpit stairs." Once after listening to a stern, gloomy sermon he said: "That man preaches as if he had killed somebody." A rough sailor once said to Father Taylor: "You seems to be a good old chap as knows what's what; and I'll tell you what I likes in your preachin'. When a man is a preachin' at me, I wants him to take sommat hot out o' his heart and shove it into mine. That's what I calls preachin'." One Sunday when a broadcloth gentleman appeared at one of the Bethel meetings, and with an air of condescension told Father Taylor's sailor boys how grateful they ought to be to the Boston merchants who built and sustained the Bethel for them, the old sailor-preacher said: "Now if there's another old sinner from up town who wants to talk, this is the chance before we go on with the meeting." He permitted nobody to patronize his "boys." When one of the sailors got up, and told of his good opinion of himself before conversion, saying, "The devil told me I was good enough, but I heaved him overboard stock and fluke," he was delighted with the figure of speech, and cried: "Well done, Jack; that's salvation set to music." When another said, "Faith is sunthin like tinder; shut it up and it will go out, but give it vent and it will burn," Father Taylor responded, "Well done, Peter; the bishop of England couldn't have said it better." When a Portuguese sailor rose in a fervent meeting and shouted with much feeling, "If a man tell me I don't love my Jesus, I hit dat man 'tween da eyes," Father Taylor did not rebuke him, but sat shaking with silent laughter. When he heard a minister teaching that the non-elect cannot be saved, no matter what they do, he said: "If that be true, then inviting men to repent is like inviting a lot of gravestones home to dinner."

John Calvin the Organizer of Reformed Protestantism, 1509-1564. By WILLISTON WALKER, Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Pp. vviii, 456, New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Son's, 1906. Price, $1.35, net. [Heroes of the Reformation.]

For about forty years no important life of Calvin has appeared in English. This is hardly creditable to our Presbyterian brethren, who largely derive from him their life and breath. What would be thought of such an ignoring of Wesley by Methodists! And Calvin was a man of world-historical significance if there ever was one. After Luther he achieved the greatest work of any man of the sixteenth century, and that work still stands and will praise him in the gates, we trust, for centuries to come. In the meantime many important lives of Calvin, and dissertations on various aspects of his life and teaching, have appeared in French and German. It is singular that one of the best of these was written by a Roman Catholic layman, a professor of history in the philosophical faculty in Bonn, who, however, was so disgusted with the Vatican Council of 1869-70 that he became an Old Catholic. It is a pity that this by Kampschulte was not the life of Calvin translated for English Catholics instead of the inflammatory and false life of Audin, on which so many English and American Roman Catholics have fed since its translation in 1843. However, we have at length by the successor of Professor Fisher in Yale a Life of Calvin which will remain the standard for English-speaking readers for the next fifty years. It is impartial, well written, and well proportioned, founded on several years' careful study of Calvin's works and of the large French and German literature of the last half century, represents the very latest results, and it can be cordially commended as a thoroughly adequate and competent piece of work. We have read it through from beginning to end with hearty appreciation of the scholarlike diligence with which the author has left no stone unturned in his search for information, and with which he has read opposing opinions in order to reach a just judgment. Professor Walker writes neither as the apologist nor accuser of Calvin, but as a fair, sympathetic, but just student of him and of his time. His bibliographical note (pp. xi—xviii) was not intended to be exhaustive, or he might have mentioned the Bridgeport minister Waterman's Life, with selection of letters, Boston, 1813; the American Edition of Sibson in translation of Beza: Life, Philadelphia, 1836; the brilliant essay by Guizot; the learned fragment by the veteran historian McCrie, *The Early Years of John Calvin*, 1509-36, edited by Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1880; nor did we notice any regard paid to other Calviniana on our Calvin shelf, namely, Lobstein, *Die Ethik Calvins*, Strassburg, 1877, and Scheibe, *Calvins Prädestenationlehre*, Halle, 1897. The notable articles by Professor B. B. Warfield on the history of the Institutes in the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review* should at least have found mention in a footnote. Professor Samuel Macully Jackson has greatly enriched Christian literature in planning this series of noble biographies. Brethren in the ministry, read the lives of the great Protestant leaders, and preach a series of sermons on what they did and what they stood for!

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1907

ART. I.—NATURAL VS. SUPERNATURAL

WE all remember days when we walked forth with a light step and a glad heart to commune with nature. The fresh air of the morning fanned our cheeks, the fruitful valley stretched out beyond the range of our vision, the river winding down through field and forest, dispensed blessings on every hand, generous fruits and gorgeous flowers proclaimed the provision made for man, the height of the mountain beckoned to the adventurous foot, the glorious sunshine was like a robe of brightness flung over the fascinating picture, the groves rang with the music of birds and the sweeter music of the voices of children. Even while we looked a light shadow flitted over the fair face of nature. It came and went in a moment. It touched the mountainside, it deepened the green of the foliage and the darkness of the pool in the forest, it tempered the golden sunshine for a moment, and then the same picture in its bright colors lay again before us. But what did the shadow mean? To what did it owe its origin? What was its purpose and mission at this particular moment? Did it whisper one of the secrets of nature? Did it say there can be no shadow without the concurrence of sunshine and cloud? Was the shadow a voice out of the depths of nature to break the monotony and suggest sullenness, and stormy moods, and tempests that come—no one knows from whence, and go—no one knows whither? This little hint that nature supplies is taken up and elaborated in human experience. If you ever engaged in an earnest conversation with your fellow man on any subject involving the deepest

needs and calling forth the most impassioned utterances, why, then you know that as the conversation drifted away from commonplace sayings, and you got farther away from the mysterious shore bordered by what we call actual knowledge and began to speculate about what lies beyond the horizon, the voice of your fellow grew lower and his countenance took on an appearance unearthly, for in that moment he expressed a hope, or a doubt, or a fear, that came from the great deep of his soul, and you felt awed and hushed by the intensity of feeling or the bitterness of the grief. There is a great deal that is on the surface in conversation and in books, but in every character and in every book that would escape the fate of being ephemeral and evanescent there must be some soul utterances. People will find out in spite of you that there is a difference between gewgaws and gold. There is no cry so pathetic as the cry of the soul after God. There is a conception of Deity that is fraught with doubt, anxiety, bewilderment. It says that God is immanent in his world: he is associated with all forms of vegetable and animal life, he is in some mysterious manner identified with all forms of activity and all conditions of repose, he is in the gleam of the lightning, the swing of the storm and the shimmer of the sunshine, in the heat of the summer and the cold of winter; in the healthful breezes of the mountain, the malaria of the jungle and the simoom of the desert; in the firmness of the earth and the troubled surface of the great deep; in the grain of sand and the towering mountain; in the drop of water and the rushing river; in the flower that fades in a day and the tree that took fifteen hundred years to reach maturity; in the tumult of an individual life and the convulsion that rocks a whole nation; in everything, from the most insignificant matter to the profoundest mystery, God is immanent; but, as between matter and mind, you cannot tell where one stops and the other begins. Now, however comforting such a notion may at first seem, it will be found on closer analysis that it is altogether unsatisfactory, for it omits all reference to a personal revelation of God to man. Then there is a conception of Deity which spurns such an interpretation as the foregoing. It arraigns the notion as low and unworthy; it is a caricature of greatness; it is groveling and sensuous; it suggests

no lofty ideal toward which the candidate for immortality is to struggle as for an invisible prize. The true conception of Deity is that he is transcendent. He made the worlds that rolled out from his plastic touch into space—planet, comet, star-dust, and solar system; the sea in its immensity, the over-arching sky in its sublimity, the all-pervading atmosphere, the mysterious spirit of the seasons—he made all that; but he is above it, and beyond it. It must work out its own destiny in obedience to occult and inflexible laws. God is too great, and too high, to stoop to the little details of individual lives or the greater interests of a whole nation. God transcendent is the only possible solution of this profound mystery. To those who are satisfied with such interpretation of Deity I can only say that it does not take much to satisfy them. But for ordinary, everyday conflict in the real scenes of our human life the one theory is too low and the other too high. In neither is there any definite revelation to man. There is no voice that speaks to his troubled soul and proclaims the one great reality for which he is groping about in the dark—the sublime fact of the Fatherhood of God.

It is almost impossible to adequately estimate the power of unseen influences. A stone flung from your hand with all the force you can summon may be projected high into the air, but you very well know that there is a subtle and inflexible law that will bring it back to the earth. In some sense more or less clearly understood that law asserts itself in all the movements of the bodies that revolve in space with such wonderful exactness and harmony. It is incorporated as an element into the poetical language that speaks to us about the "music of the spheres." It envelops all physical appearances even as the raiment covers the body; it is even more closely identified with all material phenomena. We speak familiarly and confidently about the law of growth; about the spirit that underlies the operations of germination, development, maturity. We look abroad upon the earth and it seems as though nature were asleep, or dead; there is withered vegetation, there are bare fields, desolate forests, signs of death everywhere; but lo! the springtime comes, and the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and the fields become green, and the forest teems with life, and there

is sunshine, and warmth, and vitality everywhere. We say the earth has had a resurrection. The time for the recuperation of spent forces is past, and now we have prodigality of production that delights the eye and thrills the ear with music and fills the hands that were empty. The earth has felt the mystic touch of a myriad-fingered genius that has wrought greater wonders than the wand of a magician. And yet how little do we know about that spirit of the seasons which has caused such a transformation! Who ever saw her? who ever heard her voice? who ever heard her soft tread? who ever felt the touch of her deft fingers? We live in the very midst of the most startling transitions, and witness the most opulent wealth of gratuitous disbursement, without being able to entertain the mysterious guest that ministers to our comfort and enjoyment of life. I do not think we are to consider ourselves usurpers or transgressors because we enter the realm of the unseen. There is a fascination in the study which is an integral part of all thought-manifestation. The relation of the present to the future, the relation of mind to matter, the relation of man to his destiny are themes that can never be devoid of interest so long as humanity is constituted as it now is. Curiosity is a necessary element in every normal life. It is in an important sense the key to undiscovered territories. It begins to assert itself very early. It is one of the dominant traits of childhood. Whatever is marked by mystery constitutes a legitimate challenge to the child. He wonders why a certain room in the house is always locked; he wonders what there is behind the curtain; he wonders why he cannot walk on the flower-beds as freely as upon the graveled pathway; he wonders why boys cannot have the freedom of field and forest rather than to be shut up within four walls to learn by slow, tedious, irksome processes the hard, fundamental principles of what is called an education. Now, would you repress, and strike down, and strangle the curiosity and the impatience and the restlessness, and sometimes the petulance and unreasonableness of the boy? Would you with one imperious word or gesture sweep away the interrogation points with which his whole being bristles? No more than you would strangle the boy himself. All that prying curiosity is a necessary condition to his unfolding and

development. It is only when curiosity assumes an unwholesome, abnormal importance that it must be held in check or diverted into newer and safer channels. It must never be eliminated from the personality. That is why the eye is ever looking for a rift in the cloud or for a widening of the line of the horizon; that is why the hand is ever reaching out into the shadowy future and frequently returns empty; that is why the eager footstep is ever perilously near the crumbling edges of the undiscovered, the unknown but not the unknowable. The teacher, whether he be employed for a stipulated sum to be paid at the end of the month in the currency of the realm, or whether he be that other teacher whom we call experience, and who collects his revenue in the form of cracked shins and bruised bodies and blighted lives and broken hearts, the teacher that can supply the real elements of an education, and can stimulate the zeal and the intelligence and courage and patience and faith and hope of the learner, and can keep him away from the brink of the precipice or can reach him a hand of help when he has fallen over and rolled down to the bottom—that teacher puts all the world under obligation to him. We are all learners. We may finish our course of study at school or college, we may have a thorough academic knowledge of all the curriculum provides, we may have a diploma signed by the president and faculty of the institution, we may even have graduated with honor; but, for all that, we shall be guilty of the most extravagant and unpardonable egotism if we ever say to others—or to ourselves—"My education is complete." There is a university that never ceases to place new text-books into the course of study, that never ceases to add new departments, that is always adding new halls and libraries and observatories, yes, and new dormitories too —ever nearer the stars—for us to rest in when we are weary with our upward, outward, onward course. That university never graduates any of its students. She never gives any of them a diploma, for she couldn't find any suitable material on these shores of time upon which to write his name, and the name of his alma mater, and the names of the faculty. The best and brainiest students in this world are registered within those invisible and ever-expanding walls. And even in the world to come, when all

this magnificent scaffolding and elaborate stage-setting and the gorgeous paraphernalia have been taken down and swept aside, and thrown unceremoniously upon the rubbish heap of the long-past and long-forgotten centuries, even then our students will still be learners. What shall I call that institution? I will call it the University of Progress. The botanist who dissects the flower in order to find out its species and classify it for the convenience of students is in his legitimate domain, but if he insists on tracing the law of growth and the harmonies of color and the charm of fragrance into their secret hiding-places, if he insists on a generalization that shall deal with those subjects with mathematical precision, then he has overstepped the boundary line of his rightful territory and need not be surprised to find that he is baffled and defeated. The geologist who threads his way through subterranean caverns to find out the secrets of that mysterious tomb of the world, who studies the delicate tracery of rootlet and fern leaf on the face of slate and coal, who finds various forms of rock formation whose character, depth, and relation to one another give him some hint of the transition stages through which the world has passed, as if she had had a paroxysm of pain—that man is rendering a valuable service to his fellows; but if he now begins to dogmatize, and asserts that he has found out all the secrets of nature and that all these appearances can be explained by natural phenomena, then he is a thinker still, but not a Christian thinker. The astronomer whose eagle eye sweeps the heavens, and who classifies stars and suns and systems and constellations, and from the long and patient study evolves discoveries and formulated truths that benefit his fellows, deserves honor and reward. If he can calculate the distance of the sun and stars from the earth, if he can compute the exact time when an eclipse of the sun or moon shall occur, if he can estimate the power the sun has over the earth, if he can find out the mystic charm the moon exerts over the waves of the sea—rocking them in invisible arms, flinging them high up on the rocky headland and then causing them to roll in mimic billows along the sandy beach—if our astronomer in his lofty flight can ascertain the speed with which the heavenly bodies move and the speed with which light travels, if he can tell us why the days and nights are

equal at one time of the year and unequal at another, if he can explain the relation of his science to the succession of the seasons, then he has rendered invaluable service to his fellows; and if, after his long and rapid flight through space in search after the mysterious, he now takes his position beside the inspired bard of the Hebrew nation and says, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork," why, then you feel that you are in rare company and rejoice in such fellowship. But if our scientist can explain this marvelous mechanism, whose wide-spreading glories—whose "majestical roof fretted with golden fire" —challenges our admiration every night, without finding any room for a personal, intelligent Creator, then let him go along; for, however bright his mental vision, his soul is dark, chaotic, and forbidding.

Let us look at this anatomist as with scalpel in deft and eager hand he examines the house, now empty, recently occupied by human intelligence and a human soul. It was a vain attempt—that old-time effort to locate the soul of man. The skillful fingers felt their way along the mysterious avenue of bone and muscle and sinew and blood and nerve fiber and brain tissue; they paused long and anxiously at points which an inspired writer designated by the lofty and poetical language, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." But our anatomist cannot find the soul. He cannot trace life to its last hiding place. However alert he may have been, the prison door has opened and the real selfhood has eluded his eager clutch. If he now says, "Because I cannot pursue that fugitive and indefinable essence which for want of a better name we call life, therefore I will conclude that life is the resultant of organization, and that when disintegration asserts itself, life is simply an eliminated factor in the profound problem," then his search after truth has served him but a poor purpose. He may have acquired additional knowledge about the physical organs, or about some modern phase of therapeutics, but he should have conceded one point before he began his investigations—the point that the faculties of the soul are as clearly defined, as sensitive to touch by invisible fingers as

are the organs of the body to external contact. One thing our anatomist must learn—that no scalpel of human construction can pursue to its last hidingplace that which is essential and spiritual in man. There is a class of thinkers in these days who take pride in sneering at the exercise of faith in the unseen. One of those men, in an article published in the North American Review a few years ago on "The Decadence of Theology," speaks about the death of Tennyson, and says that on his deathbed the book he held in his hand was not the Bible, nor the Prayer-book, but a copy of Shakespeare. The physician was there, but the parish priest—no one seemed to know or care where he was. He says science was there to minister to the body and literature to minister to the soul; and he describes the poet making his exit from this world leaning on the arm of another poet and thinks this was an appropriate and sufficient escort. Then he goes on to say that the deadly gases of the carboniferous age of theology have mostly passed away. He gives Renan and Huxley credit for clarifying the atmosphere; and says that no self-respecting theologian will in this age have courage to stand up in the defense of what is known as the historicity of the miracles of the New Testament. The most conspicuous feature in the articles of such writers is their ignorance of the Bible; and yet they assume that with one imperious wave of the hand they have demolished temples and palaces which it required centuries of patient, competent, discriminating toil to erect. Before we part company with this representative magazine writer it would be an interesting thing to know what his estimate might be on one little point that has caused considerable agitation in the minds of believers in the unseen. Let us refer to the circumstances under which Thomas gained his most accurate knowledge of the character of Christ. Yonder in the room in Jerusalem, on the evening of the resurrection, the disciples were assembled with closed doors for fear of the Jews. Into that presence came a form well known to those men for several years past. It stood in their midst and a familiar voice said: "Peace be unto you." The faithful historian says: "And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

But Thomas was not present on that memorable occasion. The historian goes on: "The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Now I fancy our magazine writer comes forward and says: "Well done, Thomas! You are a bold, competent, original thinker; you have the courage of your own independent convictions; you are not going to be gulled and priest-ridden by any such superstitious and unthinkable tales as that; you have seen the relentless grave open and close too often over its victims to believe it will ever give back the spoils it has won. If you had lived in modern times, you would have joined our noble fraternity in the announcement that decadence in theology is an assured fact and that miracles are stories for immature childhood and feeble old age." But I would detain our enterprising and self-sufficient magazine writer a moment until he can get another glimpse of the character he has so lavishly eulogized. One week has passed, and again the disciples are gathered together in that room in Jerusalem. This time Thomas is with them. Again the doors are shut. Again that familiar figure stands in the midst of that little company—and the voice that was full of kindness said: "Peace be unto you." He had a message for all those men; but he had one special message for Thomas. "Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." When the doubter heard that challenge, what did he say? If our modern critic had been there, he would probably have whispered: "Thomas, tell him that unless he explains to you all the properties of a resurrected body, and tells you how that material form got into the room through closed doors and windows, you will not believe." But Thomas has no time, nor disposition, for such farfetched sentiment. With heart well-nigh bursting with penitence and surprise and joy, with every nerve and fiber quivering and trembling with a strange and indefinable ecstasy of emotion, he exclaims: "My Lord and my God!" I disclaim, once for all, any intention to severely criticise Thomas. He was an honest doubter; he had

many noble and generous qualities; but then I do not think he was at his best as a doubter. At all events, the act for which Jesus commended him was not an act of doubt, but of faith. If the demands made by Thomas should be acceded to in every individual case, the very foundations of Christianity would be subverted. Notice how significant are the words of Christ. "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." This surely was the offer of a premium for that act of faith which did not insist on establishing its claim by an appeal to the organs of the human body. It is ever an interesting thing to study God's methods of revealing great truths to his humanity, and it is important for us to remember that, whatever lofty intellectual and spiritual agencies he *might* have employed, he *has* employed men. May we not look a moment at that significant and prominent fact as it stands out in Scripture? What was the essential furnishing and equipment of an Old Testament prophet? Whatever may be the theories, ancient or modern, regarding the question of inspiration, this much is a necessary factor in all our speculation, controversies, and conclusions: God issued a call to the man. It was as clear and distinct a call to service and responsibility as ever belonged to the manifesto of an emperor, or king, or president of a republic. God called his man out from his fellows and clothed him with authority, and pointing out the territory for his operations bade him enter and assert his rights, and the rights of the throne he represented. He talked with him in clear and unmistakable language. He whispered to him the profoundest secrets of the everlasting government. The man might be in lofty political position and have a reputation which in itself made him a public force to reckon with; he might have held a high place in the recognized scholarship of his age, like Moses, who "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds"; or he might employ courtly language, and glowing thought, and splendid imagery, like Isaiah; or he might deal with dark symbolism and tragical terminology, like Ezekiel; or he might be a philosopher, like Solomon; or a poet, like David; or he might be an obscure character—a plowman, a vine-dresser, a herdsman—it mattered

not what his former condition of prominence or obscurity, he was God's man; God's messenger to the individual, the family, the nation, the world. God gave him the preparation for his supreme and superb task. He led him up and out to great promontories of the thought-realm. He made him oblivious, for the time, to the material world that spread its vast acreage all about him, and though his feet were yet in the dust of the earth his head was above the stars. The political and ecclesiastical history and destiny of the nation were unrolled before him like a vast and magnificent panorama. God's prophets were the watchmen on the walls in that great frontier of human history and destiny. He had beckoned them away from the ordinary pursuits of life. He had repressed the human ambitions that might have flowered out into patriotism, or literature, or art, and developed a growth of moral character and heroism whose fiber and stamina were in marked contrast to the easy-going virtue of the times. He had taken those men away from the pageantry of the world and revealed to them the surpassing splendor and triumph of a chivalry that should endure when all that vast stage which now trembled to the tread of conquerors' feet was silent, and the curtains were down, and darkness, desolation, destruction were over all. He took those men into his confidence and revealed to them the ultimate outcome of great political and military campaigns, and showed them the mailed warrior as he marshaled his redoubtable forces and galloped across the field of battle; he showed them dynasties appearing and disappearing above the horizon, and in the midst of consternation and alarm, when human genius and prowess were at their wits' end, he introduced again and again the one Character who was the hope of the Jewish nation, and of the world. And from that mysterious presence of the Almighty the prophet came out the most potent factor in the intelligence and activity of his times. His simple word meant more than the official mandate of a king, and his walking-stick, as he strode barefoot along the public highway, was more efficacious in the summoning of invisible and irresistible forces than the scepter of royalty.

So long as human nature is constituted as it now is the spectacular, the weird, the tragical can never be without fascination.

Who shall say it was not of set purpose that the vision of the prophet of the Old Testament led him into the territory of mystery? He stands in the midst of a vast charnel-house where in other days there surged a great tide of human life. It is not an individual or a family or a neighborhood but a nation whose bleached and moldering bones are scattered far and wide all round about him. Now there is something absolutely repulsive about a skeleton. You see one in a window now and then. You came upon it without knowing it. You would have looked another way if you had known it was there. You go down the street with a great many unwelcome suggestions obtruding themselves upon your mind. The greatest of all dramatists makes one of his characters watch a grave-maker as he digs up human bones. He represents him as taking up a skull, and saying, "Alas, poor Yorick—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own jeering? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh at that." Weird and tragical as it may appear, the address of the living to the dead is incorporated, in some form or other, with all human experiences. While the prophet is looking at this picture of desolation and death and abandonment to the laws of decay, and the question of the Almighty is still sounding in his ears, "Son of man, can these bones live?" does anyone suppose for a moment that the prophet's faith in God was no target for the skepticism of the times? If men talked then as they do now, we can readily imagine the approach of a representative of the liberal opinions of the times who should try to help the perplexed man out of his dilemma by saying: "Ezekiel, the thought of a physical reconstruction after such disaster and disintegration is too severe a tax on human credulity; there are well-authenticated chemical facts all about us which imperatively forbid such a thing. I can resolve any part of

a human body into its constituent elements and tell by an absolute analysis what the body is composed of; and after the elements employed in its construction have been incorporated again with their native aggregation of particles what a violent infraction of all known law it would be to promote their segregation for any purpose whatever." Now, that there were people in the days of the prophet who thought and talked after this fashion, I have no doubt. Certain it is that in these days there are many people to whom the idea of the resurrection of the body is an unthinkable and impossible thing. But the body of Christ that died is the body that rose again from the grave. The Roman soldiers guarded the outside of the sealed sepulcher, and the angels of God guarded the inside. The Saviour gave his disciples the most unmistakable proofs of his identity. He said to the timid, frightened men: "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." We are left in no doubt concerning the relation of Christ to other human bodies in the doctrine of the resurrection. We read that he became "the firstfruits of them that slept." What was the central thought suggested by the firstfruit? Evidently that it was a fair sample of the grain in the whole field. The body that died is clearly compared with the body that shall be raised from the dead in order to show that this resurrected body is constructed upon principles, and in obedience to laws, by which God is going to govern that world that is to be as contradistinguished from the world that now is. But the skeptic comes forward, and insists on being heard, and says: "What are you going to do with the arguments I advance against the doctrine of the resurrection?" My simple answer is that I am not going to do anything with them. He may keep them for himself if they comfort him. He may bequeath them to his children if he thinks they will constitute a satisfactory inheritance. He may publish them to his fellow men if he thinks they will enrich and elevate society. He may have them elegantly engrossed and placed under lock and key to be produced at some future time as a great curiosity of skepticism. For aught I care, they may be relegated to the empty tomb from

which the Son of God came forth leading "captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." There is no use in our trying to measure the sea with our little bucket or the sky with our twelve-inch rule; and so there is no use in our saying that, because chemical analysis brings us in contact with some insuperable difficulty, therefore God, in the final adjudication of the great forces in his material world, must fail in the demonstration of principles which seem contradictory to us. The declamation against the supernatural is as cheap as it is common.

It is astonishing, and it would be amusing if it were not so serious, to listen to the confident and oracular utterances of a class of thinkers who, after all, do not know exactly what they believe, or whether they believe anything. They deal in negations. They say: "We do not believe in the supernatural; we think that belongs to the dark ages; it should long ago have been relegated to the realm of superstition and fable; it dwarfs and degrades the best specimens of original thought; it is superficial and chimerical; it is the survival, in some form, of legend and mythology; in the light of science and investigation it is high time the whole system were discarded and proscribed. That is the ever-recurring, dismal refrain of the people whose constant and uncompromising effort is to eliminate the supernatural from the Bible. In answer to this I may only say that, when you have succeeded in explaining away to your own satisfaction the supernatural element from the Bible, then its chief charm, and its chief value too, will be gone; and you can place it upon the same shelf in your libraries with works on history and fiction and literature and biography and poetry. The Bible was not written to teach science. The moment you classify it with books on science its supreme authority over the human heart and conduct will be gone. But it is safe to say that nothing taught in the Bible has been disproven by science. Science has shifted like the sands of the sea, in all the centuries, but the truths of God registered in the Bible have been permanent as the rock-ribbed mountain. No one can study nature without becoming aware that every now and then he reaches a spot where a chasm deep and wide yawns beneath him; overhanging mountains which no human foot can climb

tower above him; impenetrable forests and impassable rivers mock his best efforts; the ocean and its mysterious counterpart the desert are clearly outlined in this illimitable territory. Will anyone deny that these facts obtain in the world of thought and soul less vividly than they do in the world of sense and sound? The fact to be emphasized is that our excursions through this mysterious region are marked by clearly defined voices that speak across the chasm, and down from the mountain, and over the waves of the ocean and the sands of the desert. It is God struggling to reveal himself to human thought and comprehension through methods that are necessarily mysterious and inexplicable. I do not give way before the superior claim of the skeptic who laughs at the humble child of God who confidently asserts that he has heard those voices speaking to the great deep of his soul. I will not be stared out of countenance or laughed out of court by those who claim that you cannot know a thing unless it is capable of mathematical demonstration. The briefest and most senseless creed that was ever formulated reads: "I will believe nothing I cannot understand." The appeal to the eye and the ear is by many contended to be the final test of accuracy. This is their claim: "You must believe what you see and hear." Not by any manner of means. The hand of the magician is quicker than your eye, and the ventriloquist will locate sounds of human voices in a room that is absolutely empty. You must believe what is true whether you understand it or not. Saint Paul distinctly repudiates the eye and the ear as the properly constituted media for the revelation of the greatest truths to the soul of man. It is not the supernatural that we need to be afraid of. It is the hypercritical; it is the skeptical; it is the suspicion of, and undermining of, the supernatural by methods which ignore or explain away the construction that would be reasonably put upon the narrative and miracle of the Scriptures by any person of ordinary attainment. It is safe to say that no system of religion can long survive which repudiates the supernatural. There is a story told about Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, who devoted much time and thought to the invention of a new religion to which he gave the rather high-sounding title, "Theophilanthropy." But it was not

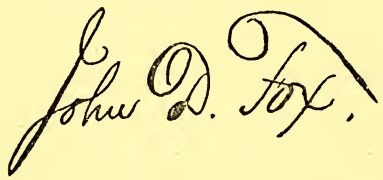
popular. Indeed, it was so much a failure that he one day complained to Talleyrand about his poor success. That distinguished statesman and diplomatist, originally educated for the priesthood, heard him through, and remarked: "I am not surprised at the difficulties you find in your effort. It is no easy thing to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you may succeed better." The disappointed man was eager to know. So Talleyrand continued: "Go and have yourself crucified, then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles—raising the dead, healing all manner of diseases and casting out devils—and then it is possible you might accomplish your end." In the solution of the profoundest problems the badge of the supernatural is still the only guaranty of escape from contempt and oblivion. If anyone should at this point assert that ordinary intelligence cannot form proper conceptions of truth and duty, as suggested by the Scriptures, then you must also conclude that in so far the Book has been written in vain. The utterances of neither Jesus or Paul would bear out such a theory. The great trouble with many modern thinkers is that they pay themselves gratuitous compliments of scholarship, and assume, if they do not declare, that the kingdom of heaven lies along that road. Far be it from me to disparage scholarship. I do not think there is any immediate danger of acquiring too much reliable information on any subject. But then I cannot forget that the greatest of apostles made the distinct statement that "the world by wisdom knew not God." And it is fair to assume that, if human genius and scholarship in any age of the world could have achieved that superb feat, it was in the age in which Paul lived. The constant and imperious demand of a great class of thinkers is to submit every great problem to the final arbitrament of human reason. Would it not be well for us to remember that there were mysteries that Jesus never tried to explain to his most astute hearers? He said to Nicodemus: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." The reference to a great force in nature suggested a greater force in the realm of the moral and spiritual. He who

should deny the existence of great storm centers because he could not identify them with a territory defined by the arts of the surveyor, and should deny the existence of the wind that swept with a velocity that carried destruction in its track because he could not see the wind, would astonish us, not indeed with his sagacity, but his stupidity. The difficulty in the explanation of a miracle is that when you have satisfactorily explained all its mysterious features you have made it an ordinary, commonplace occurrence. We cannot bring the occult laws that govern the material world into close enough range to manipulate them with our clumsy fingers; no more can we comprehend the mysterious laws that underlie spiritual entities, and reduce them to the level of the ordinary affairs of life. If you deal only with the phenomena you can satisfactorily explain to yourself and your fellows, you will be like an owl blinking in the foliage of the forest tree; but if you exercise thought that is put into harmony with the source of all wisdom by means of the connecting link of faith, you will sweep above the forest that is dark, and damp, and solitary, and, like an eagle soaring among the clouds, brushing the lightning with his tireless wing and gazing with eye undimmed upon the sun, you may claim kindred with the skies, and as a child of God feel at home in surroundings which would otherwise be intolerable.

All the world has heard how, over in the tideless waters of the Mediterranean, the polypi build up one little cell after another, and how the price of that curious submarine architecture is the life of the little builders, until after a while, as the result of that ceaseless activity, the coral reef looks out upon the sunny sky. After long exposure to the elements it begins to break up, and soil is formed; and inasmuch as it is in no special hurry to astonish the world it coquets with time and with the hidden sources of fertility and growth; and one day a seed is dropped by a bird of passage, or an ocean current, upon the prepared and waiting soil; and after a while grass grows, and flowers bloom, and palm-branches wave, and birds sing, and children play, and homes are bright, and parents are glad and happy in that island in the sea. It is a marvelous transformation. But someone says: "What if it is all the work of some gifted and high-born

dreamer!" Well, even then you like to hear and read such dreams, and you wish you knew the dreamer, so that you might go to him in some moment of darkness and discouragement and defeat and despair and ask him to build for you an island in the dark realm of your disordered life and people it with stalwart and symmetrical forms of chivalry and fair forms of grace and beauty, and break the ominous silence with songs of love. To establish a connection between a weary and dust-begrimed pilgrim whose face is toward Mount Zion and one of those great spiritual laws which conserve the best interests of society is ever a great achievement. And it is as simple as it is superb.

In the gloaming of a long summer's day a boy sat in the doorway of his humble home. He had his arm outstretched as though he was taking hold of something out of sight. A gentleman passing the house saw the boy in this curious and eager attitude, and asked what he was doing. The boy promptly replied that he was flying his kite. The man looked up and, either ignoring or not seeing the slender string, replied: "I don't see any kite." The boy's brief and satisfactory philosophy expressed itself in the language: "I don't see it either, but I know it's up there, for I feel it pull!" "No man hath seen God at any time." And yet there are devout believers by the multitude, many of whom we know and some of whom we are, who are more absolutely certain of his existence and affection and wisdom and constancy than they are of any earthly values, any material appearances, or any human friendships. And they would no more count God out of their lives because they cannot comprehend him than they would refuse the cup of cold water because they cannot climb the high rocks where the mountain stream has its source.



Art. II.—METHODISM IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL

A series of fortunate events has recently placed Methodism in a better position in the ancient and important city of Edinburgh than it has ever occupied before, and the time seems to be opportune for recalling the whole story of these one hundred and fifty-six years since its founder first set foot in the Scottish capital. The place was never very congenial to him. All his prejudices were pro-Episcopal and anti-Presbyterian; and Edinburgh in a peculiar way was anti-Episcopal and pro-Presbyterian. It must be remembered that Erasmus was born before Edinburgh became the capital of Scotland, and that it was not the seat of a Scottish bishopric. There was no ancient cathedral with dignified associations to impress the populace, who were always turbulent and liberty-loving. John Knox may be termed the first and only bishop of Edinburgh in any national sense. Now, John Wesley disliked and despised John Knox, regarding the Reformation work he accomplished as marked by unnecessary violence and rudeness. On the other hand, he was much attracted by the personality of Knox's adversary, the accomplished and unfortunate Queen Mary, and his diary contains many passages which freely record his preference. Wesley was distinctly Knoxophobe and Maryophile. Even in Wesley's time the treatment of the suffering remnant of Episcopacy in Scotland was harsh and discourteous, Episcopal services were forbidden in public, and the clergy were harassed and frequently mobbed. The communion service as observed in an Episcopal chapel was regarded by strict Presbyterians as semi-Popish, and as such was frowned upon. It was only as private chaplains to members of the nobility or gentry that Episcopal clergymen were free from boycotting and persecution in the discharge of their functions; especially in Edinburgh. Wesley was prudent enough to get such a chaplaincy.

It was in the year 1751, five years after the battle of Culloden was fought, that John Wesley first crossed the Scottish border. He entered by way of Berwick, on the east coast, and made directly for Edinburgh, in the outskirts of which the famous

battle of Prestonpans was fought on September 21, 1745. He was accompanied by an English officer, Captain Gallatin, and both of them were interested in visiting the spot where the gallant Colonel Gardiner had fallen six years before. The life of this saintly man had been written by Philip Doddridge, of Northampton, Wesley's good friend. The two travelers went over the field, which is situated a short way in from the sea, on rising ground. Down this slope Prince Charlie and his Highlanders had swept like an avalanche on that misty morning in September, 1745. Wesley and Gallatin were taken to Colonel Gardiner's house. "The Scotch here affirm," says the diary, "that he fought on foot after he was dismounted, and refused to take quarter. Be that as it may, he is now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'" Gardiner was related by marriage to the Buchan family, whose patronymic is Erskine, a gifted race. Wesley was to receive many favors from them, and to become private chaplain to the Countess of Buchan. He was not destined to find the Prestonpans people congenial. Visiting the place fifteen years later, when the Society had established itself in the town and hired a room for devotional purposes, he went to this room and "had it all to myself; neither man, woman, nor child offered to look me in the face: so I ordered a chair to be placed in the street. Then forty or fifty crept together; but they were mere stocks and stones, no more concerned than if I had talked Greek. In the evening I preached in the new room at Edinburgh, a large and commodious building." Two days later—it was the month of May—he "spent some hours at the meeting of the National Church Assembly. I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the solemnity of this meeting. I have seen few less solemn: I was extremely shocked at the behavior of many of the members. Had any preacher behaved so at our Conference, he would have had no more place among us."

Wesley's first impressions of Edinburgh were not favorable. He was intensely fond of cleanliness and cleanly habits, and the people of the Scottish capital were not the precisians in this matter; they did not believe, with him, that cleanliness was next to

godliness. Rather were they of the Highland woman's opinion: "The clartier [dirtier] the cozier." Cities in the eighteenth century, with the exception of cities in Holland, were mostly filthy, and Edinburgh was worse than the average. As the passer-by walked down the High Street or the Canongate he had ever to be on the watch for the cry of "gardyloo!" (garde-à-l'eau—look out for the water!) or the contents of a pail of slops might fall on his head. Several years before this time Whitefield had visited the west coast of Scotland and had taken part in the celebrated Kirkintilloch revival movement which stirred the country round Glasgow to its depths. Whitefield's florid style was appreciated by the Scottish people, who love oratory and can appreciate it. Moreover, Whitefield was a Calvinist, and the form of doctrine he expounded, retaining all the catch phrases, was congenial to the Scottish amateur theologian. Wesley, on the other hand, while quite willing to work along with Calvinists, rejected doctrinal Calvinism in a decisive way and his style of preaching was matter-of-fact and often colloquial. Inasmuch as it lacked the charm of sonorous eloquence and of congenial doctrinal phrases it failed either to fascinate or to warm the Scottish hearer. Whitefield expected little from Wesley's visit to the Scottish capital. "You have no business in Scotland," he wrote; "for your principles are so well known that if you spoke like an angel, none would hear you; and if they did, you would have nothing to do but to dispute with one and another from morning to night." To which Wesley responded: "If God sends me, people will hear. And I will give them no provocation to dispute; for I will studiously avoid all controverted points, and keep to the fundamental truths of Christianity. And if any shall begin to dispute, they may, but I will not dispute with them." His experiences were not of a nature to falsify friend George's predictions. "You may as well preach to the stones," he remarked on one occasion to his brother, "as to the Scots. They *hear* everything but *feel* nothing." They refused to be played upon emotionally by any of his most telling methods; it was a case of constitutional lack of sympathy. The fact is, that Wesley's direct, unvarnished, cut-and-thrust manner of preaching had never been unknown in Scotland; and the truths which, when

stated boldly, were fresh to English hearers, and stirred them deeply as they came from Wesley's lips, were familiar to Scottish ears. Scottish audiences were always perfectly respectful to him. Only on one occasion was any insult offered; and that was in Aberdeen—once an Episcopalian center—where he had begun to preach on the High Street one Sunday afternoon and a few toughs attempted to break up the meeting. A potato struck Wesley on the arm—a very mild assault when compared with the fierce onslaughts he experienced around Newcastle and in the English midlands.

Wesley, however, obtained a foothold in Edinburgh through the good will of two excellent Christian women. One was Lady Maxwell, who, left a widow and childless when not yet twenty, devoted the rest of her life to good works. She founded a school at Edinburgh in the year 1770, six years after her first meeting with Wesley, and depended on his advice and aid for its organization and regulation. Soon after their first meeting she became a member of the Wesleyan Society, in which she remained until her death, in the year 1810, at a ripe age. All the time she kept up her membership in the Church of Scotland. Her Edinburgh home was at Coates, on the northwest side of the Castle, close to the present location of the Caledonian Railway terminus. Her church was Saint Cuthbert's, lying under the shadow of the Castle, where Dr. James MacGregor preaches today to large audiences. Wesley in his diary tells of his attending the church along with his hostess, Lady Maxwell, and of his taking part in the Scottish communion service, which was not to his liking. The old church was recently renovated and enlarged, its quaint steeple being retained.

When first Wesley visited Edinburgh the New Town, on the north, and Princes Street were not yet in existence. He planted his mission work on the Calton Hill, now at the east end of Princes Street, and had consequently to traverse a mile of country road from Coates, which lies at the west end of the thoroughfare. What a change has come over the locality! On his right hand, as he rode along in the early morning—his hostess for thirty-two years attended gospel preaching at five in the morning—lay the North Loch, a sheet of water now drained and converted into

ornate parks. The country road is now one of the handsomest and busiest thoroughfares in the whole world. Its first building was put up when the Calton Hill Methodist Society was still in its infancy. On the hill above the huge Waverley terminus of the North British Railway—the largest of its kind in the British Isles —the Edinburgh friends of John Wesley secured a quaint little building, known as the Saut Backet, or Saltcellar, from its box-like appearance. This they rented, for Sunday services, to dissenting Presbyterians, who later founded several large and flourishing congregations in the New Town. In one of these churches Dr. John Brown, author of the immoral Rab and his Friends, grew up to manhood as the minister's son. The Saut Backet served as a meeting place for fifteen years, when it gave place to another hall in the same locality described as "a dirty, damp, dangerous hole, holding six hundred people." This hall was sold in 1815 to the bridge commissioners when the North Bridge was constructed. The construction fifty years later of the handsome Edinburgh Post Office has changed the whole appearance of the district. Another "elect lady" who aided Wesley in his work was Lady Glenorchy, who opened a chapel for gospel work near the Grassmarket. Wesley secured a clergyman from Ireland, the Rev. Richard de Courcy, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, for its ministrations, but in the fierce Calvinist-Arminian controversy which was then raging de Courcy took the Calvinist side, and Wesley's preachers were shut out. Through all this trouble Lady Maxwell remained his steadfast friend. Lady Glenorchy, a short time after her desertion of Wesley's cause, fell ill and died, leaving her friend Lady Maxwell as sole executrix and manager of her schools and chapel.

Wesley came to hold the people of Edinburgh in high esteem. Three years before his death he remarks of them in his diary: "I still find a frankness and openness in the people of Edinburgh which I find in few other parts of the kingdom. I spent two days among them with much satisfaction." He and they had a common foothold in reverence for the Bible, and their differences were minor and unessential. In an entry to be found in his diary, dated Dundee, June 5, 1766, he sums things up thus: "My ground is the Bible. Yea, I am a Bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both

great and small. Therefore (1) I always use a short, private prayer, when I attend the public service of God. Do not you [Scotchmen]? Why do you not? Is not this according to the Bible? (2) I stand, whenever I sing the praise of God in public. Does not the Bible give you plain precedent for this? (3) I always kneel before the Lord my Maker, when I pray in public. (4) I generally in public use the Lord's Prayer, because Christ has taught me when I pray to say—:" Practically, on all the points of difference, doctrinal and ceremonial, the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have come close to Wesley's position. Only two years ago, by a decision of the English Lord Chancellor Halsbury, the largest Presbyterian body in Scotland, formed by a union of two powerful churches, lost most of its property because it had—so to speak—compounded with Arminianism.

During most of the nineteenth century Edinburgh Methodism kept on the quiet tenor of its way, being steadily recruited from northern England. It failed, however, to make itself felt as a power, as an intellectual and religious influence; the chapels were English offshoots. But in the year 1888 there came to the city an Englishman, the Rev. George Jackson, then in his twenty-fifth year, to be pastor of the Nicholson Square Church, which is close to the University. "His eighteen years' magnificent service in Edinburgh," says a journal of standing, The Scottish Review and Christian Leader, "has begotten an intellectual respect for Methodism and shattered our Presbyterian self-complacency. Mr. Jackson has broken down the middle wall of partition, and Presbyterian and Methodist have learned to understand and to think well of each other." Mr. Jackson's aim when he arrived in Edinburgh was to move out from the more scholastic environments of Nicholson Square, associated with routine work, and do something for the city at large and its struggling masses. He conceived the plan of founding another congregation which, to use his own words, "should do for the Methodists on the west side of the city what already Nicholson Square Church was doing on the east side." Accordingly he launched "The West End Mission." Its first home was not far from Coates Place, associated with Lady Maxwell. In Shandwick Place there was a second-class entertain-

ment hall known as Albert Hall, and this was rented for Sundays. After two years the work had so grown that its supporters felt justified in moving to the Synod Hall in Castle Terrace, a hall capable of seating about two thousand persons. It is interesting to recall the fact that this great structure was originally built for theatrical purposes; but the Edinburgh people did not take to the grand theater and it was readjusted to church ends, being made the headquarters of United Presbyterian work in the capital. Soon the hall was filled to its full capacity by audiences largely composed of young men who were attracted by the speaker's fresh and forcible manner of treating gospel truth, and many of them proved valuable and loyal assistants to him in his further efforts to evangelize the masses. A men's meeting was organized, which aimed at creating an interest in social and religious questions among workingmen who were not in the habit of attending any church. These gatherings were held on Sunday afternoons, and prominent men from different parts of the country were invited to speak. Not only were new converts numerous, but many who were drifting into infidelity were influenced for good and brought back into the Christian communion.

Another movement was the "Temperance Public House," which furnished counter attractions to public houses (or saloons) of the city. A few years later work began further north, at Stockbridge, in a poor neighborhood; and before long a flourishing Sunday school, and all the equipment of an active church, were in full activity. A place of amusement known as Albion Hall had been rented for the work, but this was bought and rebuilt, and the new premises are modern and excellent. By the close of the year 1901 the parent institution was also in permanent quarters. The site chosen was south of Castle Terrace, and directly west of the University, at Tolcross. In addition to a spacious large hall, one of the best auditoriums in Edinburgh, there is a smaller hall for lectures and like purposes, and about a dozen classrooms. The whole structure cost over a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Jackson's work has given Methodism a dignified place in the life of Edinburgh which must be gratifying to all lovers of the cause. The great pulpit orator of the city, Dr. Alexander Whyte, has for

several years been lecturing on noted religious thinkers and leaders of religious movements. He devoted one winter to William Law, and another to John Henry Newman; and just at the time the Wesleyan Mission Hall was completed he chose John Wesley as his theme. These lectures presented a new and better estimate of the great leader to the thinking people of Edinburgh. Dr. Whyte has been friendly and sympathetic throughout, and has aided Mr. Jackson in every available way. His own church, Free Saint George's, stands in Shandwick Place, where the mission work was first started. Mr. Jackson is now on this side of the Atlantic, engaged in similar work in the city of Toronto in Canada. His successor will have no light work in carrying on the enterprises that have been launched so nobly in the city of John Knox.

Art. III.—AN ESTIMATE OF SIDNEY LANIER

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. Of Huguenot and English ancestry, he inherited some of the sterling qualities that are found in such sturdy stock, exhibiting withal a distinct individuality as a man and an author. Graduating at eighteen years of age with the first honors of his class at Oglethorpe College, Georgia, he remained a while as tutor in the college of which he had been a student, the opening of the Civil War in 1861 calling him to the field in actual military service. Acquitting himself with honor as a soldier he experienced all the privations and hardships then incident to the Southern soldiery, having been a prisoner for months at Fort Lookout and there revealing undoubted symptoms of that fatal disease which so soon was to terminate his promising life. From the close of the war, in 1865, to his death, 1881, he fought a brave and losing fight with disease, the marvel being that he did what he did as an author in the scattered intervals of freedom from suffering. A clerk in Montgomery, Alabama, the principal of an academy in Prattsville, Alabama, studying and practicing law at Macon, he made his home at length, in 1873, in Baltimore, devoting what little strength he possessed to his music and literary work, pressed as he was by the immediate pecuniary needs of himself and family. His appointment in 1879 as Lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University gave him unfeigned delight, and seemed for a time at least to renew his rapidly declining health. Immersing himself in the study of Old English and Elizabethan English, writing verse and prose, and lecturing at the University and in the city, waning strength made it at length necessary for him to remit all literary labors, so that, in May, 1881, as a last resort, he journeyed to the mountains of North Carolina, dying at forty years of age, when life seemed more desirable than ever, and when he stood at the border-line of the realization of the fondest ideals of his heart. The most casual survey of the life of Lanier thus reveals two characteristics of undoubted prominence.

The first is that he was, out and out, a Southern poet. A

Georgian by birth, and a soldier on the Confederate side in the Civil War, his patriotism in this specific, sectional sense was a passion and a religion with him, expressing itself in all the deeper undercurrents of his life as well as in their outward and more practical forms. Especially in his poetry he was a representative Southerner, fittingly included by Professor Baskerville, his biographer, in The Southern Writers Series; a national and yet a local author, exhibiting the *Zeit-Geist,* the time-spirit, and the *Staat-Geist,* the place-spirit. This he does in "The Song of The Chattahoochee," "Tampa Robins," "A Florida Sunday," "On a Palmetto," "The Palm and The Pine," and similar poems. His residence and work in Baltimore, midway between the North and South, happily saved him from the narrowness of sectionalism on the one hand, while making it also easy for him to turn his eye southward to the fond associations of his youth. It was, however, as an American rather than as a Southerner that he penned his Centennial Cantata, "From this Hundred-Terraced Height." A second and more valuable feature of his personality is the sensitiveness of his organization, physical, mental, and spiritual. Indeed, the term "spiritual" may be applied to the sum total of his being, as applicable, in a sense, as to Keats and Stevenson and Shelley; so delicately constructed in the fiber and tissue of his nature and so responsive to every psychic influence that he enjoyed and suffered as few others have done. Lawyer and soldier that he was, he was, more than all, a highly strung and keenly sensitive personality, more fitted for some exalted sphere midway between earth and heaven than for the struggles and defeats of the world as it daily goes on. Poverty and ill-health intensified these conditions to the borders of acute personal distress, so that few sadder pages can be found in modern letters than those that tell the story of the unsatisfied ambitions of this aspiring spirit. While it must be conceded that his mental outlook and inlook were somewhat disturbed and distorted by adverse conditions, it is also true that from these very conditions there have also emerged elements of tenderness and delicacy and spiritual force which could ill be spared from his works.

His prose works are as follows: Tiger Lilies; his first and

last attempt in fiction, and his first production in prose. It was a symbol of the Civil War. Florida; its scenery, climate, etc. The Boys' Froissart, The Boys' King Arthur, Science of English Verse, The Boys' Mabinogion, The Boys' Percy, and The English Novel, his work in this direction thus covering the province of fiction, literary criticism, and historical miscellany, constituting, as is too often forgotten, the larger and the more valuable part of his work as an author. His editions of a series of the older chroniclers, such as Froissart, prepared especially for the young, serve to connect his later literary life and educational work in Baltimore with his earliest experience in teaching, as well as to reveal his personal interest in secondary education and his strong desire to acquaint the youth of the country with these primitive, semihistorical times. The first publication of one of these, Mabinogion, in the year of his death, and one of them, Percy, the year following, served to add pathos to their preparation. Of these prose works thus cited there are two that are so characteristic of the author as a man, and so fully set forth his peculiar views of verse and literary art, that they deserve specific study. These are The Science of English Verse and The English Novel, each of them first delivered as a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, and together, as his editor tells us, "intended to be parts of a comprehensive philosophy of formal and substantial beauty in literature—a scheme, as is known, which the aspiring author did not live to elaborate. The first of these books, The Science of English Verse, indicates in its title its character and purpose; a title, however, from Coleridge's point of view, strictly contradictory, since he sharply contrasts poetry and science as mutually exclusive. In the preface he gives us a condensed account of poetic criticism in England from the time of Aldhelm, in the sixth century, on through the work of Gascoigne, Sidney, Puttenham, and Webbe, down to the days of Coleridge and Poe's didactic discussion of The Rationale of Verse. The volume gives us in full his theory of verse, and involves two fundamental teachings. The first is the essential importance of form, of formal poetry; the principle of technique applied in the sphere of verse. So thoroughly is he possessed with this idea that even in The English Novel he devotes a substantial portion of the

book to its exposition. He stoutly contends that science, or the knowledge of forms, as applied to poetry is simply the application in a special sphere of a natural principle everywhere applicable; that as every art, such as music or painting or sculpture, has its corresponding science, literature, in the form of verse, is no exception to the law. Hence he contends, first of all, that such a view of technique in no way prevents the free office of the imagination, but rather stimulates it, as seen especially in Shakespeare and Tennyson and Beethoven, and all the masters of every art. He insists that genius and method are interactive and supplementary, and not, as is supposed, antagonistic; that English science and English verse have been developing, side by side, since the days of Elizabeth, as seen in the work of Davy, Faraday, Huxley, and Darwin, on the one hand, and that of Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, and Longfellow, on the other; that this technique is "the rudder of the literary artist," so that, as the proverb states it, "he who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks." As especially in point he adduces Tennyson as a well-versed scientific man, and quotes at length from "In Memoriam" to confirm his theory. He cannot too strongly condemn such a lawless poet as Whitman, who in the name of democratic freedom in the field of verse runs athwart all artistic limits and becomes a law unto himself. Against the extreme positions of the school of Zola he is equally severe—that literature is to be reduced to the purely experimental, and the imagination made always subordinate to the realistic and objective. The second teaching emphasized in this volume is the vital relation of poetry and music, a theory that pervades all Lanier's deliverances on verse, and is at length carried by him to great extremes. Applying the same principle in the sphere of prose fiction he contends that science, music, and the novel have risen and developed together, as suggested by the fact that Newton, Bach, and Richardson lived and worked in the same century. The division of his book into the three parts—Rhythm, Tones, and Colors—reveals at once this emphasis of sound in poetry. He enunciates the principle that verse is "a set of sounds and silences with definite relations," by which he means musical relations. "When we hear verse," he says, "we hear a set of

relations between sounds; when we read verse we see that which brings to us a set of relations between sounds." It is the principle of Pope, that "the sound is an echo to the sense," carried to a far wider application as it is also an equally wider application of Poe's definition of poetry as "the rhythmical expression of beauty." "All possible phenomena of verse," he says, "are reducible to terms of vibration." All poetry is thus finally tested by the ear. He speaks of the "imagination of the ear." The study of verse must thus begin, as philology does, with phonetics, a study of sounds. He insists that the sound-relations which constitute music are the same with those that constitute verse, or, as he states it more concisely, "the art of sound must always be regarded as the genus, and music and verse the two species," while throughout the book English poetry is fully utilized to illustrate the various teachings of his favorite theory. As to this theory, suffice it to say that in each of its fundamental teachings as to form and music it is simply the extreme application of a principle in itself valid, historically illustrated and beneficent in its working. To verse, as to all literature, there is a technical or scientific side, and more prominent in verse, as metrical, than in prose, but always held in due subjection to the thought as superior. Sense, spirit, and structure are the three essential factors of verse, and this stated in the order of their importance; the mere form, important as it is, being strictly secondary to the idea and the inspiration behind it. Spontaneity or poetic unction is unspeakably more important to the poet and reader than mere æsthetic correctness, nor is it at all true, as the author holds, "that not a single line of verse was ever written by instinct alone," if by that he means that the poetic "instinct" is not the main factor involved, as in Burns and Whittier. So, again, music and poetry agree, but not to the extent of practically abolishing the marks of difference between them, or of making it possible to develop the one along the lines of the other. It is only in the infancy of nations and civilizations that such a close connection is seen as the minstrel goes about, with harp in hand, reciting and singing his verse. As society advances, and knowledge broadens, these arts, hitherto conjoined, diverge, until the difference between Mendels-

sohn and Milton is a definite one, so that each would impair the value of his own distinctive work by trespassing too much upon the domain of the other. Here, again, the author is carried by his theory to positions neither antecedently nor historically tenable.

The second of the author's more important prose writings and, indeed, the ablest and most satisfactory of all is The English Novel and the Principle of Its Development. He studies the novel as one of the great prose-forms of literature, as also the most readable and popular form. Noting, by way of preface, that prose is a later literary form than verse, and is so in that the earlier speech of man was rhythmical, he begins, in his fourth chapter, to discuss the central theory of the book, the growth of human personality and its expression through the novel as a medium. This he does in a concrete way, by comparing the crude idea which the Greeks had of such personality, as seen in the Prometheus Bound, of Æschylus, and the clearer idea of the modern world as seen in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound or Bayard Taylor's Prince Deukalion. He argues that no adequate idea of human personality existed in the Greek drama, in its polytheistic and pantheistic system, it being reserved for later ages to expand and apply this doctrine, revealing the relation of man's personality to God and humanity and nature. Passing to a still more concrete illustration of this gradual growth of the notion of individuality he takes up the work of George Eliot, as the leading English novelist of her day, in connection with the poetic work of Mrs. Browning, in order to show how this principle passed to more and more specific and complex expression and introduced into literature just the elements of vitality, variety, and interest that it needed. "What an amazing arc of progress we have traversed," he says, "from Æschylus to George Eliot, from feeble personality and justice to strong personality and love!" Taking up, then, the history of the English novel he goes on to show how in England alone and in the sphere of English fiction alone the growth of this idea of personality is seen, when we compare such earlier novelists as Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne with such later names as Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë and George

Eliot, to say nothing of that marvelous moral advance which is made in the writings of these later authors. If it be asked how this idea is expressed in George Eliot's fiction in such pronounced and practical forms, the answer is that in her novels, from first to last, she seeks to mediate truth in common terms to the common mind, to preach "the russet-coated epic of the everyday life of a common people," to aim to explain the strange and apparently unjustifiable partiality of God's spiritual gifts as between man and man. Thus he takes up in order her best novels, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, and Silas Marner, to show how she taught the possibility of moral greatness in all men, even the lowliest; contrasting such characters as Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe with Dinah Morris and Maggie Tulliver, such a record as Janet's Repentance being impossible in the earlier and immature stages of British fiction. The volume closes with an earnest plea for morality in art, as illustrated in Keats, Mrs. Browning, and Emerson, or as so signally seen in fiction by a comparison of Fielding's Tom Jones with George Eliot's Amos Barton. The discussion is especially suggestive as exalting the mission of the modern novel and the special work of a great British authoress. Here, again, as in the other treatise, any critical objection taken to the discussion would apply to the extreme application of the principle and not to the principle itself. The novel as a representative form of prose is, beyond question, a highly important medium of expressing the doctrine of human personality, but it is by no means alone in this particular nor is it the chief medium, dramatic verse being more distinctively so and historical prose being quite as prominent. Moreover, the limitation of the discussion to the English novel confines the principle to a field quite too narrow for historical or literary justice. Such exceptions apart, however, the book is full of sound suggestion, and may be said to form a valid contribution to the general subject treated, its best feature being that it connects fiction, an imaginative type of prose, with the profoundest mental and moral processes, and thus lifts the whole department of literature to the highest literary level. In this respect the treatise is in keeping with the author's character as a man and with the exalted ideals that he aimed to

realize in the realm of American letters. If we have, then, in mind the entire content of his prose work, and inquire as to the general characteristics and merits of his style, we may safely affirm that it is, in the main, a clear, vigorous, and correct style without being brilliant or masterly; a style suited to his own way of thinking and wholly free from artifice. Apart from his Science of English Verse, which may be called a professional rather than a popular treatise, his diction is lucid and virile. If we compare his English Novel with his semimythical books for boys, we note two distinct types of prose, the philosophic and the popular, the ability with which each type is illustrated clearly revealing an order of merit quite above the average, and which, it is safe to assume, had his life been spared would have expressed itself in other and superior forms of prose productions. As he died he had just about begun to live as an author.

Turning from the author's prose to his verse, although we come to a much more limited literary product, it is in his poetry more fully than in his prose that he reveals his essential self and stimulates the appreciative study of the reader. In the edition of his collected poems, embracing in all about one hundred titles, no attempt is made at classification from the view-point of poetic forms, the poems being divisible, chronologically, into the earlier and the later, a half dozen of them, however, falling under the category of Local or Dialect Poems, as exhibiting certain phases of southern life and character. We find no dramatic poem, nor any example approximating thereto; no epic poem, nor any specimen distinctly epical; no poem of any special length, the selections being, throughout, of the miscellaneous order, gathered up by his devoted wife from the various periodicals in which they had appeared. They are thus characteristically descriptive or lyric, such titles as "Clover," "Sunrise," "Sunset," "The Waving of the Corn," "The Marshes of Glynn," emphasizing the descriptive feature, and such as "A Song of the Future," "The Symphony," "In Absence," and "Life and Song," emphasizing the subjective or lyric. No one of his better poems fails to fuse these related elements in a natural unity as interpreting human life and destiny. Whatever the special form or teaching of the

particular poem, this may be said of Lanier that cannot be said of all standard poets: that he is always himself, a natural bard, voicing in verse, as best he may, the deepest convictions of his soul quite apart from the accepted canons of the schools. "My principle," he says, "is that the artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, the very best and highest that is in him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism." In subjecting his work as a poet to a more specific inspection we note first of all that his nature and ideals were essentially poetic, and poetic on the lyrical side. He had what has been called "imaginative genius," a genuine poetic temper and taste, the true poetic tone and touch of the verbal artist, and in this sense at least possessed something of the "vision divine." As Stedman states it, he was a poet "bent upon no middle fight," seeking, as Milton sought, to compass "the height of the great argument" toward which from his earliest manhood he had aspired. The record of his life, fragmentary as it is, is a sufficient confirmation of this growing love of his art, connected, as it always was, with his devotion to music as one of the choicest media for the expression of the soul's innermost life. As early as his graduating year, when still in his "teens," he felt the uprisings of this poetic passion and its struggle for embodiment in verse, such poems as "A Birthday Song," "Resurrection," "In the Foam," and "The Tournament," having been composed before 1870. Even during his army experience he was poetizing, and forecasting his poetic work. When returning to Macon in 1868, though formally to the study and practice of law, he seemed fired with a new ambition to do something far above the professional restrictions of the court room. As he writes to his wife, in the most intense language at his command: "The very inner spirit and essence of all songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody." To his father, urging his return from Baltimore to Macon, and practically his renunciation of poetry for the practice of law, he writes: "Think how for twenty years, through poverty, pain, weariness, and sickness, these two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them." To his wife

he writes again, in almost boastful strains: "I know through the fiercest tests of life that I am in soul and shall be in life and utterance a great poet," as he felt himself also to be a divinely-gifted musician. In fine, he loved poetry as his life. It was, in truth, his life, his meat and drink, his joy and solace; so that comfort and peace came to him just to the degree in which he was able clearly to conceive and embody these supremest impulses of his nature.

Readers have wondered that such an "imaginative genius" could have written such a book as The Science of English Verse, with its technical method and diction, by which the very spirit of poetry would seem be be affrighted. A closer study of the book discloses the fact that he so presented the subject of verse, from the standpoint of the musician's art, only because he thought that thus, and thus only, could the innermost and as yet unheard melodies of verse be communicated to the dull ears of the people at large. If it be asked how this poetic spirit especially expressed itself, we answer, first of all, in his love of nature, somewhat as Bryant experienced it. No reader can fail to be impressed with the number of his poems bearing on natural phenomena—nature poems—such as "Tampa Robins," "Corn," "The Bee," "The Mocking Bird," "A Ballad of Trees," "Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut," "Night and Day," "The Waving of the Corn," and "Sunrise," the last poem of his pen. Fully one third of his verse is of this out-of-door order. He had Wordsworth's and Whittier's enthusiastic fondness for the open life of the world as God first made it. Thus in his beautiful poem, "Clover," written as a tribute to the memory of Keats, he talks to the hills and fields of Westchester as if they were sentient beings, conscious of his presence among them and responsive thereto:

> Dear uplands, Chester's favorable fields,
> My large unjealous Loves, many yet one—
> A grave good-morrow to your Graces all;
> Fair tilth and fruitful seasons!
> Lo! how still!
> The midmorn empties you of men, save me;
> Speak to your lover, meadows! None can hear,

I lie as lies yon placid Brandywine,
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation.
'Tis a perfect hour.

So in "The Marshes of Glynn" he speaks

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades.

It is when in these deep and dark glades he writes:

And my heart is at ease from men,
And the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know;
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within.

A further expression of this poetic spirit is seen in the structure of the verse on its rhythmic side, in what he loved to call the music of the verse; where the line between music and poetry was too delicate to be visible, and his favorite theory of their substantial oneness was illustrated. Most of his best poems might thus take the title of one of them, "The Symphony," notable as they are for their melody and resonance and rich cadences, so as to satisfy alike the ear and taste of the reader. "The Marshes of Glynn" is a striking example of this verbal rhythm, as it reads:

Oh what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.
Oh like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beachlines linger and curl,
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm, sweet limbs of a girl,
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight.

So in "The Waving of The Corn" and similar poems the melodies of English verse have never been more beautifully sounded, the old English principle of alliteration finding frequent and beautiful illustration. In fine, Lanier's poetic spirit was too rich and

deep for full expression, and we thus note the limitation of his genius at the very point of its most pronounced excellence. He had no language in which to embody his ideals, nor was his genius creative enough to meet the conditions of the highest art. If he had "the vision divine," in occasional and approximate measure, he had no distinctive possession of "the faculty divine," while at times the extreme of his favorite theory of English verse-structure on the technical side became prominent over the poetry itself and reduced his work to the level of the didactic. This conceded, however, not a few of his poems, such as "The Symphony," "The Crystal," and "Sunrise," are the rarest products of what we may call rhythmic genius in the last half century. Hence we note, in the final survey and estimate of his work, that it was at best tentative only. His short life of forty years, saddened as it was by poverty and struggle and the gradual inroads of fatal disease, made it impossible for him to do anything more than form his plans, shape his ideals, and embody in a fragmentary way the most cherished conceptions of his mind. He knew the unspeakable anguish of what Watson has called life without health, "the dire compulsion of infertile days," and he had but fairly adjusted the outlines of his poetic future when the summons of death came. He, however, lived just long enough to give to the world some indications of the spirit that was in him and what he could and would have accomplished had his days been prolonged. Modern criticism must therefore deal leniently with the poetic product of such a bard, and give him at every point the benefit of the doubt. It is thus that Baskerville is bold enough to write that "Sidney Lanier is already generally recognized as the most distinctive figure in our literature since the famous group of New England poets passed away, and that many are almost claiming for him the right to rank among the few genuine poets of America." Mabie, in speaking of his "affluent and plastic imagination," calls him "a great figure in the opening of the national period which followed the Civil War," and he adds: "A century hence, when American literature shall have struck deep into the almost unexplored depths of American life, his significance will be acknowledged."

It is further to be noted that his influence has been altogether

ennobling, thoroughly appreciated by those who live in the spirit. As one has expressed it, "he was an embodied ideal sent into the world to rebuke its commonplace aims," and rebuke them he did. With a kind of Lutheran protest he lifted up his voice against all forms of sin and wrong; against Zolaism and Byronism in literature; entreating authors to magnify their office. He believed in "the holiness of beauty" as well as in "the beauty of holiness." As he said to the students of Johns Hopkins, "He who has not perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, he is not yet the great artist," while few poets so aroused his indignation as did Whitman with his coarse theory of the democracy of art and the subordination of the spiritual to the sensuous. "Unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love," he says, "abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist." It is this temper and ideal that make the personality of Lanier permanently attractive, whatever may or may not be the specific value of his literary work. He wrote to Hayne, a fellow Southerner and poet, that at the close of the day, when wearied with work and suffering, he would hold up in his arms his blue-eyed boy and peer into his face and wonder at the thrilling mystery of his being. Somewhat thus do we look upon the face of Lanier, wondering "at the thrilling mystery of his being," at the possibilities lying latent in his gifted and gracious nature. Conceding all his alleged faults and limitations, we can pay to him the tribute that he lovingly paid to Beethoven as a great master of music:

> O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
> O Troubadour of love and strife,
> Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
> Sole Hymner of the whole of life,
> I know not how—I care not why—
> Thy music sets my world at ease,
> And melts my passion's mortal cry
> In satisfying symphonies.

So did he speak and write; so did he sing and suffer; so did he live and die—this Keats of American letters.

J. W. Hunt

Art. IV.—THE FIRST ATTEMPTS AT CHURCH UNION IN AMERICA

The stately volume containing the Proceedings of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation held in New York in the month of November, 1905, calls to mind a small pamphlet, or rather a series of seven pamphlets, giving reports of a number of conferences held more than one hundred and fifty years ago. Those conferences, meeting in little log cabins in the colony of Pennsylvania, had the same object in view as had the great assembly that convened in Carnegie Hall, and some questions were discussed then which appeared on the program of the recent New York Conference. I cannot find in the volume of Proceedings of the Inter-Church Federation Conference any reference to those modest precursors, yet the fact is that in the year 1742 there were held seven conferences for the explicit purpose of federating the various denominations existing among the German-speaking population of Pennsylvania. The leader in these first efforts toward church union in America was Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the "Unitas Fratrum," who visited America in the years 1741-43. The minutes of the conferences were printed by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia and are among the rarest prints in the German language dating from the colonial period. The complete title of the first one is: "Authentische/ Relation/ von dem/ Anlass, Forfgang and Schluss Der am 1ten und 2ten Januarii Anno 1742/ in Germantown gehaltenen/ Versammlung/ Einiger Arbeiter/ Derer meisten Christlichen Religionen/ und/ Vieler vor sich selbst Gott-dienenden Christen-Menschen/ in Pennsylvania;/ Aufgesetzt/ in Germantown am Abend des 2ten obligen Monats./ Philadelphia,/ Gedruckt und zu haben bey B. Franklin./"[1]

Pennsylvania was the haven of refuge for all those who were

[1] A complete set is found in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in Philadelphia. Another set is in the possession of Professor Martin G. Brumbaugh of the University of Pennsylvania, to whom the present writer acknowledges his obligation for the courtesy in permitting him to examine the pamphlets. A very good account of the conferences is given in Professor Brumbaugh's History of the German Baptist Brethren. Elgin, Ill., 1899. Count Zinzendorf gives an account in his Naturelle Reflexiones, 1746-49; cf. Also Büdingische Sammlung einiger in die Kirchengeschichte einschlagender sonderlich neuerer Schriften Büdingen, 1742 ff.

persecuted in Europe on account of their religious convictions. A great many Germans driven from their fatherland by the intolerance of the state churches turned their faces to the new world and settled in William Penn's colony, where they were allowed to serve God according to their consciences. Soon Mennonites, Baptists, Schwenkfelders, Moravians, Siebentäger, Separatists, Inspiritists, Hermits, also adherents of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches were clearing the woods and building their cabins and sending their prayers to the Heavenly Father in the untrammeled enjoyment of religious liberty. When Count Zinzendorf came to Pennsylvania in December, 1741, he heard that nearly one hundred and twenty thousand German settlers were living in the colony.[1] But the spirit of intolerance and religious strife to which they had been accustomed in their former homes had not been left behind across the sea. It manifested itself even in free Pennsylvania, causing envy, malice, bitter discussions, harsh words and slander. A well-meaning, pious Separatist, Johann Adam Gruber by name, was deeply pained by those needless dissensions and as early as 1736 sent a "Call to those souls in Pennsylvania, who were formerly awakened, and who are dispersed here and there, in connection with existing sects or independent, to a new bond of organic union and fellowship in prayer, issued by a heart that is anxious for the healing of the bruises of Zion." In strong and touching words he described the bruises of Zion, but no definite plans for healing them were offered until the arrival of Count Zinzendorf. He had been for years the apostle of a united Christendom on the basis of personal faith in Christ Jesus, and he was in hopes that the great design of his life, the ideal of "a Church of God in the spirit," might be realized in America, where no political, ecclesiastical or dogmatical prejudices stood in the way. The Count prevailed upon Heinrich Antes, a member of the German Reformed Church who was widely known, and highly respected on account of his sterling Christian character and his social standing, to address, on December 15, 1741, an open letter to the heads of the various denominations inviting them to send representatives to a meeting which was

[1] D. Cranz, Alte und Neue Brüder-Historie. Barby, 1772. p. 345.

to be held, on January 1 of the following year, in Germantown, "not to quarrel, but in love to discuss the most important articles of faith, so as to find out how closely they were united in essential things, and for the rest to bear with each other in love in all opinions that do not undermine the foundations of salvation, in order that all judging and criticising might be lessened and eliminated." The minutes of the first conference contain the following with reference to the origin and purpose of the meeting:

Heinrich Antes and several other lovers of liberty in this country had desired many years ago that not so much evil should be spoken and written of their fellow beings without evidence, because by this means the cause is never furthered. The opportunity to do good is always cut off beforehand. They only waited for the favorable time and hour, and now they thought the time had come. Because they not only noticed a desire among various people to know one another more accurately, so as not to need to fear a shadow, but with greater certainty they desired to avoid what is harmful. They were even requested (by some) to take the matter in hand. Therefore Heinrich Antes wrote letters to all and each representative and worker in the various organizations where he and his friends desired greater friendship among one another in respect to matters above stated.

The good hand of God was with this little dove. It came like the latter, with an olive leaf, and not one of those invited failed to come.

The following denominations were represented at the first Conference or Synod: German Reformed, Lutherans, German Baptists or Tunkers, Mennonites, Moravians, Schwenkfelders, Separatists, Hermits, Siebentäger. According to Count Zinzendorf's account there were above one hundred persons present,[1] and more than fifty persons took part in the deliberations.[2] Count Zinzendorf was unanimously elected President, or Synodus, and the Moravian brother Johann Jacob Müller was made secretary.

It was proposed, since it was impossible to unite all heads, and since this would be of no great service to the Saviour or to the souls of men, that all workers in the various bodies should agree: to worship unitedly the common Saviour, to ask his forgiveness for everything that had passed between them, to drop at once all personal difficulties or animosities, and, although belonging to different denominational families, to unite on one common basis and to build upon that foundation in such a manner that no one who knew Christ or was seeking him with his whole heart, should appear a barbarian in his language to the others.

[1] Naturelle Reflexiones, p. 194
[2] Reichel's History of the Moravians, p. 98

The questions which were discussed, and the "unanimous replies" as adopted by the conference, are as follows:

Query 1. Is it not an adherence to the creature when we make fellowship, and is this not at least to be apprehended? Unanimous Reply: We adhere to creatures from the inclination of the flesh, or by reason of selfish interests or fear, and this adherence belongs to the works of the flesh. But the adherence of the children of God should be as intimate as that between our God and his Son (John 17. 2). This mutual love must be extended as far as possible; all reconciled and pardoned sinners are entitled to it, one as much as the other. We desire, then, by God's grace to tenderly love all his children in all religions in this country, and to so cling to each other as will be granted to us by Him whose last will was: John 17. 14-23.

Query 2. How manifold is the community of the saints? Unanimous Reply: The community of God in the Spirit is numberless and is found throughout the world, sometimes in places where it is least expected.

Query 3. What can be expected with regard to such a unification in Pennsylvania? Unanimously they replied that, as far as they knew each other, there were in every organization some workers who were striving after their own salvation and after the salvation of others. If it were possible to agree on the main points it were well to venture upon such a union where each body should preserve its peculiar rights.

Query 4. Are honor and respect due to every orderly organization? Unanimous Reply: All orderly organizations are established or supported or at least tolerated by God. Therefore the children of God are not only not called upon to storm well-arranged organizations, or (what is worse) to destroy them in a stealthy and sneaky fashion; but they have a veneration in their feelings for all that have adjusted themselves in an orderly manner.

Query 5. How can it be brought about that, without subduing the Spirit, it should be possible to give good advice to one another, and, if it is wanted, to help one another honestly? Unanimous Reply: In a lengthy answer it is declared that all differences of

opinion shall be submitted in writing to the Synod, "but whoever cannot abide his time is directed to the house of Heinrich Antes."

Query 6. How is it to be ascertained whether those who are delegated to this council of brethren are of God? Unanimous Reply: The written testimony of each community within itself (having been publicly laid before each community and validated) is sufficient.

Query 7. What are the main points to which all must agree to enable us to be present at this council of brethren? In the Unanimous Reply is printed in large letters the passage John 3. 16-18, followed by a lengthy confession of belief in the divinity and the atoning death of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

In conclusion the conference adopted the following resolution:

> Finally, we have unanimously agreed, in order to further thorough discussions in our future meetings, not to allow any disputation about Scripture passages that are neither prophetic, nor mystic, nor metaphorical, but are plain and clear, and which according to the original texts as given in all editions bear only one sense.

Six more conferences took place during the next few months. At some of them very practical questions were discussed, as, for instance, what could be done to improve the training of the children. But soon disagreements became manifest. Accusations were raised against Count Zinzendorf which caused him to make public replies, which he had printed. Some disparaging remarks which he made concerning certain members of the conference were reported to them, and the outcome of it was that the Count was compelled to resign the presidency. At the third synod three converted Indians were introduced and were baptized, by sprinkling, by the Moravian Brother Christoph Heinrich Rauch. At this the friends of immersion took offense and withdrew. The attendance upon the succeeding conferences became less numerous, and at the seventh, held in Philadelphia in June, 1742, no arrangements were made for another.

John L. Nuelsen.

Art. V.—DO WE NEED A METHODIST CREED?

For many of our sister churches the problem of creed subscription and creed revision has been a pressing one. Not only in this country but in England and Germany and France it has been a center of war controversy. From all this the Methodist Church has been free, and it came as a surprise when the Church, South, at its last General Conference, proposed the formation of a new Methodist creed. It is not the purpose of this paper to champion the specific proposal for an ecumenical creed, but to consider some questions suggested by it. What is the creed of the Methodist Episcopal Church? What is the place and value of the creed? Do we need a Methodist creed?

Among the great branches of Protestantism Methodism stands alone in one respect. Each of these stood at the beginning of some particular doctrine or principle in church constitution or practice. Methodism began with no such innovation. Wesley had no quarrel with his time or his church as to doctrine or polity. He had definite opinions, and they were not commonly shared by men about him; but he felt no need to go out of the church to preach them. Nor did these things stand first in his conception of Christianity. The Christian Life was to him primarily a spirit: Love. "I will not quarrel with you about any opinion. Only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ; that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked." What the Christian religion offered was not a teaching, but life. What it demanded of men was life. As to Paul and Luther, so Christianity came to Wesley as the gospel of a Life, God's gracious gift in Christ, pardoning men, receiving them into the life of sonship, renewing them by his Spirit. Like Paul he preached that life as the gospel of God's gift and as the measure of man's duty. And England, idle, drunken, vicious, stupid, indifferent, needed just this: not philanthropy, nor ethics, nor a new doctrine, but the gospel of life. And, as with Luther and Paul, so Wesley's own experience of this gospel was the preparation for service. And he himself gives us

his aim: "To describe the true, the scriptural, the experimental religion," avoiding all show of learning, all phrases of the schools, speaking that common men might hear and know. The impress of the founder has remained on the church. The first interest of the Methodist Church has been practical, not theological. We have been so busy reproducing Christianity in men as a life that we have not taken time to express it as doctrine. We have retained Wesley's emphasis in our thought of religion. Three conceptions of Christianity may be discriminated, each marked by a different emphasis. In the Lutheran and Reformed churches the supreme concern has been pure doctrine. The articles of faith have been the exclusive foundation of the church. For Roman Catholicism, and high churchism elsewhere, Christianity has been primarily an ecclesiasticism. Papacy, priesthood, apostolic succession, these have been chief. As Fairbairn puts it, Romanism is at heart a doctrine of the church, Calvinism a doctrine of God. Methodism illustrates a third conception. From the beginning it has laid its stress upon the vital and experiential. Christianity has been to it a life. It has viewed the whole circle of Christian truth under this form. Now it is the life from God, gift of his grace in Christ; now the life with God, through his Spirit; now the life for God, lived out among men; now the life of fellowship with his children. All these truths, the doctrine of God, of the Holy Spirit, of Christ, of the new birth, of the church, were emphasized in their relation to experience and conceived in terms of life. Here is the heart of Wesley's tolerance. If faith and life were present, he could be indifferent to lesser matters. And Methodism, changed from "society" to church, has been true to this spirit. It, too, has said to me: Have you a real desire to save your soul? "Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand." And this power has done what no fence of creed might do to preserve a church, not only rich in spiritual life, but unswervingly faithful to the spirit and truth of the gospel; a church untroubled by doctrinal strife or heresy trial.

It would be farthest from the truth, however, to say that Methodism has ever been indifferent to doctrine. John Wesley stands for three great achievements: a religious awakening, a

moral reformation, and the founding of a great church. But he was more than a voice crying, Reform, or Repent. He was far more than a churchman forming societies and making rules. Something greater preceded these great results. Wesley was a preacher. He had a message. He saw a great need. He met that need, not with an exhortation or a society, but with a truth, a doctrine. He had tested that truth himself. It had been the satisfying answer to years of search. It was the good news of Christ offering forgiveness and saying, Ye must be born again. It was his life business to bring that news, to preach that doctrine, as the power of God unto salvation. If Wesley had not believed that doctrine, he would never have gone forth. Without that preaching he would never have kindled England. It was not his zeal nor his earnestness nor his industry that lifted England into a new life. He had all these in Oxford and in Georgia. Had he gotten no further, who now would care to read the story of John Wesley, sometime Fellow of Lincoln and somewhere rector in the Church of England? But that which found Paul and made Luther found Wesley also: the doctrine of a life not simply of zeal and effort, of high ideal and hard service, but a life of forgiveness and fellowship given by the grace of God through faith in Jesus Christ. It is true he was not a great theologian. He was not interested in working out a system. He had no liking for theological dispute. But he performed for the church what is the greatest service that the theologian can render, he interpreted the heart of the gospel to the mind of men. He saw the heart of the Christian religion; it was God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. And so he preached justification by grace through faith, repentance, and the new birth. It was a simple creed, but neither narrow nor poor. What Methodist preaching emphasized was all connected with this. It was a new life, not a resolution or a reformation, and so they emphasized the new birth. It was a gift from God, and so they magnified the free and full grace of God and talked not of unknown decrees. It was offered to free man, and so they insisted upon responsibility here and judgment yonder. It was a life of sonship through the Spirit, and so they spoke of an inner witness and assurance. That Spirit was the Holy Spirit,

and so they preached holiness as a Christian's privilege through grace and a Christian's duty in life. Wesley, like Paul, found in the doctrine of the Spirit alike an ethical ideal and a regenerative power. The God of such a gospel was not the inscrutable Sovereign, but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of holy love. He who accepted it confessed his faith in Christ as Saviour and Lord, and knew him as such in the peace and power of a new life. And they whose heart God had filled could not but say, "And I believe in the Holy Ghost."

It is most misleading to place Methodism as a religion of enthusiasm and emotion over against an interest in doctrine. It is equally misleading to suppose that we have escaped doctrinal strife and heretical inroads by indifference to doctrine. The significant point has not been indifference to doctrine, but the character of the doctrine for which we have stood. Our working creed has centered not in abstract propositions or in speculative constructions, but in the truth of the gospel as it appeals to faith and relates itself to life. Methodism has its creed, and that creed has been for it no incidental matter, but at the heart of its life and work. It is another question when we consider the formal creeds or legal standards of Methodism. We note, first, that the branches of Methodism are not united here. The Methodist Episcopal Church has an abridgment of the Anglican Articles. The English church has no formal creed at all, but refers to Wesley's Sermons and notes on the Scriptures. The Canadian church uses both the Articles and Wesley's writings. The Southern church has not specifically declared of what its standards consist. A second fact is more significant. The only formal creed of any Methodist Church has never been much more than a formal creed. It is not that the church is in disagreement with it. It is not that it has become an unwelcome burden, as certain confessions in other churches. It has simply been passed by. Our preachers have not found in it their message. Where the pastor has used it for instruction of the young it has not been as a help to explain the Christian faith, but as the necessary task of explaining a church standard. It has never meant to our theologians what Augsburg and Westminster have for the teachers of Lutheranism and Pres-

byterianism. It is not strange that this should be so. If a creed is to be of value in a church it must root in its religious life and express this. The twenty-five Articles did not spring from the new life and faith of the Wesleyan movement. Their immediate source was the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. These came from the English Reformation, primarily a political movement. They were more polemic than religious, more concerned with the protest against Roman doctrine and practice than with the expression of the evangelical faith. Theologically, their inspiration came from Augsburg, modified by Geneva, with a Calvinistic element of the extreme type. It was not enough that Wesley eliminated articles of secondary importance or excluded gross Calvinistic errors. The whole emphasis and view-point here was different. Wesleyanism was dominated by the thought of Christianity as a gospel, by the great thought of justification by faith and the new birth. No such conception rules here, or even finds expression. Wesley looked at doctrine from the standpoint of experience and faith. These are rather theological and ecclesiastical propositions. Wesley's insistence was on the fundamentals, but even with Wesley's abridgment a full third of the articles remaining are of secondary or polemical character. Wesley's conception of Christianity was as intensely ethical as it was religious. But of Wesley's emphasis on holiness, either on the religious or the practical side, there is no suggestion here. Specific illustration will make the comparison more plain. It is not enough, with the Articles, to speak of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, of unity and Trinity. What Methodism proclaimed to men was the heavenly Father, holy and loving, offering to all men his grace in forgiveness and in the fellowship of a holy life. Methodism had no doubt as to the divinity of Christ. But its supreme faith is not expressed in a definition concerning one substance and two natures, but in the thought of him who reconciled them to God, their Saviour from sin, the Lord of their life. Methodism believed in the Holy Spirit, but its concern was not so much in any question of *filioque* as in the witness of the Spirit and his presence as the power of a new life. It had a message that convicted men of sin, but its deep sense of man's responsibility and

freedom and the guilt of sin which rejects the love of God finds no expression in the Articles on free will, or original sin, or sin after justification. The Article of the church speaks of doctrine and order, "the pure word of God" and "the sacraments duly administered," but there is nothing here of that practical faith of Methodism for which the church was a spiritual fellowship and a missionary force.

It is not hard to say why Wesley did not frame a new creed for the American church. Wesley was a churchman to the very end, with a deep veneration for all its forms and institutions. It was the conservative side of his nature. To such a man the creeds of the church seemed more ecclesiastical than personal. There are doctrines expressed in the thirty-nine Articles to which he was not simply indifferent, but against which he most vigorously proclaimed. But it was enough for him that here, as with the canons of the church, there was room to admit of his work without actual hindrance. He had not gone to the creed of the church for his message. It did not concern him that it was not expressed there. And it was not on any creed that he depended for the conservation of the message which he handed on to his followers. It was in their hearts and in the hearts of the people; he knew it would live on. But we are not left to surmise if we ask what his creed might have been had he drawn one up. Quite aside from his sermons, more than one writing declares his conception of the Christian religion and its essential doctrines. In form and substance and emphasis the creed would not have been the twenty-five Articles. Here, then, is the anomaly: a great church without a creed of its own. An anomaly in Protestantism, it is not, however, without its parallel in history. The early Christian Church had its definite faith and yet no formal creed. The Wesleyan movement offers a striking resemblance to this early church. The little societies, the strong spirit of fellowship, the enthusiasm and the emphasis on the spirit, the missionary character, the rapid spread through humble workers, the positive faith with absence of formal creed, the close unity without elaborate organization, these are striking points of likeness. And by the side of the great leader of the early church, the apostle Paul, we may place Wesley,

though one is master and the other disciple. For both Christianity was a gospel of redemption, salvation by grace. Both magnified the word "faith." And these two words freed both from the bondage of law, or ecclesiasticism, or other external thing. For both the Christian religion was a living experience, Christ dwelling in the heart, the child crying, "Abba, Father," by the grace of God's Spirit, and living the life of sonship in trust and hope. For both religion was a transforming moral power; it was faith, but faith working through love. "Jesus Christ, and him crucified" meant to both these men not an emotional experience simply, not spiritual selfishness or an unpractical otherworldliness. It meant not merely a new life that was given, but a new life that must be lived. Both began with religion and not with reform, and yet they became the greatest moral reformers of their day. They were both restless itinerants. Both saw the missionary meaning of Christianity and were filled with this spirit. Long before Carey the whole Methodist Church was a missionary society. And both these men were catholic, for there is no such liberty as that which comes with a true spiritual faith.

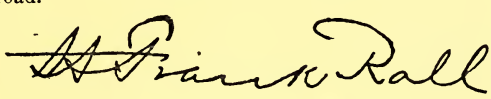
This early church, like all the later church, points out the value of the creed and its need. Over against Judaism, whose hope lay in the future, over against paganism, hopeless, or searching in the dark, the new religion came with its definite faith. It was variously expressed, it had no fixed form, but it was always the faith in the living God redeeming the world in Jesus Christ. The question with us is not creed or no creed, but what creed. Shall we content ourselves with a formal creed, sprung from another soil, which, though not contradicting our faith, is still not fully expressive of it, or shall we seek a confession that shall give simply and positively the faith and the message of our church? Is the creed to be a vital part of the life and work of the church, or is it to be simply a piece of ecclesiastical furnishing. The opposition to the proposal of a new creed has been from varying motives. Some have feared it might be a radical movement, endangering essential doctrines. The origin of the proposal and the character of those who have seconded it would suggest the contrary. Moreover, it is not proposed to supersede the present

Articles with a new legal standard, which would be unconstitutional for us in any case, but simply to frame an additional creed for the service of the church. Others express the fear that such a movement might endanger the liberty that we now possess and bring in an era of heresy-hunting, or at least of doctrinal strife. Let it be said again, the proposal is not that of a new legal standard to be used as a club over the heads of men. And let us ask soberly, in this day when we are turning more and more to essentials and away from dogmatic omniscience in lesser things, when other churches are striving to cast off inherited burdens, is there any real danger that the Methodist Church, expressing its simple, spiritual, evangelical faith, should lead us back to bondage or to persecution? As for an era of strife, look at the free churches of England, Calvinistic and Arminian, Baptist, Methodist, and the rest, agreeing on a common catechism. Look at Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism in Canada adopting a common confession. Does it seem that in the single family of Methodism we could not agree without strife upon the essentials which we have preached and by which we have lived all these years? I believe it is the last objection which leads us to the crux of the question. Is not this fear of doctrinal discussion simply the obverse side of doctrinal indifference? We have been suffering from a reaction. On every side we hear the deprecation of theology and the declamation against creeds. There has been some occasion for this. Intellectualism looked upon Christianity simply as a doctrinal system. Theologians busied themselves with discussions which had no relation to life and were not the expression of faith. Men came to think of doctrine and creed as apart from life and faith. The creed seemed a necessary ecclesiastical equipment. It was a fence to keep the wolves out, or to keep the sheep in. As a test of orthodoxy, to be applied on proper occasion, it was necessary. To the real life of the church it had no relation. That it should embody the message for which the church stood, that it should express the faith by which men lived, this was apart from men's thoughts. But, whatever the reason, we are still in this reaction. Its signs may be seen in our preaching. Sometimes it is ultra-orthodox, droning or shouting old phrases but with no grip on

their real meaning. Sometimes it is "advanced thought," quite sure that it is historical and critical and correct, but not so constant or clear in proclaiming those truths for lack of which men perish. Too often it is simply a voice busying itself with harmless lesser things, æsthetic, moralistic, hortatory, while the great message of the gospel, simple and powerful, goes unproclaimed. The sign may be seen in our church life, well-intentioned and busy but not very deeply rooted in a clear and definite faith, the happy hunting ground for the folly of every newly invented religion. It may be seen in the moral quality of our social life, with men who fear the daily press but do not fear God, because that is real and powerful and He has faded away into a name. In such a day the church can have no greater task than to ask itself again concerning its faith; to declare that faith in a creed. Let it be, if necessary, with question and debate. There could be nothing more wholesome than to call men from lesser questions to consider what is vital and central in Christianity. Let it bring home to the preacher again, in this day of journals and books, of essayist and lecturer, what that truth from above is whose proclamation alone gives him the right to stand before the people week by week. Let it be a standard to summon the church anew to its great task as it sets up the sign by which the world is to be conquered. Such a creed is to be of service not simply to the preacher. The work of the pastor and the missionary makes the need most plain. Our Articles are not ideal for their purpose. The pastor finds in them too much that is polemic, to him a burden rather than a help, or that is secondary, and thus confusing when he wishes to give the convert the simplest statement of our faith. The experience of the missionary is identical. And yet it is to our Articles that we must turn those who wish to unite with our church and who ask for what it stands. It was a makeshift, but suggestive of the need, when the commission determining the creed for the proposed united Methodist Church of Japan dropped eight of the twenty-five Articles. For this practical work of nurture, whether at home or abroad, the truths of our faith should be stated in the simplest and most direct manner, in their meaning for conscience and heart and faith. It is not necessary that a creed should be

abstract and technical and metaphysical in order to express the full truth.

What the character of such a creed should be has already been suggested. It should be positive. We want no polemic here against Roman Catholicism or Calvinism. It should be modern, speaking the timeless truth in the language of the day. It should be evangelical, expressing that conception of Christianity as a gospel of redemption for which our church has stood. It should be vital, the creed of a religion of experience and life. It should be ethical, true to the spirit of our founder in setting forth Christianity as holiness in life and faithfulness in service. It should be simple and brief, for it is to be not a theologian's system, but the servant of the life of the church. It should not be speculative or intellectualistic, for it should express Christianity as that which can be appropriated by faith, experienced in the heart, and manifested in obedience of life. It will be a Methodist creed, not controversially or narrowly, but only as Methodism expresses the truth of our common Christian faith. And so it will be a catholic creed. Finally, it should express those truths which the Spirit has taught us for the needs of these days: life as a stewardship as well as a probation; the meaning of brotherhood in life for those who say "Our Father" in prayer; the character of the church as an instrument of the kingdom of God, and its missionary calling at home and abroad.



Art. VI.—ROBERT BROWNING'S CHRISTMAS REVERIE

A STUDY OF "CHRISTMAS EVE"

Professor James, in his Varieties of Religious Experience, gives account of the following case:

Question: What does religion mean to you? Answer: It means nothing; and it seems, so far as I can observe, useless to others. . . . Praying, singing of hymns, and sermonizing are pernicious. . . . *I teetotally disbelieve in God.*

Professor James remarks that if we are looking for a broken and a contrite spirit, we shall get little comfort out of this brother. And that would seem to be true enough. But what such a bovine fellow thinks about religion—or anything else for that matter—is of small concern to anyone save himself. The same may be said of the pert fellow represented at present most glaringly by that noisy Philistine Hubbard, alias the Yellow Fra. No one expects a man born blind to appreciate the miracle of the dawn. There are such things as human limitations and also such things as specific limitations in certain human instances, and when we meet them we should not be disconcerted by them. When, however, we overtake such a man as Robert Browning, a full-orbed soul, richly endowed by nature intellectually, with an unusual blending of the metaphysical and the practical, combining in his intellect both the analytic and synthetic powers; one with a vast knowledge and an accurate scholarship as well as high power as a thinker; one who had the courage to look all the facts of life squarely in the face and rejoiced in grappling with all the hard problems of life; one who sought out the mysteries of the "dark hemisphere" with as much delight as a boy takes in disentangling enigmas; one who made it his business to know what life had meant to men of varied types, of different centuries, and widely separated civilizations—when we meet such a man it behooves us to know what he thinks about anything, and especially about that deep eternal thing we call religion. This ought to be all the more the case with us so far as Browning is concerned, for he was a religious genius of the first rank. He has been called "the man

of God to our peculiar age." It would not be possible to set forth in a single paper all that Browning had to say about religion. No more would it be possible to give any just idea of his utterances concerning Christianity. It is possible, and that is the purpose of this article, to set forth what he had to say about Christianity in one of his poems, "Christmas Eve." As our title indicates, "Christmas Eve," is a Christmas reverie. As all of us have frequently done at such times, Browning, one Christmastide, turned over in his mind what Christianity means to the world life. We might say that the real subject of this poem, to put it in the most prosaic form, is, What shall I think about Christianity? The poem, so far as its thought substance is concerned, is just that; though it is also more than that, for it is one of the great poems of the English language. To refresh our memories, let us run through the story of the poem.

The poem is the record of a reverie, but the reverie is objectified and dramatized. The hero of the poem, whom we shall call Browning, to save tiresome circumlocutions, one Christmas eve, surprised by a sudden, violent burst of rain, took shelter in the lath-and-plaster entry of a bare, dirty, ill-smelling Christian chapel. He had no thought of entering the sacred place, his only desire being shelter from the storm. But he cannot be indifferent to the people crowding past him to "their special clover." With his matchless realism he enables us to see with his eyes the eager worshipers hurrying to their Christmas Eve service. There is the fat woman with her flapping umbrella a wreck of whalebones:

> Prompt in the wake of her, up pattered
> On broken clogs the many-tattered
> Little old-faced peaking sister-turned-mother
> Of the sickly babe she tried to smother
> Somehow up, with its spotted face.
>
> Close on her heels, the dingy satins
> Of a female something
>
> flitted past
>
> With lips as much too white, as a streak
> Lay far too red on each hollow cheek;
> And it seemed that the very door hinge pitied
> All that was left of a woman once,
> Holding at least its tongue for the nonce.

Then there was the "pig-of-lead-like" stupidity of the preacher rolling out the fog of his dingy mind. Such a Christmas message: Death at unawares might duck them all deeper than the grave in hell's grim drench! These people are disciples of Christ, the Christ of the open fields, of the birds, and the babes, and the Father's love. They have met on the eve of the day set apart to perpetuate his memory, and they have met in his name, yet the preacher's message brings no disclosure of the goodness of God, of the joy of life, of the Eternal Love suffusing all things, of the possibilities and improvabilities of the soul, of the glory that shall come to the soul when at last it shall see God face to face. The poet has come to know God through nature. There he has seen his power and glory, and beholding his power has felt his love, too; for man, God's creature, has capacity for love, and shall not God, his creator?

> The loving worm within its clod
> Were diviner than a loveless God ..
> Amid his worlds.

The poet has come to believe in God as Love, and he has also come to believe that this God, who has created man free for praise and life, will give him what he needs: not simply a few years here upon earth, but eternity, the blessed fellowship, and the beatific vision. His faith is a vast, glorious, free thing. Therefore he cannot stand the suffocating theology of the Mount Zion Chapel preacher. So he throws himself out of the stuffy fold into the open. There the poet finds breathing room and uplift. He has been drenched in hell; now he is swept into heaven. The storm is still raging, but receding. The sky is stormswept and light-flooded by turns, when

> Lo, what think you? suddenly
> The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
> Received at once the full fruition
> Of the moon's consummate apparition.
> The black cloud barricade was riven,
> Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
> Deep in the West; while bare and breathless,
> North and South and East lay ready
> For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless,
> Sprang across them and stood steady.

'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colors chorded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed
Until at last they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white—
Above which intervened the night.
But above night too, like only the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequence
Till the heaven of heavens were circumflexed,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier and flightier
Rapture dying along its verge.
O whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?

The poet has been swept into a spiritual ecstasy. His mind is glutted with the too-much glory of the sky scene, when, suddenly, ahead of him in the narrow path across the world he beholds Christ:

No face: only the sight
Of a sweepy garment, vast and white,
With a hem that I could recognize.

The poet is beside himself with joy. But Christ heeds him not. Why? The poet tells us. He has not read the service of Mount Zion Chapel aright. Beneath all of its crudeness there had been a real love for God. True, God should have our best. Our forms need not be burlesque, uncouth. The treasure of truth "lies as safe in a golden ewer" as in "the earthen vessel," but God is willing to slake his thirst at the poorest love ever offered if only it be genuine. The poet sees that he has been prejudiced, truly repents, is accepted, and he and Christ cross the world together. They arrive at Saint Peter's, Rome, just as the Christmas mass is being celebrated. Christ goes within but the poet remains outside. This time there is no contempt in his mind. However, he does feel that Rome's worship is an imperfect form of worship. He admires the greatness of her love but cannot excuse her indifference to the

claims of the intellect. In the early centuries the Christians failed similarly, despising the pagan literatures, the classic painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. Why did they not use all things? Why does not Rome honor the intellect? Why expect the mind of man to be satisfied forever with a rattle? Why expect him always to creep when he was born to run and climb? Still, he will admire Rome for her exceeding love—and perhaps the next time he will go within and worship.

They leave Rome and arrive at Göttingen. A hawk-nosed, coughing professor is lecturing on Christ, the Myth. And it is Christmas eve! Browning lingers at the door of the lecture room. The lecturer is taking his students back to the beginnings of the Christian movement. He is constructing a Christianity that shall meet all the needs of the intellect. There was no historical Jesus anything like the Christ of faith. The real Jesus was simply a good man and, yes, a great man; perchance the greatest man of all time. But not such as we think—very God of very God. The disciples, the first disciples, the fishermen of Galilee, really created the Christ we moderns know. He, our modern Christ, is a myth. Nevertheless, concludes the discerning professor, we do well to honor him, for he was the first to insist on the natural sovereignty, the divinity, of man. This arouses Browning's indignation and he heaps his withering scorn upon this "martyr to mild enthusiasm." We cannot resort to his full statement of the absurdities of this position, a rough outline must suffice: Why should we call Christ a great man if he simply restates moral truth already known? Others have told us these truths concerning justice and right without making the huge blunder of claiming for themselves Deity. Do you say this was the mistake of the first disciples? How, then, shall we call Jesus a great teacher if he could not make his meaning known? Or why should we call him good if he has presumed so much? The blunder, however, is the professor's. Jesus does more than throw light on the meaning of life, disclose to us its laws. He performs the God-function of creating in our hearts "motive and injunction" for practicing what we already know. His command is not "Believe in good," but "Believe in me."

Still Browning discerns the ghost of a love for Christ in this

lecture room, and is willing to call such people as the professor "Christians."

The journey is renewed, but the poet is in an entirely different mood. Heretofore he has lacked in charity, in catholicity. Now he feels that every form of faith is more or less right, that is, more or less wrong, and that not simply as concerns the sects of Christendom but as regards the world faiths too. The poet, in other words, has passed over into a spirit of religious indifference. He will be no devotee, simply an observer of the world's religious life, the religion of savage, sage, and saint. But lo, his Guide has left him and he is filled with fear. Then does he find that there must be one true, best way of worship, one true religion, and that it is his duty to find that and give his allegiance to it, become its apostle. This he finds in Christianity and, whatever others may say, he will lay hold of it. He seizes the flying vesture of the Lord of life and by a single bound he is in Mount Zion Chapel again.

All through the preaching service the poet has been lost in a Christmas reverie which he has dramatized after the striking manner of the poem, as we have seen.

So much for the story of the poem. Let us look at its teachings a little closer; for Browning is ever both poet and prophet and cares not less for sense than sound, though it is sheer truth to say that few poets, if any, have surpassed him in melody and in the freedom and beauty of his rhyme effects and the adaptations of his meter to his theme. Browning's dream journey undoubtedly adds to the interest we take in his reverie. But this form and method serves another purpose: it enables him to pass in review the varying aspects and types of our current Christianity. Thereby he facilitates his criticism. The poem is a keen criticism of our current Christianity. There is that type that we have all seen, that we all know so well—the Mount Zion Chapel type—narrow, ignorant, exclusive, bigoted; which ever pushes nonessentials to the fore, which speaks with arrogance and dogmatism, which condescendingly gives the mind certain portions of the truth clean-cut and clearly labeled, as accurate as a systematic theology, as dry as an herbarium. It is a type widely prevalent at present, and was even more popular in Browning's day. It amounts to little less

than a caricature of the religion of Jesus, for its does not at all reflect the breadth, freedom, naturalness, gladness, and spontaneity of the Master. The poem insists—does it not?—that much of our current Christianity fails here. It is stuffy, narrow, lacks the freedom of Christ, the diffusiveness of the gospel, the fragrance of the cornfields—the vital element. That is the poet's first point on our present day faith and, though this poem was written more than half a century ago, one of our latest theologians insists also that we need to rethink our whole theology, starting from the human point of view rather than the governmental. Will we not all agree to this? Is not God too often only a name, Christ a theological heading, a necessary part in a scheme of redemption, salvation a juridical procedure by which a guilty man is let out on an eternal parole? Yes, Mount Zion Chapel represents a type, but, with the poet, let us pray that this is not the Mount Zion to which the prophecy saith "all flesh" shall come.

Rome, as pictured in this poem, represents both the Church of Rome and that much wider tendency, very much in evidence even in our modern Christianity, the tendency to distrust, ignore, belittle, the reason of man. The poet's discernment does not fail him here. He is a kindly critic, but honest. And the poem, if for no other reason, ought to abide because of its noble protest along this line. Here we see the prophet in the poet. How true it is that we persist, generation after generation, in making Rome's blunder! We place no premium upon the pioneer of thought, upon the creator of new systems. We applaud the man who sticks to the beaten path—in religion. And yet what is our need today, as a Christian host striving to win the world to the Lord Christ? Is it the great-hearted man, who shall quicken our sympathies and gather the world's weak and troubled and sorrowing ones up in his arms that he may lift them to the bosom of God? Yes, we need that man now, as always. Is it the man with a great capacity for affairs, who shall be able to direct aright the vast enterprises of the kingdom, representing such varied and important interests as they do—the ecclesiastical statesman? Yes, such a man ought always to have large recognition in the organized work of Christ. But our burning need now, as in the days when Paul wrote Gala-

tians and John sent his message to the churches, is for the religious genius who shall be able to rethink our Christian ideas and set them forth in the vernacular; who shall be able to show us how to adjust our beliefs and hopes to the work of the world. We need a Paul; not an interpreter of Paul, but one as creative religiously in this day as Paul was in his. Then why, may we ask, in the spirit if not in the words of the poet, do we always put this type of man at such disadvantage?

But the poet also saw the peril of a shallow intellectualism, which he represents under the symbol of the Göttingen professor; another tendency that impoverishes our religious life, though in opposite manner, as much as our Romish tendency. This intellectualism in Browning's day manifested itself in an attempt to explain Christ by a meager Christology, a Christology that saw Christ as a good man but deluded or misunderstood. Browning believed in the reality of the Incarnation and saw the peril of his time, which is still a peril today, though there has been a hearty, widely manifested movement away from the attitude of Emerson to Christ toward the attitude of Browning. Browning put the peasant of Galilee alongside of the kingdom as he knew it, as it had become, and he knew that the explanation was not adequate. Browning knew the value of a true perspective and he saw at once that the Christ of a thin liberalism was not true to the facts of history. He saw that the doctrine of the Incarnation is an honest attempt to set forth the meaning of that great Fact which has wrought so mightily with all the other facts of life and history. We have moved beyond the conditions as they then were, fifty years ago, into a truer appreciation of Christianity as a moral dynamic; and yet, there is ever the danger of irreverence, haste, conceit; the danger, in short, of superficial thinking and the habit of making large deductions from meager data.

As one reads this poem he feels sure that Browning was also aware of another tendency in our latter day Christianity: the tendency away from democracy; the failure to dissolve all exclusiveness, to keep to a broad, generous social program. Is not that what Browning is saying in that section of the poem that sets forth most scornfully the clique spirit of Mount Zion Chapel?

Christianity—what shall I think of it? That is Browning's Christmas Eve question. And he answers it fearlessly. He feels that as it exists in the world at present it is dogmatic, sentimental, impractical, undemocratic. At least it has such tendencies. But Browning was too careful a student of phenomena to stop with such a finding. This is but to see the surface play. These are but superficial defects. Back of all these tendencies, underneath them all, Browning saw a controlling and unifying force. He saw that the Christian community is a great unity held together, made dynamic, by the power of Christ upon it. Like the seer on Patmos, he saw the infidelities, the lukewarmness, the earthliness of the Seven Churches. But he also saw the vision of the golden candlesticks and One with a shining countenance walking among them. The poem gives this as its final judgment: Christianity is the great redeeming force in the life of the world. It is the river of God flowing down through the earth, fertilizing the fields of men, bearing on its bosom the burdens of the toilers, singing on its way, with irresistible melody, of the land that is afar off. In this analysis the negative results of Browning's reverie occupy a large place, perhaps too large, but in the poem, from first to last, we feel the power and presence of Christ. To the poet Christianity is Christ; Christ shining through this medium and that, yet Christ, the same under all the manifold aspects of life.

Suppose this is so, suppose that this is the truth about Christianity, suppose it is the great redeeming, humanizing force in the life of the race, how should one feel about it? What is the rational attitude to take toward it?

Browning has given us enough already, surely, for one Christmas reverie. He has given us several luminous judgments concerning our faith. Step by step he has led us to a quickening insight. He might have stopped here. But no. Every truth has its practical side. Browning is not the man to neglect that aspect of any truth. He may lead us up rainbow stairways, yet does he always bring us back in the end to the earth. So he must go on here to a very important practical application of his vision. Besides, he has deeper purpose than at first appears. The poem is a critique of Christianity as we find it in the world today. It is

an answer, a very beautiful answer, to the question, What shall I think about Christianity? Still it is more than that. It is a passionate answer to the very personal question, What is Christ to me? As we now look back over the poem with this thought in mind we can see new depths in the poet's words. And as we go forward from the point in the poem that we have reached at present are we not conscious of an increasing intensity and rapidity in the movement of the poet's thought and feeling? The reason is at hand: the discussion passes into personal testimony. It is partly for this ultimate purpose that the poet takes up this practical question: What ought to be one's attitude toward such a religion as Christianity? For a moment he hesitates. Religious indifference is such "a genial mood." Every type of Christianity has its defect; may we not go farther? One religion seems about as good as another. Why should a man become an apostle? Why may he not watch the pageant pass? Is not tolerance, or, if you prefer, is not indifference a rational mood? The poet speedily shows the sophistry of this popular tendency. Such a mood is thoroughly irrational, for it is only as truth possesses a man that he rises to his highest. The spiritual neutrals are never great souls. They are always overtopped by the prophets and apostles, the Platos and the Pauls. There must be some best religion, and it is man's duty to find this and give himself to it body and soul. Well, granted that there is a best religion, how shall we know it? The poet replies, By its value for life. And this is another strong affirmation concerning Christianity. He has already pointed out that Christianity is a great moral dynamic, a saving force in the race life. He now insists that herein it surpasses all other faiths. Christ alone, of all helpers of his fellows, supplies motive and injunction sufficient for life. Thus the poet has moved to high ground. He began by looking into the outer aspects of Christianity. "Yes," he seems to be saying, "yes, Christianity has its defects. No one can be more aware of them than I. Yet we ought to be able to see that it is a great spiritual force moving forward under the spell of Christ to the healing of the nations, lifting men to their highest and best. And it is because of this fact that it is worthy of a rational man's allegiance." Still the poet does not

rest here. He has a purpose beyond. All that he has said thus far but the better enables him to give more effectively his own personal attitude to the Christ of the ages. The poem is a criticism. It is more. It is a personal testimony. The fullness of its meaning does not lie before us until we get this point of view. And it seems equally clear that we should not look upon this testimony as that of a character whom Browning permits to speak. It is Browning's own testimony. Any careful reader of Browning must have been impressed again and again with Browning's intellectual and moral debt to Christ. No other poet has ever drawn more heavily upon the Master's inexhaustible resource. As has been pointed out by many interpreters, Browning was through and through a Christian. So that it is doing no violence to facts to take this poem as Browning's own personal witness to the Light. So true is this that it is necessary to go farther: No other conception of the poem opens up such depths within it. This view makes of it a glowing human document. Just what he would have us see, as well as the Mount Zion Chapel folk, is that he is no Gallio. He belongs in the communion of saints. He has a right at the feast. He hopes that the Pope and the Göttingen professor may enter into the comfort of Christ. And, as far as he is personally concerned, his solicitude is that he too may make the great choice. How his words ring out, above all the discussion, "I choose here."

What Beecher is saying in his matchless sermon, "What is Christ to me?" what Charles Wesley sings in "Jesus, Lover of my soul," Browning says in his matchless reverie: "I live, yet not I." The poem is a personal testimony to the sufficiency of Christ, and in sanity, sweetness, depth of thought, sincerity of feeling, beauty of imagery, and humility of spirit it has never been surpassed in any language. By it Browning takes his place with "the cloud of witnesses."

James Allen Geissinger.

Art. VII.—IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH CULTURE

One's first and most lasting impression of French culture is an impression of division. The divided condition of French thought and life is in fact so manifest that it forces itself on the attention of all observers. As Mr. Hamerton once remarked, every writer has remarked it. And yet French civilization does not break apart. It is full of diversities and contrasts, but the most striking phenomenon of all is its survival of so many serious crises. This aspect of the case must be noted at the outset if our discussion is not fatally to lack proportion. In order to gain a true picture of contemporary France full consideration must be given to her divisions; but if attention is directed exclusively to this phase of her development, the result will inevitably prove fallacious. The reserve strength of the French people, their ability to survive and surmount disaster, these must be counted fundamental elements in the national character.

In political affairs the discord is notorious. The broadest division in the Assembly, as among the people at large, is into republicans and conservatives, but these most general classes further subdivide. On the extreme left are the radical socialists, on the far right the reactionary parties. Between come the different groups which are fully loyal to the Republic. These profess many varieties of political theory but agree in desiring for France a genuinely republican form of government which, conceived in a modern fashion, shall guarantee civil and intellectual liberty, shall promote the economic welfare of the citizens at home, and seek peace with sincerity in its relations with foreign nations. The conservative right is less homogeneous. Among its members are numbered clericals, royalists, imperialists, many who are clericals and monarchists or imperialists in one, in short, reactionaries of every name and type, as well as a minority of genuine conservatives with no particular cause of the lost variety to defend. And some of these men are as misguided, not to say ill-balanced, representatives as conservatism ever had occasion to regret. Of late years their own acts have brought as many disasters on their cause as the

attacks of their militant adversaries who sit on the opposite side of the chamber. For it has not been the socialists and radicals that in recent controversies have taken the part of oppression and injustice, but those who by profession stand for political stability and religious truth. To the American mind the most notable phenomenon in all this welter of political divisions is the weakness of the Frenchman's allegiance to the established form of government. The republicans, of course, loyally support it. The socialists tolerate it as a stage on the road to some more radical constitution. The right is united chiefly about one point, its hostility to the present political organization, with a fierce longing in many hearts for the complete destruction of government in its democratic form. Manifestations of this spirit abound on every hand. The present writer has sometimes thought that it might be illustrated by the words which the Frenchman uses to express his devotion to his native land. There are three terms of prime significance in this connection. First in the series, and richest in its depth of meaning, comes *la France*. To all Frenchmen, in particular to all who regret the old régime, "France" means more than aught which is at present real. As no other word can do, it recalls the memories of the historic past. The achievements of Gallic chivalry, celebrated feats of arms, the glories of French art, the influence of the national genius, the fervor of the ancient faith—whatever has made for the power of the nation or adorned its fame is summed up in the term, in the idea, *la France*. The Fatherland, *la Patrie*, on the other hand, evokes associations of a different kind. When it is heard or uttered the memory is less disposed to travel backward through the centuries; it is rather France since 1798 that, clearly or half-defined, claims the central place in thought. It is not now the France of the Crusades or the Renaissance or the later monarchy, of Louis XI or Francis I or Louis XIV; not the France of Chartres, of Rheims, of Notre Dame, of La Chapelle of Blois, and Chambord, and Versailles. *La Patrie* is rather a term of republican significance. It recalls the aspirations and the triumphs of the France which the Revolution ushered in. It suggests thoughts of national armies, and free government, and popular endeavor; perhaps some notions also of modern industrial

progress. Nevertheless, these two words have meaning for Frenchmen of every school. A third term, or more accurately a set of terms, is limited to the fractional divisions of the people, for in addition to his general loyalty to his country every Frenchman pays allegiance to some particular government form. *La France,* even *la vieille France,* and *la Patrie* all can utter, though with varying shades of feeling. But in his heart of hearts, and often with his lips, each Frenchman further adds monarchy, empire, or republic. So great is the influence of this spirit that it affects the formal expressions of the national life. At Paris, in the square between the Tuileries and the Louvre stands the monument to Gambetta. Of itself it seems an insult offered to the old regime, to have placed it here amid the thronging memories of the past. And the affront is not mitigated by the quotations from Gambetta's speeches which are carved upon the stone. Especially that most famous passage which proclaims the advent of a new social class must form a constant provocation to living conservatives, at the same time that it celebrates the passing of the civilization which is gone. And yet the republicans have prepared the conservatives' revenge. For at base of the pedestal the briefest inscription of all reveals the incompleteness of the republic's cause:

A GAMBETTA
LA PATRIE
ET LA RÉPUBLIQUE

The Fatherland and the Republic, for the two are not yet fused in one.

This conflict of political sentiments affects all classes in the community. It appears even in the army and navy, from which, as one would think, it would be resolutely banished. Here it shows itself in concrete incidents, as well as in the movements of a more general kind which of late years have shocked the conscience of the world. Not infrequently the fourteenth of July, the national holiday, is marked by the exhibition of disloyal feeling. In 1904 the commander of a flotilla in Eastern waters was deprived of his command because he had refused to hoist the colors on his own ship on this day or to allow them raised on the other vessels subject to his orders. In 1900, or 1901, a

regimental officer returning from the holiday parade found his country's flag flying from the balcony of his lodgings, where it had not been displayed at his departure. Summoning his landlord, he demanded that the "rag"—on his trial he disclaimed the use of the adjective "dirty"—should at once be taken down. In the event our gallant captain escaped with two months of rigorous arrest. Now consider the state of affairs which such occurrences reveal. Imagine a German officer insulting the colors on Sedan day, or an Englishman on the king's birthday, or an officer of our own army or navy on July 4. Would he be punished by a brief imprisonment, or dismissed from the service in disgrace? But such offenses are condoned in France, despite the fact that since 1870-71 the army has been a central point in the nation's ideal life. And they are tolerated because the military spirit, like the spirit of the nation at large, is at variance with itself. The long struggle over the unfortunate Dreyfus demonstrated this abundantly. The refusal of many Catholic officers to obey the orders of the authorities during the conflict over the Separation Bill has again brought it into prominence. The propagandist agitation of the anti-military party illustrates it from a more radical point of view. In the United States the anti-military controversy is less known than the conflict over church and state, but, like this, it has stirred French feeling to the depths. The peace party seeks more than the limitation and ultimate abolition of international conflicts; it aims in every way to cripple or destroy the present military organization of the nation. In particular, it opposes the employment of the troops to suppress industrial disturbances at home, while, in case the government should declare a foreign war, it advises the soldiers summoned to the colors to refuse their service. By such a military strike the mobilization of the forces would be prevented, or at least fatally delayed, while prior to the actual outbreak of hostilities the threatened danger might restrain the ministry from rushing into quarrels at the behest of the capitalistic class. Perhaps the most notorious expression of anti-militarism has been given by an ex-schoolmaster named Hervé. But, to the dismay of French patriots, it proved that Hervé's tirades commanded the sympathy of a considerable number of the people.

Other teachers adhered to his proposals in spite of official disapproval. The radical socialists and anarchists hailed them with delight as representing their own cherished conclusions. Even socialists of the more moderate type, like Jaurés, when they found themselves compelled to choose between their patriotic allegiance and their avowed beliefs, repudiated Hervé's doctrines in uncertain tones. The critical point of the discussion was the question of war with the enemy across the Rhine. In regard to this the anti-militarists had ready a naive reply: in case of difficulty their Teutonic brethren, reciprocating their own peaceful sentiments, could be relied upon to meet them halfway until an era of international good feeling should be ushered in. The reaction, of course, was not long delayed. Teacher answered teacher. Republican educational associations criticised their fellows of a more radical type. For a particularly violent appeal to sedition and crime, made to the Paris conscripts of 1905, Hervé and his friends were condemned to various terms of imprisonment from which they have been liberated by the amnesty of July, 1906. And after the tragedy the farce: the German socialists, in congress assembled, gave their French brethren clearly to understand that when the Kaiser should call out his troops they would advise their followers to march! For the moment, therefore, the crisis has been met, but the agitation has continued, and the national spirit has been deeply wounded, since anti-militarism attacks its most sacred interests. It has even been suggested that the agitation has affected the springs of France's ideal life. The phrase may have seemed a strange one, or aroused dissent, but the writer ventures to insist upon it because, since the disasters of the war with Prussia, the military cult of country has been the chief unifying force in the national culture. The recovery of the nation has centered largely about devotion to the fatherland as this is symbolized by the land's defense. And such a movement has ideal as well as material significance; in France its influence has often been ethical, or even spiritual in an essential sense. That need existed for a moral restoration scarcely requires to be argued. The *débâcle* of 1870-71 was at once an ideal and a physical rout. As the "terrible year" drew toward its close leaders and people alike

began a search for more secure foundations on which to rear the new national life. At first the outcome centered in the religious revival, which for France implied a return to Christianity in its Roman form. But this phase was not destined to prove permanent; and from about the middle of the seventies French thinkers have turned increasingly to a non-religious, oftentimes an irreligious, ideal of national culture. By the majority of the political leaders, as by numerous classes in the community at large, mundane principles of living have been substituted for all views which look beyond the confines of the present world. The Republic, of set purpose, has moved in the direction of the state completely laicized, with education obligatory on all the citizens; an education, moreover, given in schools where morals are to be taught on a purely secular basis, and a nation of patriots shall be raised to enjoy industrial prosperity in time of peace and rush with fervor to defend the country should it be menaced by a foreign war. Sometimes this ideal has been phrased predominantly in terms of civic duty; often it has been joined with an appeal to the sense of human brotherhood. It is in this broader spirit that the brothers Marguerite make one of their heroes speak at the close of *La Commune:*

> Yes, let us melt our miserable egoisms at the fire of a new morality. . . . Let us renew at the evangelical fountain a religion of justice, without paradise and without a hell; a religion which shall not be vitiated in its essence by those two ignoble motives, interest or fear! Let us love one another—and, that we may love, strive first to understand! . . . Then with a single heart we can work together for the rebuilding of the country.

Others still, like M. Hanotaux in his Histoire de la France Contemporaine, add a refining touch. For Hanotaux the ideal is *l'homme généreux* of Descartes, as he has been developed in the long course of French civilization:

> He is neither hero, nor sage, nor saint, nor ascetic, nor superman, as imagined by other times and peoples. His physiognomy is calmer, less tense, more tranquil than theirs. . . . He early learns that life is short and he rejoices in its bloom; he knows that life is sweet like milk, if hatred and envy do not embitter it: by his smile he makes its savor sweeter still. The woe of others finds him prompt, his country's danger brave, capricious fortune always equable in spirit. . . . He is persuaded, as Des-

cartes has said, "that man cannot exist alone, that, in fact, he forms one of the parts of the land, of the state, of the society, of the family with which he is connected by his birth, his residence, and his oath."

Ah, yes—but what when storms shall come, when smiles no longer can conceal the fact that tempests are a-blow? Let it be granted that this ideal has been developing since 1875, and with increasing power. But, with these last thirty years as examples, the further question must be faced: Is the ideal of *l'homme généreux* adequate to meet the spiritual need? At this point a few names from recent history recur to mind. Grévy, Boulanger, Dreyfus, André—a president resigned because of peculation in his family circle; an adventurer, aided by royalists and princes, endangering the Republic till by suicide he brings his career to a miserable end; an innocent officer tortured through years of suffering in the name of the army and the law; a minister of war who wrecks his government by making the army a scene of religious espionage. Think of Panama and Madagascar too—or, rather, let us pause. Other nations have had their scandals as well as France, and our own, to say the least, has not escaped the danger. Let it be noted only that for France times of gravest stress have come, and though she has survived her crises, though the lay republic has developed its ideals and consolidated its power, although, as in the final vindication of Dreyfus, the religion of justice has at times accomplished a beneficent work, yet the nation has bent almost to the breaking point amid the storms, while unity and peace of spirit are far from being attained. And now French culture is threatened by fresh dangers. The new ideals, hardly won, are attacked by foes from an unexpected quarter. The doctrines of the internationalists war against the ethics of patriotism and the military cult of country. Social unrest, and its attendant unbelief, transforms the sense of brotherhood into savage hatred of the rich, even into wild opposition to individual ownership and governmental organization of every sort. Few things have been more instructive of recent years in France than the way in which the adherents of the new ideals have rallied to the defense of their threatened principles. In theory contemptuous of dogma, they have found themselves constrained to assume

a dogmatic attitude in order to save their positions from disaster. Internationalism they call roundly treason. By many among them all tendencies toward collectivism are denounced in unsparing terms. The republican alliance with the moderate socialists has been repudiated so soon as it was rendered unnecessary by success at the polls. So that it becomes easy to understand the outburst of Urbain Gohier, one of the chief of the imprisoned anti-militarists, when he exclaims: "Did not the Inquisition punish heresies with awful sentences pronounced in the name of orthodoxy? Was I not a heretic since I separated myself from governmental orthodoxy in certain essential matters? Is it not the duty of the French Republic to defend itself, just as does the Roman Church, against new ideas?"[1]

Thus French life and thought remain in an unsettled condition. Notwithstanding recent progress toward stability, they are passing through successive critical stages in the endeavor to reach a state of equilibrium. The question therefore arises, What is the issue of the process to be? On the political side the answer to this question is simpler than it is in the sphere of morals and religion. For the republic has more and more gained strength as the reactionary parties have shown their unfitness to guide in national affairs. Under firm, if somewhat drastic, leadership, its partisans have secured control of the army, have effected the separation of church and state, have ended the Dreyfus scandal, and at the last elections gained a victory which has established them in a position of authority and power. It is possible—although at present it does not seem probable—that France may some day risk the experiment of a constitution based on collectivistic principles. With characteristic audacity she may work out before the eyes of the world the venture of a socialistic state. But the danger of a royalist or imperialistic restoration has so far faded into the background that it is hardly going too far to term it definitely over. In matters spiritual the case is different. The real division of the country, says Hanotaux, once more, concerned the question of religion. The remark applied in the first instance to the years succeeding the war; but the conclusion continues to hold good today,

[1] The Independent, July 13, 1906, p. 76.

since the varieties of religious opinion in France represent in an acute form the divided condition of modern thought at large. The conservatives are for the most part Catholics—by virtue of political allegiance even when they are not influenced by religious motives of a personal kind. Among the moderate republicans are found a few liberal Catholics or representatives of French Protestantism, and a few theists or theo-philanthropists, but chiefly freethinkers of the more tolerant type. On the left come the Freemasons, the Socialists and, further still, the militant atheists, who seek the destruction of all religious creeds.

One July night we stood on the border between the Normandy and Brittany of earlier days. It was a pleasant summer evening, sweet and fair, as nights in northern France are wont to be in summer time. The chatter of the tourist crowd was ended. The few lingering travelers stood in silence, watching the Mont Saint Michel in the fading evening light. From the bronze Saint Michel at its summit to the village huddled at its base the mount rose nobly against the sky. There was the abbey church, crowning the fortress and the secular buildings of the pile beneath. There was the parish church, in part hewn out from the rock on which the abbey stands, and filled, we knew, with banners hung by the faithful pilgrims of this later age. There where the tourist enters, where the servants gather, where the touts and porters struggle for the unwary traveler's coin—at the level ground, amid whatever of sordidness our modern life brings to the ancient place—even there the entrance gate and the beginning of the encircling walls served to remind one of the life of other days. And so the scene before us seemed a figure of the land at large. Here was the best remaining of the old régime. Here, rising in the twilight, was the shadow of the France of history. Nay, here, in the splendid symbol, stood France itself—*la vieille France,* the France of literature, of religion, of work, of art; the France which had known military grandeur, which had bred heroes of the cloister and of mission journey as well as leaders on a hundred stricken fields; the France which in letters as in power had dominated Europe till toward the opening of the Revolutionary strife. Yet even here reminders of the present conflict were not to be avoided. Within

these fortress walls this same sweet summer night, beside the street which leads up to the abbey gate, the traveler might find clear evidence of the unrest which is distracting France today. In the name of the French republic, the notice ran, and in accordance with the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, there shall be placarded in every commune of France the speech of M. Briand reporting the bill for the separation of church and state, and the vote of each deputy on the passage of said measure. Thus at the Mont Saint Michel itself which Frenchmen visit as though it were a patriotic shrine, and where they forget something of their usual political acerbity, the turmoil of the conflict makes itself apparent.

What is the issue to be? The clerical reactionary finds no hope for France except in a return to the unquestioning ecclesiastical allegiance of former times. The radical extremist is sure that all religious belief, like all metaphysical speculation, all thought of any and every kind which seeks to penetrate beyond the limits of time and sense, has been outlawed by the progress of the age. And since France is the torch-bearer of the nations, it is hers to take the lead in this, the final emancipation of the mind. But the present writer is constrained to acknowledge that he is in possession of no such confident answer. A complete return to the ecclesiasticism of the old régime seems impossible for modern France. On the other hand, it may well be doubted whether the French culture of the future is to be entirely agnostic. And again, as one ponders over the problem, insistent memories return of what he himself has seen. Memories of humble parish priests and faithful worshipers, of wayside shrines, of reverent processions on saints' days or at the feasts. Above all these comes back the recollection of another summer evening and the experiences it brought. The scene is now no longer in the western provinces, but near to Paris and the center of French culture, in the cathedral town of Chartres. Impatient to renew acquaintance with the minister we had wandered forth at nightfall, content to view the exterior of the edifice until it should grow too dark to see at all. But we found that there were lights within the building and when we reached the portal the door was open, and so we ventured in. And, having entered, we felt the influence of the ancient faith despite

all modern change. Above us stretched away the lines of nave and transept, the recesses of the vaulting scarce revealed from out the darkness. At one's side it seemed there knelt another human figure, and you discreetly gazed until a white-coiffed nun appeared, praying with other forms than yours, but understood among these fine surroundings. Anon a chant was heard, floating far down the church beyond the choir; and then a sound of moving feet, which at each renewal increased and came the nearer. At length the worshipers appeared, bearing tapers in their hands in token of their service and to guide their footsteps through the gloom. They were making the stations of the cross, a little band of poor folk, their faces and their figures worn in the stress of life's sorrows and life's battle. But in the great cathedral, at close of summer eve, in the midst of the strife which bids fair to tear away from France the support of that great faith which has been her prop and stay since the days of her earlier kings, their worship seemed to voice the spirit of supernal truth. "For, "Our beloved France," it seemed to say, "in you too, our country and our home, in spite of all the fierceness of the storm, religion evermore abides."

And this suggestion may stand as the best attainable answer to the question which has been proposed. Apart from incalculable political revolutions the success of the republican form of government in France seems reasonably assured. In like manner there are possibilities of intellectual and moral change which no one can foresee, but which may alter, as often in the past, the whole spiritual aspect of an epoch. But, these aside, two forms of spiritual development lie open before the France of the future. In the one case the secular spirit may fully dominate the nation. Then the great experiment will in fact be tried, with an outcome beyond all prophecy except that it will be big with chances of disaster. Or, under the beneficent rule of a government republican in fact as well as name, civil and religious liberty alike may flourish. Then French culture will remain divided, but faith will not cease to play its part in the development of the nation.

A. P. Armstrong

Art. VIII.—OUR ENGLISH SPELLING OF YESTERDAY —WHY ANTIQUATED?

There is a marked distinction between spoken and written language. In writing a system of conventional symbols is adopted to represent speech. At best such a system is ill-devised and incomplete. In many cases, as in our own tongue, the written language fairly bristles with innumerable inaccuracies and inconsistencies and with flagrant absurdities of orthography. Of course the written language is only an imperfect attempt to represent graphically the spoken speech and is a mere shadow of the real substance, of the living tongue. No system of symbols has been adopted which represent with absolute accuracy and adequacy a spoken language at all periods of its history. It is a matter of extreme doubt whether any living language is now, or ever has been, represented by its alphabet with absolute accuracy and precision. It is quite probable that no living European tongue is today represented by its alphabet with more than approximate accuracy and completeness. As for the dead languages, like the classics, we may be reasonably certain that neither the Greek nor the Latin alphabet correctly and adequately represented those respective languages at all periods of their history. The body of Latin literature now extant is but a desiccated, lifeless mummy of the living, pulsating speech which was heard upon the lips of the ancient Romans. Of that robust and vigorous Latin vernacular, as employed by Cicero and Virgil in all its purity, we have only embalmed specimens, preserved to us in the stirring rhetorical periods of that prince of Roman orators and in the stately rhythmical hexameters of that famous Mantuan bard. *Quantum mutatum ab illo*—how unlike the spoken language, how unlike the burning eloquence which used to thrill the populace in the ancient Roman Forum! Small wonder we are accustomed now to speak of the tongue of the ancient Roman and of the tongue of the ancient Hellene as a "dead language," for those noble tongues perished, truly, centuries ago, when they ceased to be spoken by the inhabitants of Rome and Athens respectively.

However, the classics are not the only "dead languages." There is a sense in which some of the modern languages may be said to be "dead." Even our own Saxon tongue, which good King Alfred employed in all its pristine purity both in conversation and in the translations which he made for his people, is practically as "dead" as Latin or Greek, inasmuch as it is no longer possible for us to think in terms of the Anglo-Saxon or to speak with the accents and sounds of that rugged, unpolished idiom. Indeed, the speech of Chaucer and even of Shakespeare, no less than that of King Alfred, is to all intents and purposes a "dead" tongue to the English-speaking people of the twentieth century, for we no longer employ the idiom and the sound values then current. We have the language of those times, it is true, preserved in the works of Chaucer and in our rich literary heritage from the Elizabethan age, but the speech of those times—the vernacular spoken by the mellifluous-tongued and myriad-minded Shakespeare, no less than that employed by that "verray perfight gentil knight," Chaucer—is no longer heard upon the lips of the users of English and may therefore be said to be "dead." These authors have left us a photograph more or less faithful and true, though not a speaking likeness, of the English language than existent. How our English vernacular has changed ever since the days of the famous virgin queen, not to mention the more radical changes of the far-remote days of the ill-starred Richard II! A spoken language is constantly changing. It grows and develops, or languishes and decays, upon the lips of those who employ it as their mother-tongue, now incorporating into itself new expressions and idioms and now casting off such as are old and worn out. But it is no easy matter to fix its ever-shifting, kaleidoscopic form, or to determine its chameleon color. The spoken language is modified by each speaker who uses it as a medium for the communication of his thoughts and feelings. The words which a man employs to convey his thoughts to his fellow man have not an absolute and unvarying significance. They have only a relative meaning, not a rigid and definite signification, which is essential in the nature of the term, and they express only the ideas which the writer or speaker puts into them. The same word, as is well known, has entirely different meanings

in different passages or is employed in different senses by the speaker. Hence a prolific source of ambiguity in language. In the last analysis words are only conventional signs which mean whatever the speaker and hearer agree to make them mean. Striking illustration of this fact is furnished by our current social phrases, as Professor Kittredge points out in his Words and their Ways in English Speech. Such conventional phrases as "Not at home," "Delighted to see you," "Sorry to have missed you when you called" are familiar everyday expressions which have no essential fixed meaning. To be sure, they mean what their face value imports, but they are generally regarded as merely polite forms—etiquette—nothing more.

Furthermore, the sounds which constitute words have to be learned by the tedious process of imitation, and in this very process the sounds are modified to a greater or less extent. In childhood —in fact, in infancy—we begin the slow and painful process of acquiring a vocabulary to express our ideas and we continue the work till death, ever imitating more or less closely the habits of speech of those about us. Thus language is modified perhaps without conscious effort, upon our part. By careful speakers the purity and the propriety of our speech are safeguarded. On the other hand, our language is corrupted and debased by those of careless and slipshod habits of utterance. In any case, however, whether upon the lips of the cultured and refined or upon the lips of the untutored and ignorant, the language is constantly undergoing modifications for better or for worse. Since it is true that a spoken language is ever changing and never remains fixed, how great and far-reaching must be the modification and change which our own English speech has undergone during the many generations of its history! Because our written language has experienced comparatively little alteration since the invention of printing it does not follow that the spoken speech has remained constant and unchanged from century to century. Indeed, nothing is farther from the truth. But even our written language has been subjected to some minor alteration and slight modification since the days of Caxton, reputed the first English printer. Spoken English, which is the real, living language, has undergone infinite change during

the last five centuries, and has diverged more and more from the idiom of Chaucer and Caxton, so that it is today almost an entirely different tongue. English orthography never has kept pace with the written language. Before the invention of printing our spelling failed to reflect the modifications which took place in the pronunciation of our tongue and the printing press served to establish and stereotype the conventional spelling then in vogue, which the characteristic conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon race has ever since preserved in its crystallized, fossilized form. The printing press, therefore, is largely responsible for our inconsistent, archaic and unphonetic English orthography. When printing was introduced into England such bewildering confusion and signal want of uniformity prevailed in writing and speaking the vernacular that expediency and business exigencies alike suggested a modification of our received spelling, and soon an imperative demand for simplicity and uniformity was felt among the printers. In response to this demand, and in order to facilitate the labor of the compositor and reader, a conventional mode of spelling was adopted and put into general use by the printers. Thus English orthography was taken from the direct control of the intellectual class who wrote books, and was turned over to a mechanical class who simply printed books. The intellectual class strove to make the spelling of our tongue conform to the pronounciation. With this object always in view English orthography was permitted a wide variation. A writer, therefore, enjoyed considerable latitude and freedom of choice and was untrammeled by the binding authority of tradition or convention. The mechanical class who undertook to establish our spelling for us at the same time that they printed our manuscripts experienced serious difficulty in their effort to represent an ever-varying orthography. Above all things they aimed to reduce English orthography to some uniform notation, and at length they achieved their purpose. Thus uniformity in our spelling was secured, but at the sacrifice of accuracy and precision; for the conventional orthography adopted by the early printers in England was by no means scientific or accurate even at the time of its adoption, and no attempt was made later to make the received orthography adequately reproduce the pronunciation. Conse-

quently there arose a wide divergence between written and spoken English. Not the least important result is the loss of knowledge we have sustained as to how successive past generations of Englishmen spoke the vernacular. The result, which is obvious to everyone and frequently an embarrassment to some, is the innumerable obstacles which our archaic and inconsistent orthography necessarily places in the way of those of the present generation who have to learn English. Sometimes, indulging in a little persiflage, we point with pardonable pride to the great achievements of our race and descant upon the marvelous beauty and flexibility of our noble English speech. We glory in the fact that "we speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke," although we may not hold the faith and morals which Milton held. We look with leniency upon such an oratorical or poetic utterance as a harmless effusion of patriotic sentiment. Yet how few really are those who today know the tongue that Shakespeare spoke! Because we speak the vernacular we take it for granted, as a matter of course, that we speak the language and employ the idiom of Shakespeare, little reflecting how different our present-day English sounds from Elizabethan English. Very few persons, indeed, have an accurate knowledge of Shakespearean English. Our speech has taken a long step in advance since the halcyon days of Queen Elizabeth, and it is a far cry from the twentieth century to the sixteenth century English. Perhaps it is not wide of the mark to affirm that not one person in a thousand of those using English as their mother tongue could today understand a play of Shakespeare if read with the author's own accent and pronunciation. Spoken with the original sound values, in accordance with authorized usage at the time of its production, the play of Hamlet would seem to us today a foreign tongue. With the words of Shakespeare's plays according to our present fashion of pronunciation we are quite familiar, but we know no more how the master dramatist would have uttered them, as Ellis observes in his Early English Pronunciation, than we know how to write a play in his idiom. The speech of Shakespeare has long since departed from us; and if acquired today, it must be acquired as a new tongue at the cost of untold study and unstinted toil. It would be necessary to delve into Elizabethan antiquities

and consult contemporary authorities on English pronunciation in order to determine the accepted values of English sounds then in use and reproduce the vernacular of that remote age. This would involve a vast deal of patient labor and generous study, and even at this costly price we could only hope to ascertain Shakespeare's speech with approximate accuracy of detail. So far has our spoken English today left behind the written English of the Elizabethan age.

Were it a physical possibility, it would be equally instructive and interesting to hear our English tongue uttered with the characteristic accents and sounds of each successive period of its history from the age of King Alfred to the Victorian era. What a vast and striking difference there must be registered between the received pronunciations of these several periods, embracing a lapse of time of well-nigh ten centuries! How they gradually shade into each other as the colors of the prism! History records a wide divergence of the speech of King Edward VII from that of King Alfred, and yet both of these are but extremes of the same English language which has enjoyed an unbroken continuity of development through so many centuries. How different our language must have sounded upon the lips of the leading English men of letters from Chaucer, Wickliffe, Langland, and Spenser, on down to Dryden, Milton, Pope, and Addison! When we speak of the English speech of a given period in the past we naturally think of the pronunciation as being uniform all over England. We assume without sufficient warrant that there was a standard of pronunciation that prevailed throughout England in those remote times, just as there is a recognized standard, with but slight variation, that prevails in England and America at the present day. However, even today there is no absolute standard of pronunciation. An absolute, definite English orthoëpy does not exist in reality; it is only a phantom, a figment of a precisian imagination without a counterpart in nature. We use the phrase for convenience, to be sure, but there never has been any such thing as an absolute standard of pronunciation in English, and is not now. The nearest approach to it is a linguistic ideal to which the users of our English speech aim, with more or less conscious effort, to

make their pronunciation conform. Still, the educated pronunciation of England and America comes much nearer to a common standard today than was ever the case before in the history of the English language. In Elizabethan times the usage of London and the Court did not prevail throughout the various shires of England, where the pronunciation was somewhat provincial. The tendency of English pronunciation in modern times has been toward uniformity. But in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries it is almost a straining of the meaning of words, as Ellis truly remarks, to talk of a general English pronunciation. In those good old days there was no received standard of pronunciation in England, and every man was free to speak English according to his own sense of propriety. Indeed, prior to the age of Chaucer not only was there no standard of pronunciation, but there was no acknowledged standard of literary English. There were various provincial dialects and also a Court dialect, but none of these was of sufficient influence to triumph over the rest and to compel universal imitation and adoption. After the Elizabethan age local usage in the matter of English pronunciation declined steadily, and the standard of the metropolis gradually commended itself, with increasing influence, till it spread more or less completely over the entire country. Consequently at the time of the rise of the pronouncing dictionary, in the eighteenth century, when the great middle class had begun to attain to prominence, provincial pronunciation fell into disrepute, and people everywhere clamored for a guide to Court usage in the matter of English orthoëpy. From that time to the present there has been a close approach to uniformity of utterance in our English speech. But in the very nature of things there cannot, of course, be a standard pronunciation without absolute uniformity of utterance, and it need hardly be remarked that this does not exist. Nevertheless, the influence and dominance of the pronouncing dictionary are clearly in the direction of a standard pronunciation and have made possible the existing approach to that end. It is quite remarkable how potent the influence of the pronouncing dictionary is upon English pronunciation. Despite the fact that such an orthoëpic authority is at best arbitrary, and somewhat artificial,

it has enjoyed a kind of undisputed supremacy since the days of Dr. Johnson, the literary autocrat of the eighteenth century; and its tyranny seems not yet ended. For the English-speaking world still defers to the authority of the pronouncing dictionary and to that extent is under its thrall and has not the courage to challenge it and to assert its own independence in matters of orthoëpy.

Prior to the eighteenth century the pronouncing dictionary was unknown. It therefore cannot boast the authority of a long antiquity. There were, however, certain guides to correct orthoëpy even in those early times, at least in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are preserved to us certain records of contemporary orthoëpists which throw light upon English pronunciation in those remote times. We are not therefore left to conjecture simply in this matter. These authorities, to be sure, leave much to be desired in any disputed question of our early pronunciation. Their descriptions of the accepted orthoëpy of their respective centuries as well as their graphic representations of the English sounds are far from lucid, and they sometimes make confusion worse confounded. Some of the orthoëpists were content to refer to Latin, Greek, or Hebrew sounds as a standard of comparison for English pronunciation, sublimely unconscious of the fact that the older pronunciation of these languages is not yet established to the satisfaction of all scholars and that the modern pronunciation varies with different countries. Others of them used key words the value of which it is extremely difficult to determine definitely. Others again refer to such unstable standards of comparison as contemporary French and Italian. Yet, amid the endless confusion and apparent conflict of these incomplete records, that eminent authority on our English speech succeeded, by dint of his laborious erudition and untiring patience, in solving the numberless difficulties with which the question of our early pronunciation was beset. By this achievement Mr. Ellis placed the world of scholars under lasting obligation by determining for us, with approximate accuracy, the successive values of our early English sounds down to the age of the pronouncing dictionary. Let Mr. Ellis give us in his own words a summary of his arduous investigation. "The pronunciation of English during the sixteenth

century," says he, "was thus rendered tolerably clear, and the mode in which it broke into that of the seventeenth century became traceable. But the seventeenth century was, like the fifteenth, one of civil war, that is of extraordinary commingling of the population, and consequently one of marked linguistic change. Between the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries our language was almost born anew. In the seventeenth century the idiomatic changes are by no means so evident, but the pronunciation altered distinctly in some remarkable points. These facts, and the breaking up of the seventeenth into the eighteenth century pronunciation, which when established scarcely differed from the present, are well brought to light by Wallis, Wilkins, Owen, Price, Cooper, Miege, and Jones, followed by Buchanan, Franklin, and Sheridan. It became, therefore, possible to assign with considerable accuracy the pronunciation of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, or rather of their contemporaries."[1]

In the English language there is manifest a tendency for the pronunciation to conform to the orthography. Our pronunciation seems to be more a matter of the eye than of the ear. By this is meant that the spelling of an English word exerts an appreciable influence upon its pronunciation. We feel, somehow, instinctively that the spelling ought to be an index, perhaps a reasonably trustworthy guide to the pronunciation of a word. It seems not in keeping with the eternal fitness of things, certainly contrary to our linguistic instinct and opposed to the genius of our English speech, for pronunciation to be entirely dissociated from orthography. We feel that the sound should be forever and inseparably wedded to the writing, and our linguistic sense is more or less shocked when the two are divorced. Especially is this sentiment prevalent in America. What else could have prompted the slight modification in the writing of such words as *favor, honor, neighbor,* etc., where American usage has seen fit to make a departure from the time-honored British usage in discarding the silent letter? Of course, as far as orthography is concerned, there is very little difference between American and British usage. In America we aim to pronounce more nearly as we spell. Yet even in American

[1] Early English Pronunciation, I, p. 26.

English the pronunciation is occasionally divorced from the spelling, particularly in proper names, but in British English this feature is still more noticeable, and, no doubt, American usage in this particular is simply to be regarded as a concession to British authority and custom. For there appears to be no general principle governing the pronunciation of proper names, the same name being sometimes differently pronounced in different localities. Besides, many of our proper names are direct importations from the mother country and therefore have naturally retained their imported pronunciations. In British usage the pronunciation and spelling are not infrequently at glaring variance, as in *Pall Mall* and *Cholmondeley,* which may serve as a type of this class of proper names. We might offer *Taliaferro* as an American Roland for the British Oliver. But where should we find a parallel in American English to the characteristic British *clerk* and *military,* to cite only two examples of a class of words of which the distinctive usage of the United States and Great Britain is at variance? Perhaps the true explanation of this variation between British and American usage is found in the fact that America is a new country, and hence tradition here does not carry such binding authority as in the Old World. There the pronunciation has been handed down by word of mouth, from generation to generation, among a people to the manner born. Here conditions are much altered. America has a large foreign-born element, and consequently many of the people cannot claim English as their native tongue and are compelled to learn it as a foreign language. Hence they rely, in a measure, upon the spelling to indicate the pronunciation of English, making it a study for the eye quite as much as for the ear. If in democratic America the habits of speech were as thoroughly established as they are in aristocratic England then we should speak the English language without any reference to its orthography. But political conditions have modified our American English somewhat, causing it to vary slightly from British usage. A rise in social rank, which is quite common in the New World though rare in the Old, is frequently marked by a revision of one's former mode of utterance, especially if your self-made man happens to have come of an obscure and unlettered

family. Assuredly English orthography is no criterion of received pronunciation, either in America or in England. It requires only a moment's reflection to be convinced how misleading and deceptive is our orthography as a guide to orthoëpy. Foreigners who undertake to learn our tongue are naturally more forcibly impressed with the utter untrustworthiness of this guide. The status of our orthography has been correctly described by a prominent historian of our noble speech. He says, "English is now the most barbarously spelled of any cultivated tongue in Christendom. We are weltering in an orthographic chaos in which a multitude of signs are represented by the same sound and a multitude of sounds by the same sign."[1] There is no doubt that our spelling is exceedingly unphonetic and unscientific. In our alphabet are only twenty-six characters to represent the multiplicity of sounds which exist in the English language. The utter inadequacy of our imperfect alphabet makes its strongest appeal—albeit mute—in its vowel notation. Here the many distinct vocalic sounds with their gradations in which English abounds must all be represented by five symbols. Add to this that we employ the same orthographic device to indicate quantity. The one vowel symbol *a*, for example, is written to indicate the various divergent sounds heard in the words *father, fate, fat, fall, ask,* and *fare.* Likewise the single letter *o* is employed to represent the diverse gradations of that sound which we utter in the words *floor, room, frog, off, note,* and *not.* Again we use digraphs, such as *ea, ee, oa, ei, ie,* etc., to represent a single vowel sound and diphthongs as well. As has been pointed out by Professor Lounsbury, one and the same sound is now represented by *e* in *let,* by *ea* in *head,* by *ei* in *heifer,* by *eo* in *leopard,* by *ay* in *says,* by *ai* in *said,* and by *a* in *many.*

Furthermore, as a result of the change in the values of English vowel sounds, our vowel notation is no longer accurate. We use the character *a* to indicate to the eye the vowel quality in *mate, sate, rate, date,* etc., where the sound value, far from being of an *a* quality, is really a long phonetic *e.* The truth is, all the English vowels have undergone a radical alteration from their primitive values which they had in the early history of our speech, having

[1] Professor T. R. Lounsbury. History of the English Language.

passed through different stages in the successive periods. It is an interesting chapter in English phonology to trace the tortuous course of a given sound, say *a*, through its various mutations from the Anglo-Saxon period down to the present time. Our vowels, especially, have changed and interchanged to an extent which is simply astonishing. The average scholar who has not made a special study of our English language has absolutely no conception of the radical nature and vast extent of the change and development of English sounds. Take as an illustration our vowel *e*. The early English phonetic *e* passed through several stages of development and about the seventeenth century came to have the value of a genuine long *i*, as in *ear, hear, year,* etc. Later, in the nineteenth century, this same sound developed into a diphthong which is its present phonetic value. Of course we speak now of the sound of this vowel, not of the symbol which we employ to represent it to the eye in writing. That is another story, and it illustrates the bungling work of our early English printers. In early times there were several characters in use to represent the vowel, *e,* to wit, *e, ee, eo, ea,* and *ae*. After the printing press was set up in England, for convenience and simplicity, *eo* and *ae* were not much employed. But *e, ee,* and *ea* came into general favor, and were established by custom to indicate the vowel *e* to the eye. However, these symbols were not consistently used in the beginning by the printers, and hence the present confusion in writing. Our consonantal notation shows evidence of as flagrant abuse of symbols and of glaring inaccuracy. Numerous examples might be cited to prove that errors on the part of our early scribes and printers have been stereotyped in our orthography and perpetuated to the present day. But not all the inconsistencies in our spelling have sprung from the careless work of the early printers. Some are the result of our etymological spelling. For instance, the sound of *s* in *sure* we represent by the symbol *ti* in *motion,* by *sci* in *conscience,* by *ci* in *suspicion,* by *xi* in *anxious,* by *ce* in *ocean,* and by *sh* in *shepherd.* It is obviously not fair to charge such an inconsistency as this to the sins of our erring early printers. Still, the early English printers have enough to answer for in corrupting the orthography of our language. They were grossly careless and

indifferent, and showed but slight regard for the propriety of English orthography. We are not at all surprised to learn, in view of the gross errors they committed, that they were, for the most part, foreigners—Germans and Dutchmen—who did not use English as their vernacular and who did not, for that reason, know the language thoroughly. "As foreigners," comments Professor Lounsbury, "they had little or no knowledge of the proper spelling of our tongue"; and he adds that "in the general license that then prevailed they could venture to disregard where they did not care to understand." The result was the printing press brought chaos into English orthography in the multitude of books which it sent broadcast over the land. Some of the errors, it is true, were corrected subsequently, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when an effort was made to reform English orthography and adjust it anew to the pronunciation. But many of the incorrect spellings which had meanwhile crept in through the introduction of printing were too thoroughly established by usage to be eradicated. They continue still in English orthography as a lasting monument alike to the crass ignorance and negligence of our early printers and to the arrant pedantry of our early proof readers. Thus our English orthography now in its crystallized state preserves those glaring defects as the amber the insects which, entangled in the liquid, are encased for ever. It must not be inferred, however, that as soon as Caxton set up his press, English spelling was immediately stereotyped and fixed for all time. It required fully two, if not three centuries, according to Ellis, for the picturesque diversity and latitude permitted the early scribes to be reduced to the dull, rigid uniformity now established by convention. Experiment after experiment was made by the typographers whose constant and ultimate aim was simplicity. The last radical change was effected by the seventeenth century when the spellings *ee, oo,* and *oa* were adopted by the printers. Even then a fierce struggle in orthography was waged, as, for example, that between *sope* and *soap,* until the conventional spelling at last triumphed. In the seventeenth century the writing *ie* for long *e* as in *brief, believe, friend, chief,* and the like, was finally established after a long and doubtful contest. In early times the spelling vacillated between *frend* and

freend, chef, cheef, and *chefe;* and a scribe could take his choice. But of course the printing press sounded the knell of this orthographic liberty of the individual, and one must spell now according to convention. And if one does not know what this is, he must consult the dictionary.

The seventeenth century witnessed many important, yea, revolutionary, changes in our speech as a result of the social upheaval incident to the civil war. But there was very slight recognition of these in the contemporary orthography. The printers refused to alter the conventional orthography to suit the modifications in the spoken speech, and they threw the weight of all their mighty influence in favor of the traditional spelling and against any sweeping reform. They prevailed; and from that time down to the present they have resolutely discouraged any attempt at extensive revision of our traditional orthography. Hence our historic orthography with its teeming inconsistencies and absurdities has now come to be regarded with a feeling of reverence; and we naturally recoil from any far-reaching reform of it as we would from laying violent hands upon an heirloom which has passed down to us through many generations. We have become accustomed to associate a certain spelling with a certain word, and we do not desire to have this association broken up. We therefore feel like registering a strong and vigorous protest against any proposed reform of a sweeping nature which would disturb our present English orthography, however illogical, archaic, and arbitrary.

To be sure, some of our lexicographers have ventured to introduce a revised spelling here and there. Dr. Johnson essayed this in his epoch-making dictionary, published about the middle of the eighteenth century. Indeed, he foisted not a few absurd and arbitrary orthographies into our language, which have contributed to bring our spelling into disrepute with those who clamor for "fonetic reform." Let us note some of these. Johnson threw the weight of his authority in favor of *comptroller* against the older *controller,* although he gave both a place in his dictionary. He likewise harbored *foreign* and *sovereign* in his dictionary, leaving the older *forrain* and *sovran* to shift for themselves. He adopted

debt and *doubt* with the epenthetic *b*, to the exclusion of the older and correct *dett* and *dout*. He lent the weight of his influence to establish a misleading and useless *s* in *island*, which used to be written *iland*. But perhaps he felt that the word was too closely associated in the popular mind with *isle* for *iland* to prevail. On the other hand, he retained the old spelling *ile*, which we have discarded for the etymological *aisle*, adding that *isle* was in his judgment a corrupt writing for *aile*, then also current. His uncertainty as to the etymology of the early English *agast* led him to write it also *aghast*, which has since triumphed over its quondam rival. He gives the precedence to *delight*, to the utter defeat of *delite*, its erstwhile competitor for popular favor. He rejected the simpler spelling *ake* for the less familiar *ache*, out of deference to its Greek origin, yet he endeavored to preserve a useless *k* in *almanack* and *musick* and similar words. He made a distinction without a difference in his spelling of the final syllables of such words as *accede, exceed, precede,* and *proceed*. But it is idle at this distant day to arraign Dr. Johnson on the score of his spelling. Let us therefore dismiss the indictment against his arbitrary orthography. Some of our present authorities on English spelling are not entirely free from reproach in this particular. The truth is, even yet our English dictionaries are not a unit as to approved spelling. We have not yet attained to absolute uniformity in the matter of our orthography. For, according to Ellis, there are still well-nigh twenty-five hundred words in the English language the spelling of which is unsettled and indeterminate. But we experience no serious inconvenience as a result, even if we have no preference as to what dictionary we should follow as a guide. In fact, any dictionary gives us a choice between *worshipped* and *worshiped, traveller* and *traveler, center* and *centre,* and similar words, in the case of which usage still wavers and is divided almost equally. Some excellent authorities still cling to the etymological spelling of words of classic origin, such as *hæmorrhage, diarrhœa, æsthetics, œconomics,* and *æstivate,* to mention only a few of a large class the spelling of which vacillates. Others, again, sanction this spelling, but throw the weight of their influence on the side of the simpler form. This simply proves that there is some degree

of variation even in our accepted orthography. After all there is no fixed standard of English orthography, just as there is no absolute standard of English pronunciation. And yet there is a narrower margin of variation in our accepted orthography than there is in our received pronunciation.

The movement for the reform of English spelling is beginning to engage the attention of the public. The Simplified Spelling Board has already entered upon a campaign which holds out some hope of success. It remains to be seen what practical results will be accomplished. Scholars of acknowledged eminence are lending the influence of their authority to the movement. But there is a mighty wall of bigoted conservatism to be battered down before a movement so sweeping in its aim and scope as "spelling reform" can make much headway. The history of all similar attempts in the past is not such as to hold out great promise to the present reformers or inspire them with unbounded confidence. Still, intelligent, well-directed and untiring effort ought certainly to be rewarded with a reasonable degree of success, and surely there can be no question that there is room for improvement in our English spelling. If we had such an institution as the French Academy, no doubt the problem would be simplified. The outcome of the present campaign for the revision of our English spelling will be awaited with no little interest.

Edwin W. Bowen.

Art. IX.—HEAVEN'S WINDOWS OPENED

The town of Stoneton lies in a valley surrounded on every side by mountains. For many years the place was a synonym for wickedness, individual, social, political. The extreme north end was termed "Hell's Kitchen." Political impurity expressed itself in the buying and selling of votes. Men sold their votes at public auction. Social impurity blotched the town as with cancer spots. The marriage tie was extremely lax. Men were known to exchange wives. The demon of intemperance possessed the town, refusing to be exorcised. There were five large hotels, all licensed, and numerous cider mills. Law and order were publicly violated in the grossest manner. Within the memory of one citizen forty men had been killed in fights, brawls, and in several instances, in cold-blooded murder. Stoneton was the borderland of Sodom.

Within the main village of the town were churches of three denominations: Methodist, Baptist, and "Christian." Each contained people of deep spiritual life and rare virtue, but all exerted, as a whole, an unhealthful influence upon the community, forasmuch as they winked at immorality and compromised with evil, while the fierce devil of jealous competition possessed all three.

From a human standpoint the possibilities for spiritual awakening or moral purification seemed hopeless. Nothing but a marvelous manifestation of divine power, convicting, converting, and sanctifying, could avail. But as the mountains are round about Stoneton, so was God round about his people. And "with God all things are possible." "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "All things are possible to him that believeth." Within six months God had answered the faith of the faithful among his people. He had shaken the town, as by a moral earthquake, to its foundations. He had covered hills with glory and filled valleys with the light of his love. He had breathed into society a more healthful life. He had reclaimed scores of backsliders to a life of spiritual power. He had converted two hundred and fifty souls. He had added one hundred and forty-nine probationers to one church. He had annihilated all the saloons. He

had opened the hearts of the people of a poor church to the gift of $270 for missions. All this, together with a quickened social conscience, a public opinion turned against past evils, and many another blessing came to the community. This great revolution and transformation are traceable only to divine power.

The work began with a manifestation of the Holy Spirit to the pastor of the Methodist church. For months he had sought by close study of God's Word, by prayer and self-examination, and with steadily increasing light, to be a vessel, sanctified and meet for the Master's use. In a short time he saw that power must be preceded by weakness, life must be preceded by death. He found his own heart filled with self. Purity must precede power; self must be cast out. It was seen that God must own us before he can use us. The thought came one midnight that to give God all is to put all to God's use. The minister began to confess to himself that he had not preached to be approved of God alone. His fault had been a lack of boldness in uttering the word. There had been too much regard for popular approval. There followed a strong determination to speak on the following Lord's Day very plain truth regardless of man's approval. When, shortly after that Sunday, he received an urgent invitation to preach in a large church in a neighboring town, the thought came, "Go, but you need not preach that plain sermon there." This temptation to moderate his boldness he victoriously resisted, and from that time on he was conscious of a change in his inner life. New messages that were like grapeshot from the pulpit startled the people. Friends feared that the church might be injured by the intense, plain truths, but a new fearlessness had been born within his soul, and with it a supreme longing to be approved of God whether men would hear or forbear. Angry opposition soon arose. The minister's bold denunciation of the buying and selling of votes cut deep. His utterances against the social evil and adultery provoked wrath. His charge of hypocrisy in church life was unwelcome. His assaults on the saloons seemed to stir the devil himself. But this plain preaching was a luxury to him for it brought a sense of freedom and the delight of pleasing God.

The pastor soon planned for a series of revival services. Lit-

tle did he dream of the plan of work afterward unfolded, the spiritual results to be reaped, the manner in which he would by many be reviled or the many things that were to lead up to the permanent overthrow of the saloons. At this time not more than fifty of the six hundred voters of the town could be relied upon to cast a vote for "No License." Yet assurance, as strong as it was strange, possessed the pastor's soul that by one hundred majority the saloons would be voted down. He went so far as to warn a man against purchasing a saloon, telling him that before spring there would be a wave of public opinion large enough and strong enough to swamp him. The advice met an insolent reply. That man lost his invested money.

One Sunday morning, standing at sunrise on the summit of a lofty bluff, there came to the minister a vision of the true plan of work. He beheld the sun streak the east with glory. The hills on every side were tipped with gold. The mountain peaks one by one became transfigured. Finally the splendor poured down into the valley and the nestling village was deluged with sunshine. To his soul this scene prophesied that soon the Sun of Righteousness would rise on that benighted community. Away in the east lay a section of the town known as "East Hollow"; behind the bluff was "Stillman Village"; to the south was another settlement: away to the north was what is known as "Potter Hill." At each of these points was a schoolhouse and a hamlet. The main church was in the village, in the central valley. Suddenly a plan flashed out clear before the pastor's mind. He determined to follow nature's method in the sunrise—first the hills, then the valley. The Lord had spoken to him in the vision. The voice of nature became to him the Voice of God. He announced that morning the program of meetings in these words. "God is about to bless us wonderfully. He is to glorify hills and valley as with sunrise. He will convert two hundred and fifty souls and add at least one hundred and twenty-five probationers to this church. He will bind about this town a chain of salvation. Each link will be forged in the furnace of a wrathful love. In the spring God will draw in that chain and choke the saloons to death."

The plan, as suggested in that sunrise vision, was carried out

to the letter, and there was a revival at each point. When the winter's work had been definitely outlined the objects of prayer and faith and work were before the people. Meetings opened in the East Hollow schoolhouse and continued there for seven weeks. The services were attended by great spiritual power and results. Twenty backsliders were reclaimed, forty souls converted. East Hollow became a Methodist stronghold. Cider, liquor, tobacco, snuff, were cast away. Profanity and Sabbath-breaking to a large degree ceased. The desert blossomed as the rose. The next point for work was Stillman Village. Here existed peculiar difficulties. The community was divided by bitter feuds. The quarrels had survived for three generations. Men and women passed each other in morose silence. Such was the sullen and ugly condition of feeling. The village lay, like Lazarus, in the grave. A stone lay against it. But Jesus said to Martha: "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" God showed his face in mercy and bared his arm in power.

One evening the minister had dismissed the service and was climbing a long hill leading away from the village. Reaching the summit he turned to look back. Like a cold wave there came over him all the difficulties of the situation. Thus far the community quarrel had served as spiritual insulation. It was a barrier to success apparently insurmountable. Hatred freezes the soul and he who harbors it dwells in a wintry land where spiritual springtide cannot come. Then on the summit there came a temptation from the evil one. The devil said: "It is impossible to have a revival here. The barriers are too great." The minister cried aloud: "You are a liar and the father of lies. If God were not to work here, you would not take pains to lie to the contrary. You came to me in East Hollow before the great victory there. I recognize your voice." Then he looked up and said aloud: "I thank thee, O God, that there is to be an outpouring of the Holy Spirit here. I praise thee that peace shall dwell in that village"; and there came into his soul an assurance that was the "substance of things hoped for." He went down to his home and as he went he laughed in holy jubilance. He said to his mother: "God is going to bless Stillman Village greatly." "What evidence?" said she. "The

devil's statement to the contrary," was his reply. The following evening the house was packed. The text for the evening was "God is Love. He that loveth not, knoweth not God." The theme was "Hatred is murder." The meeting closed. Two women came and said: "Mr. D., come with us; we wish to ask forgiveness of Mr. J." Others did the same. The people remained. There were confessions; and tears of joy glistened, that were as diamonds to the eyes of the angels. Old grudges were buried. Women embraced each other. Men clasped hands. The prayer of faith was answered.

Passing up over the hill the minister stood on the same spot where the night before he had been tempted of the devil. Again he turned. All was silence save the ripple of a tiny brook that murmured in music like the strings of a harp under a seraph's touch. The starry sky was ablaze with light. The heavens were declaring the glory of God. Suddenly there flashed before his mind the angels' song breathed over the fields of Bethlehem. Looking up to the sky he seemed to hear the song from above, "Glory to God in the highest." Looking down at the village slumbering at his feet he seemed to hear a song from below, "And on earth peace, good will among men." Heaven and earth were in harmony. Celestial glory found its echo in terrestrial peace. From that night on, God's Spirit worked. Souls were saved each night. At a service in the schoolhouse, twelve boys kneeled together in a circle. Backsliders who for twenty-five years had dwelt in darkness came forth into light. A young woman sat one night with head bowed on the desk in front. Invited to come to Christ, she sobbed, "I am not worthy." She came that night. In two weeks we buried her, but in the outpouring of God's Spirit she was anointed for her burial. In that schoolhouse, hidden among the hills, thirty-five souls came into the fold of Christ. Some of them now stand before the throne. At the conclusion of the services in this hamlet meetings were begun on Potter Hill, a region notorious for its wickedness. Conditions here were most unfavorable for a revival, yet many souls were saved.

At length the work opened, at the earnest entreaty of the village people, in the main church. According to the "pattern shown in the mount" the people from the outside districts

directed their prayer and effort to the salvation of the village. God answered prayer, and men, women, and children, were converted. Moralists, harlots, all types of unbelievers and sinners, came into the kingdom. One Sabbath morning, the pastor had requested general prayer on the part of all, for the special manifestation of God at the evening service. The evening service opened and progressed without any apparent impression; yet at the simple invitation, given with little confidence of response, ten adults came to the altar. At one Sunday evening service one hundred people testified in thirty minutes. One feature characterizing the village services is deserving of special mention. The pastor had a preconceived idea of those who would first be reached, yet the first expected were last in fact. It was expected that the work would begin at the top but it started at the bottom; four immoral women were the first to come. Truly God is no respecter of persons. One case of many direct answers to prayer may be noted. A young German, about thirty years of age, keen, well educated, skeptical, had been the subject of special interest and prayer. One Sunday evening he had promised to come to hear a sermon on "Nicodemus." Circumstances kept him at home. After the service the pastor passed his house and, standing upon the hill, prayed, in faith, that there might be unrest in that man's mind. The following morning he met the man, who said at once, "Mr. D., I could not come last night, but I know about the sermon, Mr. S. (his employer), related it to me. I could not sleep. At two o'clock I arose and searched the New Testament until I found the account of Nicodemus." As an outcome, the man was saved from drunkenness, and from suicide which had been planned.

Now, during these months the question of "No License" had been kept to the front and vigorously, fearlessly, presented by the minister. The whole town was in a commotion, stirred to the deeps. By very many the pastor was misrepresented and maligned. A saloonkeeper threatened his life; menacing letters were received and one attempt made to waylay him on a lonely road was foiled. The man who attempted violence was afterward nearly killed in a fight. The saloonkeeper who threatened was himself murdered by a man who drank his whisky and stabbed him behind his own

bar. The day for the town meeting arrived. Enemies laughed to scorn the possibility of the town being carried for "No License." Many of the friends of the movement, which had developed into a battle, despaired of success. But God was in the battle. Many things instigated apparently by the devil were divinely manipulated and utilized for victory. One old man who had been saved on Potter Hill was induced and even forced to drink. This plot was so diabolical that not only were Protestants stirred but the Roman Catholics also vowed vengeance and worked for "No License." As one has said, "The devil makes a razor and with the same razor God cuts his throat." Other events, among them a disgraceful quarrel, scandalized public opinion. One caucus in which the license question became the dividing issue was a public disgrace. All these things with a multitude of minor events were so many coördinated engagements in the great campaign. The high ideals that shone in the light of that winter's religious work put to greater shame the arguments advanced by license advocates. On the day of fate the conflict was intense. Opinion as to outcome was divided at the close of day, but the main workers had a faith undaunted even by numerous cases of illegal voting. The evening scene at the polls is forever engraved upon the pastor's mind. On one side of the town hall sat the justices counting the ballots. Lined up opposite were scores of men who had worked for "No License." In another section of the hall were the "rummies," dark-visaged, grim, and fearful. Their leader, a man of county and state reputation, a man of magnetism and influence who had defied the law and its officers, stood with beads of perspiration on his brow, awaiting the result. At last the vote was announced. To the gladness of all who had hoped for deliverance, to the chagrin of all opposers, to the amazement of the outside world, "No License" had been carried by over one hundred majority. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Arthur Robert Davies

Art. X. PRACTICAL LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY

The common interests, the common values, or those which are believed to be essentially related to them, are what you refer to when you speak of the practical life. If your interests and mine do not agree, you speak of our practical life or of *the* practical life only as you neglect our differences. The man who thinks as no one else believes is the impractical man. The insane person, though intensely practical within his own world of thought, is impractical to the world beyond because he will not do as his fellows propose. The practical thus is an abstraction. It is a neglectful attitude. It is always less than concrete experience, for the common is but one phase of life. Experience, as we get it, is unique. Indeed, so full is life of differentiation that each new attempt to quantify the world reveals in clearer light the unalterable reality outside all quantity. Personality, the citadel of the real, is a bundle of special interests. Shall we say, then, that the unique purpose or interest, the unique value, is impractical? In a different sense to that previously expressed, the unique has its practical side. As a means fulfilling some end the unique may be termed practical to that end.

Philosophy is practical in the two senses in which we have used the term. It fulfills our deeper purposes, and in so doing touches life commonly in all its varied forms. It is hard for a mechanic to see the practical side of literature, or for the exclusive student of literature to find very much of worth in the mechanic's art. "A geologist's purposes fall short of understanding time itself. A mechanic need not know how action and reaction are possible to all. A psychologist has enough to do without asking how both he and the mind which he studies are able to take cognizance of the same outer world. But, though it be true that the special interests of a field may determine what is of practical worth for that purpose, it is obvious that problems irrelevant from one standpoint may be essential from another. And as soon as one's purpose is the attainment of the maximum of possible insight into the world as a whole the metaphysical puzzles become the most

urgent ones of all." "The special sciences all deal with data that are full of obscurity and contradiction, but from the point of view of their limited purposes these defects may be overlooked." They may be overlooked just because to the confined purpose at hand they are irrelevant and therefore impractical. The more our view is restricted so much the more do we assert the special interests we handle to be the only practical life. However, when my purpose is to acquire the deepest insight, and to attain rational consistency among the various notions I hold as constituting the world, then, because of that purpose, in order to realize my aim, I am in duty bound to grapple with those very inconsistencies or subtle forms of analysis which my more restricted purpose chooses to neglect or scorns to touch. For every special interest is a hermit which withdraws from the windows of its own home and so often refuses to look out upon the glory of the world of purpose that encompasses and supports its own being. Only as we come to realize that no purpose is its own creation, but that its present glow and warmth is a part of a larger structure, or that it attains its value because of other values beyond it, do we come to believe that also is practical which ultimately affects our immediate interests. And thus it comes to be that not only the special, not only the immediate interest which alone constitutes the practical life of the common man, but also whatever changes, alters, or determines these interests is included in the practical. The special interest of the wider view which touches life commonly is the practical. Philosophy is practical because it is the great framework into which you build your pieces of daily experience or your fragmentary purposes. To this framework the common man seldom directs his attention except momentarily, as he examines some isolated beam or section of the structure; except as he is interested, say momentarily, in the problem of free will or material existence. He never goes far in his examination nor sees the structure, the framework, as a whole. On the other hand, it is this framework to which the philosopher specifically directs his attention, and it is his purpose to see it as a whole; to realize how each part fits into the other.

Let us interpret more in detail the meaning and purpose of

philosophy. To some laymen the term often stands for an unmeaning and misapplied effort toward the solution of the insolvable and a reaching after that which shall forever remain a mystery. It is for this reason that men of this type refer to those problems which they do not understand, or which appeal to them as mysteries, as philosophical problems. The stock reference is usually matter, the unknowable. Men do not strive long even at intellectual labor when they feel no genuine reward. If the philosopher saw no more, felt no more, solved no more than the critic, and if his problems remained in mystery as sometimes supposed, his efforts would soon cease. It is because he wins back reality that he is ever willing to pursue farther. After all, the test of the fruitfulness of philosophic endeavor is found in the real pursuit of its methods. Few indeed are there who, once entering its realm, are ever willing to return. To most, it may be said, philosophy stands for the general and marginal knowledge one is conscious of. A prominent authority has described metaphysics as "an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and logically." Both views are real aspects, but, technically, philosophy has quite a distinct meaning from either notion. Technically philosophy stands for a connected and logically arranged way of looking at the totality of things. Not that its purpose is to get an acquaintance with all fact, but rather that it endeavors to present the universal and necessary conditions of fact. Its method, therefore, is largely that of revealing the presuppositions of any system of thought, of any field of science, or of any type of experience, and that of inquiring into the nature of these concepts and of their necessary relation to each other and to the world at large. Philosophy thus implies certain precise attitudes toward reason, faith, mysticism and science. It is opposed to faith in so far as faith ever arbitrarily restricts one's questions, though it can hardly be said to be more than reservedly opposed. Faith has two fundamental aspects: (1) The aspect of the given, the granted, the datum, a something upon which you act without proof, something of which you are convinced without inference. In this sense philosophy is not always opposed to faith, for reason is dependent on the given, the granted, the accepted. Reason is regulative and, at best, is only imperfectly creative.

Philosophy does not prohibit faith but seeks to satisfy the ideal of reason. It reserves absolutely only one right, namely, the right to question in any way it sees fit and to thereby find the necessary setting of one's faith in reality as a whole. It is this necessary aspect found even in the setting of a faith which is the rational aspect and which philosophy demands. (2) Faith properly has always an aspect of probability, for there is no faith but involves the possibility of conceiving the content really otherwise. (The truth that the sum of all the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles is a faith until the necessary relation is seen between this proposition and some previous proposition, such as, if two parallel lines are cut by a third, the alternate interior angles are equal.) One speaks of the knowledge rather than of the faith in one's own existence because of the contradiction involved in actually denying one's own being; that is, because of the impossibility of one's conceiving the meant reality now otherwise than as existing: in other words, because of the necessity involved. It is this second aspect of faith—namely, as a form of conviction accompanying probable reasoning or associated with recognized contingent events—which is opposed to philosophical progress. Philosophy, as an ideal of the reason, strives to reach necessary connection. When impossible it must recognize contingency to be a necessity of the very system it upholds. Philosophy may thus embody the faith which under other conditions it would oppose.

To the mystic the real is the unique, the special, the private in life. He tells us the essential mode of knowing is through feeling or intuition. Things are known in immediacy instead of through inference. Analysis hinders us in the acquisition of reality. Qualities and attributes obscure the truth. The mystic, therefore, is ever seeking that unity in God or in the world which has no distinctions in it. Philosophy with the mystic asserts reality to be unique. Philosophy with mysticism asserts that knowledge appreciates through feeling but that feeling is only one mode of knowledge. Philosophy holds that some things are known in immediacy but immediacy is only one type of knowledge. Revelation may be real but revelation is not the only means of reaching God. Through analysis philosophy reveals the deepest secrets in nature. To philosophy

qualities and attributes are fundamental to the deepest reality. The ideal of reason and the ideal of mysticism stand independent. No reason can overthrow the mystic, for he repudiates reason as the final judge and assumes that your opposition or discussion is a proof of your failure to see the truth. This type of conduct is an aspect which often appears in connection with certain interpretations of religious experience, especially so in Christian Science. Yet mysticism is an essential of life. It is a part of every life, and has been the whispering voice leading the world's martyrs on to victory.

The skeptic flippantly states that metaphysics is only a maze of abstraction in one's head; that it proves nothing, and that there is nothing corresponding to it in reality. If one should take such remarks seriously, he would feel impelled to ask why the critic thus injures himself; for in an interesting way he asserts a very live metaphysical system and protests just because he believes in it. Nay, he could not object except as he asserted a metaphysical ground of some description. In our special case the skeptic assumed, in all probability, that ideas were located and that abstractions were not real. He probably implies a dualism between thought and reality. He implies that the objective alone is real and that ideas are completely subjective facts. His theory of knowledge is quite likely that of correspondence. He assumes that only the proven is real. And it is probable that such an objector would very strenuously affirm, though this is not necessarily implied from the example given, that a real world of matter and of mind exist in more or less opposition to each other. Just so every intelligent man has a metaphysical system. It is not a question of metaphysics or no metaphysics, but of one system as opposed to another. The rustic has his world, the philosopher his. Each possesses general notions of interaction, of time, of space, of truth, of mind, of God, of the world, of persons, of freedom, of things, of qualities and of attributes, of matter, of unity, of continuity, of change and identity, of primary and secondary qualities, of thoughts and feelings as related to be the external world, of life, of soul and reality. The common man may not understand the technical terms of reflective thought applied to himself or to his

views. Quite likely he cannot tell you about his general concepts, but this only means he knows little about any other views besides his own. However, he seldom expresses himself long before he expresses a conviction on some deep philosophical meaning, a conviction the wider import of which he never realizes. So set is he in his accustomed manner of looking at the world that the first mention of opposing systems arouses his certitude of the error of the new conceptions of the world, for the real world is his own habitual world. Every teacher of philosophy is aware of this most interesting phase of transition. It is never long, though, if the student once enters into philosophical methods, that he remains so cocksure of his habitual common sense construct. Our point, then, is that everyone has his peculiar metaphysical system, though it be often very crude and very inconsistent, and that the confidence of the common man in his own special system is due to the limitations of his horizon.

From what has just been said it might be implied that the various thought constructs of the world, as found in philosophical reflection, are merely arbitrary schemes set up as fanciful protestation against the deep convictions of common life. A rather superficial view, we admit; nevertheless such notions do float about. A cursory study of the history of thought is enough to dispel such opinions. Every philosophical system is rooted in the subsoil of common sense life. The precise way of looking at certain phenomena, the desires, the aspirations, the hopes, the longings, the specific things which are called fact in daily life—these are the living forms out of which grow the majestic systems of philosophy. The situation is not that of practical interests and life on one side and of bare unrelated abstractions on the other, but rather that of a response to a concrete situation found in what you and I term common life. Thought attempts to be consistent, and in taking hold of so-called facts about us carries determinately and consistently forward certain accepted facts, with the result that your final outcome is the transformation of your system. Philosophy has always been practical, at least in the sense of being essentially related to the decisions and assents concerning what are termed facts in common life. There has always been a reciprocal action

between the pulsations of feeling and will, or of the desires and the ideals, of any given period in history, and the philosophy corresponding to that period.

I said there always has been an essential connection between philosophy and practical life. Each acts upon the other. Yet this does not mean that the one is a restatement of the other. The conclusions of philosophy do often radically differ from the accepted decisions of the common man. At first the student of a philosophical problem of necessity must come to his inquiry in a more or less indirect way. He brings to it certain distinctions which have come from concrete experiences or which are embodied in the ordinary language of the people; distinctions which constitute one's habitual common sense thought. These must form the basis for his operations. He focalizes a situation in experience upon which he philosophizes. He does so because of the lack of continuity and harmony in what he calls his experience, because of the twist, the break, the hurt or jolt he feels in the placid stream of experience through which he floats. If all anticipation were satisfied, if there were no disappointments, surprises and failures, no sin, if life were all sunshine, there would be no philosophy and no reflective life. But just because disappointments, surprises, and pains are real, man philosophizes. Just so the student of experience, I said, emphasizes a situation because he is dissatisfied, because he has something to solve. He abstracts the body of fact he dislikes, works upon it, attacks the new problem, and criticises it. But he does so at first always in the light of those other distinctions about which he has not reflected; distinctions which are full of unseen assumptions. Here, then, in a very true sense his first study is only a review, a restating of what he has already accepted and which now he brings forward as criticism. However, this special action upon the precise situation always brings forward something new. This work upon the concrete situation that is separated results in a reaction upon the materials brought forward as criticism; it reacts upon those current distinctions embodied in language or upon a man's habitual modes of thought, and reveals the presuppositions he is unconsciously using as tools in his critical work. The speculative thinker thus becomes self-con-

scious not only of the present situation but of the related facts; that is, he becomes intelligent toward experience. As a consequence his reactions toward the perplexities and problems in experience become controlled affairs. He may now recast, alter, make over, the material he has chosen to deal with; his construct now may be such that it is no longer a mere review, a restating of what he has always believed. Thus the thinker acquires a distinctive philosophical system; one, as we said, that may radically differ from the accepted opinions of the common man, one in which he approximates a remedying of the things he dislikes, for the philosopher's game is not mere play, but a most serious, often heart-rending, attempt to heal the breaks which he finds in life as it passes. Experience is made up of fragments. He wants to put them together; he is ever longing for continuity, for the bridge to span the chasm, for the ointment to heal the wound. And yet he, too, tears apart the fragments that come joined; he abstracts, he separates, he pulls down, but he does so superficially; he is controlled by a deeper purpose—he wants to give you back your loved things in a more beautiful form. Your inner life, your deepest nature must run true to the eternal verities that lead to God.

Yes, the fragmentariness of life as it comes is a fact. But every time the philosopher solves his problem he asks you to come with him, for he has a treasure to show you. If you come, he tells you to look; there, where you see that yawning chasm, he has found that beneath it lies a broad, smooth way. But, as I said, the philosopher rends, and sometimes rends himself in twain. He often lives a personality that is not complete; he may at times live far below the realm of men about him; he may dash his inner life to chaos, for personality depends on unity and coördination of purpose; but he gives his life to save it and that you and I may see a new heaven and a new earth.

J. H. Farley

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Frederic Harrison puts Tennyson on a pinnacle by himself as the supreme poet of the Victorian era, on account chiefly of the unapproached perfection of the laureate's style, his sure and never-failing mastery of poetic diction. *In Memoriam* is regarded by Mr. Harrison as Tennyson's masterpiece, yet he says that the thirty-two lines of Hamlet's soliloquy "To be, or not to be" contain as much thought as the three thousand lines of Tennyson's masterpiece. Such an admission from so ardent a eulogist recalls Matthew Arnold's saying that Tennyson lacked intellectual power. Mr. Harrison agrees with Sir Alfred Lyall that *In Memoriam* does not contain a theodicy or a religious philosophy and says that Tennyson had too dubitating a temperament to formulate any scheme of theology. The author of *Vastness* and *Despair* was all his life shaken by the enigmas of the Universe, the Infinite, Death, and the pettiness and transitoriness of Life. The poems named indicate a morbid view of life, duty, and religion, and tend to unman and debilitate. The laureate's thinking was too often inconsequent and gloomy and this increased upon him with age. Even Mr. Harrison, who thinks *In Memoriam* the masterpiece of the greatest of modern poets, says it is long-winded, lugubrious, and unsettling. The *Idylls of the King* constitute an epic of eleven thousand lines, tame and artificial in places, but strangely fascinating, on the whole marvelously sustained, and deserving of its immense and prolonged popularity. *Rizpah* is Tennyson's supreme triumph in weird, tragic, and ghastly romance.

The Review aims to make its contributed articles reflect the thought of the church; not of one class or school, but, as impartially as may be, the views of the various classes and schools of thought in our denomination. Such fairness as will be satisfactory to reasonable persons is justly due to varying views. In so large a body as ours the variety of opinion among men educated in different ways, in different parts of this large country or in other countries, and in different decades of a moving age, must be considerable. Occasionally we have been made aware that some contributor or would-be contributor of quite positive views on one side thinks that the other side ought

not to be admitted to publication at all, and even, sometimes, that no other side has any right to exist. In fulfillment of the purpose to make the REVIEW represent comprehensively the mental life of the church the editor admits articles with which he partly or totally disagrees. For this reason it is not proper for anybody to say of something found in a contributed article, "The METHODIST REVIEW says"—rather should it be, "A writer in the METHODIST REVIEW says"; and as such articles are always over the author's autograph signature, exact correctness and fairness are practiced only when the name of the author of the quoted saying is given, so that whoever reads the statement may know who is responsible for it. Often there is the possibility that the REVIEW itself is distinctly opposed to the sentiment or opinion referred to. We invite the attention of observant readers to the obvious working of a purpose to exercise fairness and secure many-sidedness in the make-up of the REVIEW. The observer will notice that capable representatives of all classes, positions, ages, sexes, colors, sections, and previous or present conditions have had voice in our pages during the present editorship, which aims to recognize the rights of all entitled to utterance, to secure all-around presentation of important subjects, and to apprise the church of the varied contents of its own mind.

A SEA VOYAGE

SAMUEL JOHNSON used to say no one but a fool or a madman would go to sea, for being in a ship is being in a jail with the added chance of being drowned. But that rough old man was a very big coward. There is nothing like an ocean voyage, and they miss much who never take one, for in it there are many sources of delight.

You have a sense of human power and victory as the splendid vessel cuts her way through the waters four hundred miles a day, and your triumphal progress realizes Mrs. Browning's picture of a huge steamship:

> "Crushing down the brine
> Like a blind Jove that feels his way with thunder."

Now and then come brilliant days, when, between a sparkling sky and a flashing sea, the

> "Happy ship
> Doth rise and dip,
> With the blue crystal at her lip."

Leaning over the stern, you observe that you are going forward, like

French history, by revolutions, for a whirling screw down under the waves is pushing you on your way. You note that the ship, like Leviathan, "maketh a path to shine after her, so that one would think the deep to be hoary." She leaves a gleaming track behind; at night a glowing breadth of phosphorescence, by day a path of brightened water smitten pale by the writhing screw, and flung, now like a ribbon of ultra-marine, now like a strip of April grass, along even the blackest and most wintry sea.

Few things are more suggestive and impressive than to watch the captain on deck with his sextant at noon asking the sun to give him latitude and longitude, or in the darkness questioning the North Star which, "in its fixed and steady constancy, hath no fellow in the firmament." It is a romance of "White Wings" to walk the tilting deck at night, and look up at the bellied canvas when all sails are set, with the moon shining brightly on them, and the listing masts tracking the sky with their slender tips as if to strike the stars from their places.

Watching the waves through long, leisurely hours, you will wonder at the stintless beauty lavished in God's works. A wave, lifted but for an instant on the bosom of the deep, is shattered along its top into flying crystal; its steep front is marbled with falling froth, and exquisite meshes of fading foam are draped like white Mechlin lace down its black shoulders.

Another wave, only one of ten thousand millions, in its brief life of half a minute, is crowned with a crest as snowy as Hermon's, inlaid with emerald as deep and delicate as that which tints Niagara's eternal front, and wreathed with a rainbow as lovely as the one God hung above a drowned world, on the vanishing clouds of the ended Deluge, when human history began anew on a clean page. Sing hallelujah while you watch the waves, for this same lavish God can clothe our poor forlorn and tossing souls in everlasting robes of righteousness, and bring us, dressed in beauteous faultlessness, before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy—his, ours, the angels', and our great Redeemer's!

The moods of the sea are more fickle than a gambler's fortunes, and sometimes it makes you forget all past and future tenses in the intense present. Sometimes the sun goes down on a glassy sea, as smooth as polished steel, as monotonous as Mr. Labouchere finds Henry James's writings; not a wind equal to a baby's breath; the ocean perfectly quiet save that long, slow, easy swell which is to the

sea what the heaving of the bosom is to a breathing creature. Before midnight this universal treaty of peace may be broken by a fierce war of the elements, a fight of Æolus with Neptune, wild winds battling with bellowing waves, while the plunging ship groans under the strain in every part of her frame. A boisterous night on the deep is apt to be sufficiently long and considerably dismal. You lie in your berth and hear outside the roar of the tempest and rush of hissing waves; inside, the doleful noises of tumbling furniture, creaking woodwork, and smashing crockery. At intervals a great wave leaps on board amidships, booms on the deck and crashes against the bulkheads with a sound like the report of a cannon; under it the ship wavers, trembles and staggers like a struck bullock when the butcher's ax crushes in his forehead. You brace yourself in your berth to keep from being pitched out on the floor, and watch boots and shoes and various pieces of baggage go waltzing across and back in the dim gloom. In some staterooms the patent washbowls go to playing like fountains, shooting columns of bilge-water into the air in a way to interest, if not amuse, the occupants.

But the longest night comes to an end, and in the morning, if you are sailor enough to rise and dress and go on deck, you behold a magnificent, awe-inspiring and thrilling sight, the ocean in its majesty and fury. The winds scream in the rigging, the spray flies in showers and sheets far overhead, above the highest deck, while on all sides, around the tossed and buffeted and laboring steamer, is one mad, howling wilderness of indescribable tumult and confusion, of heaving hills and sinking gulfs.

The ship hardly pretends to go over, goes through instead; puts her prow into every third wave and takes a few score tons of it on board, then sheds it sternward along her decks, until, from scupper to scupper or through open bulkwarks, it washes back into the deep, as the bow rides up the next great wave. Below you, on the main deck, water runs like a mill race up to a man's waist, and safety ropes are stretched in all directions. Now and then a sailor misses the life-lines, when a big wave comes over the bow, takes him off his feet, and rolls him along in its rushing flood until he strikes something to hold by and regains his footing.

After the storm is past, the sea, oftentimes for days, runs so high that you journey as if through a hill-country where the hills melt like wax. The mountains have been carried into the midst of the sea, and your vessel goes careering over their liquid ranges.

About the time you come to feel so thoroughly at home upon the briny deep that you suspect a drop of old Vikings' blood must be in your veins, and have been so long afloat with nothing visible but sea and sky that you wonder if all the land-world has sunk and gone forever, you sight Fastnet Rock, Cape Clear, the Old Head of Kinsale, your steamer signals Queenstown, and is reported in a few minutes at New York, Liverpool, London, and Paris.

IN THE HOSPITAL

To be visiting in the same period three inmates of as many hospitals is a considerable reimmersion in the privileges of pastoral life, a humanizing variation from editorial routine, a fresh and softening resaturation with sympathy for the hardness of the human lot. Hospital wards are provocative of thought and feeling, a region of austere yet benign reality, where experience bites the inmost nerve and cuts to the core of life, yet finds something bracing, rectifying, and tonic withal. A wealthy American mother with her two daughters spent several years in Europe. The older daughter, a girl of earnest, eager, and affluent nature, grew weary of walking in a vain show and being disquieted in vain with social frivolities and futilities, in a life of artificiality and make-believe; she grew impatient of prim prescriptive conventionalities and existence caged inside a book of etiquette; she longed to measure off her power on something hard, and to grapple reality with her conscious but unused and chafing strength: so one day she rose up sturdily, flung off her lawns and satins, strode away to the wards, donned nurse's garb, and for two years took the training course in a German hospital. A muscular soul is not content with practicing Delsartean attitudes of repose or with carving the air in calisthenic curves; sooner than that it would choose to be a Laocoön, with a perilous force to strain against for the hardening of flaccidity. An intense craving for reality forced Emily Dickinson to write:

> "I like a look of agony,
> Because I know it's true;
> Men do not sham convulsion
> Nor simulate a throe."

In the hospital one is in momentary and abrasive collision with

reality, poignant, incisive, excruciating. That enormously pretentious, addle-pated, and maudlin imbecility called, in supreme misnomer, "Christian Science," shows a glimmer of sense in staying away from hospitals, where on every cot it would meet its match in realities too rigid and rugged to be ignored, too aggressively actual to be denied or doubted. Imaginary diseases are not admitted there, and illusions are scarce, because their bacillus does not propagate in so sterilized an atmosphere.

Because God is merciful, and because "the best of men that e'er wore flesh about Him was a sufferer," therefore, where dire reality most is, there also is, and should be recognized, the once incarnate divine Reality, whom Ary Scheffer painted long ago in his "Christus Consolator," and whose unseen presence now is the mitigation and glorification of suffering. Amid suffering, no divine Presence and purpose being perceived in it, there is no self-defense except to cultivate insensibility. Next to Christianity the best resort is Stoicism. In Tennyson's verses entitled "In the Children's Hospital," which Mr. Palgrave says is "the most absolutely pathetic poem" known to him, the visiting surgeon brought in by the regular doctor is coarse-looking, harsh-voiced, and rough, seeming like one "who could break his jest on the dead, and mangle the living dog that loved him and fawned at his knee." What an insufferable indecency a rough, indelicate physician is! This surgeon paused over the cot of a poor boy who had been caught and crushed in a mill, but turned quickly away as from a case too hopeless to waste time on, saying lightly to the nurse: "He'll not need your care very long." The woman saw fit to respond: "All the more need to ask the Lord Jesus to care for him. . . . They are all his little ones here, and I pray for them all as my own." With either a half sneer or pity for her faith, the rough man blurted out: "My good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?" And off he went, muttering to himself: "All very well, but the good Lord Jesus has had his day." He rightly calls the Lord Jesus and the woman "good," but it is more than they could say of him. The scoff of his hard unfaith daunts not her gentle but unflinching faith, which makes such answer as this: "Say that his day is done? Ah, why should we care what they say? So far from being done, it has hardly come; it has but dawned; it will come by and by." Yes! And when it fully comes pity and tenderness will fill more human hearts; those who love will enter the service of those who suffer; Christian men and women of means in their

lifetime will spare much money, and at their death will leave more of it, to alleviate the appalling and appealing misery of the diseased, the broken, and the pain-stricken, until in human life the sympathetic shall be commensurate with the pathetic.

In "Ugo Bassi's Sermon in a Hospital," Harriet E. H. King reports the discourse she heard Fra Bassi deliver in a Roman lazar house on the Vine and the branches, showing how, to the true branches of the Living Vine, suffering is only pruning for fruitfulness. Standing where "five long chambers, lined with suffering folk, converged," he preached with comforting sweet voice, until he soothed them into submission by persuading them of the presence of Him of whom Whittier sang, "The healing of His seamless dress is by our beds of pain."

Recently lines from W. E. Henley were quoted in a pulpit as a specimen utterance of grim and defiant unbelief; but in those twenty-eight bits of unrhymed rhythms under the general heading, "In Hospital," where in fourteen line etchings, like small canvases from Meissonier or Tissot, he paints the figures which flit through his recollections of the "Old Infirmary" in Edinburgh, Henley shows his sense of the presence and power of religion at work there; shows it in his portrait of the house surgeon, whom he pictures as "sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane," and whose "piety is fresh and true in strain"; and in his portrait of the surgeon in chief, to whose "faultless patience, unyielding will, beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill," "innumerable gratitudes reply"; and in his picture of the nurse, "quick, skillful, quiet, soft in speech and touch," with eyes "acquainted with tears, but ignorant of sin"; and in his picture of the hospital visitor who comes through snow or shine, passes from bed to bed mingling smiles and Bible texts, giving tracts and buns, the sight of her making Henley feel that, thus doing, she "sweeps the Bridegroom's way, strong in a cheerful trust that never fails."

In the hospital are some wholesome and exhilarating spectacles. It is good to see the patience of poor sufferers, and on many an iron cot in the ward there is not only patient endurance, but more gratitude and appreciation of blessings than among the pampered and peevish people who surfeit in luxury, discuss querulously whether life is worth living, and "die full of bitterness and good dinners." It is beautiful to see the sick get well, to see diseases cured by treatment and lives saved by surgical skill, to see those who entered with dread go out with beaming faces. In a Connecticut home a pastor

performed the marriage ceremony for one of the daughters of the house. At the end of the evening he bade the bride and groom and the rest good night. The next time he spoke to that bride was five months later, in the operating house of a New York hospital, the day after a critical operation, when he knelt and prayed at her bedside for the sparing of her life. A month later, going to the hospital, he found her dressed, bonneted, and gloved, the picture of blooming health, and saying to his inquiry: "Yes, I'm perfectly well again, and my husband will be here in a moment to take me home." No artist could have painted the light of grateful joy in her face, but it must have done the surgeon good to see it.

In the hospital a man may be rechristened and reëmpowered for highest service. Experience of suffering or sympathetic contact with it may have a regenerative and dynamic effect. At a certain funeral two ministers made addresses. Their tones were soft and low, their utterance deliberate, their manner subdued; but their quiet speech sent a thrill through every heart, because both men had recently tasted bitter cups of grief, and the tremor of it still quivered in their words. One of the most gifted of American pastors in the East wrote in convalescence to a fast friend: "I have suffered a good deal, and am emerging from my sick room with a new sense of purpose to be more gently considerate of every human creature." Of a brilliant and earnest minister in the West it was said: "There is a new thrill in the preaching of Dr. G., which is very noticeable since his recent illness." His illness had more than once put him in the hospital. The man who can preach with mighty and helpful power must have entered in some way into the woes of his fellow men, so that he can speak to them intelligently and feelingly. A certain woman lost by death within three years her father, stepmother, two sisters, and husband. These sorrows which broke up the great deep of her heart, broke open an irrepressible fountain of sympathy which now pours itself out on the Home for Consumptives, where she ministers almost passionately to others worse afflicted than herself. Suffering has anointed and qualified many for the greatest work of their lives; and active ministering to the sufferings and needs of others has saved many lonely and heart-broken men and women from bitterness, gloom, melancholy moping, moroseness, and suicide.

In the hospital, as elsewhere in contact with suffering, Christian sympathy is evoked for robust yet dainty ministries, eloquent in expression and ingenious in devising ways and means. Sympathy's

signal corps is expert. It does Tesla's feat of telegraphing without wires. It wigwags with eyelids and eyelashes for flags, and a smile is its electric light. It invents deferential ways of honoring those whom it compassionates. Its service seems a kind of homage. When General Worth came back to Governor's Island in the summer of 1898, carrying in a sling the right arm shattered just before in the charge on Spanish lines at Santiago, the officers and men on the island, drawn up in line to receive him, reversed the regular custom in saluting; every man kept his right arm motionless at his side and gave his salute with the left, thus delicately signifying to the wounded hero that the thoughts of all were fixed in sympathetic notice on his disabled and suffering member; and this exquisitely considerate action, offering him the only sort of salute which he could return in kind, certified that in imagination they were putting themselves in his place.

In the hospital one may reflect that the evidential value of Christian sympathy, manifest in the relief of suffering, is extreme. The propaganda of the deed is the final efficiency of strategic faith. Verbal creeds find their correctness and authority called in question. There is disagreement even among the orthodox over the simplest of them. "Can't we agree on the Apostles' Creed?" was asked in a group of conferring ministers of different denominations; and Dr. McCosh answered, referring to a certain clause of that creed: "No. I am not ready to 'descend into hell' with the Episcopalians." But there is one creed which neither makes nor meets unbelievers, the creed of creeds wrought by human hands in loveliness of perfect deeds. Only in its most convincing form can Christianity make the impression which it made at its beginning in Korea. The Koreans watched the missionaries closely, having never seen such people before. Observing them, they presently constructed a descriptive name, and called them the "Jesus-doctrine-doing people," because they worshiped Jesus, taught his doctrine, and did his commandments. The new apologetics, rearranging our Christian evidences, may do well to put the ambulance corps to the front for its evidential impressiveness.

In a western city, a few years ago, a Methodist lady lay dangerously ill. The Roman Catholic bishop wrote her with his own hand a letter, saying, "Prayers are being offered for you in my churches." When her body was borne through the town toward the cemetery, workmen of all religions and of no religion left their work in shops and factories and stood in rows along the street with uncov-

ered heads, in affectionate reverence for the friend whom they and their families had lost. Her pitiful woman's heart had overbrooded the needy and the wretched of a whole city. So absolute was the confidence of the community in her that men gave thousands of dollars into her hands to disburse and apply as she saw fit for the relief of destitution and suffering. She had so "wrought the creed of creeds in loveliness of perfect deeds" that none could gainsay its divineness. In East Boston a Universalist minister died. No place was large enough to hold the crowds. Every minister of every denomination in that section of the city attended the funeral except the Catholic priest, and he sent an autograph letter to be read at the service, eulogizing the deceased and explaining that nothing but an imperative engagement kept him from the funeral. The dead minister had lavished himself in stintless toil and sacrifice, day and night, indiscriminately, for the succor and relief of all who were in any sort of pain or trouble or sin. "Ashes to ashes" were fit words for his burial, since the consuming blaze of his enthusiasm for humanity had burned him up. He too had so "wrought the creed of creeds in loveliness of perfect deeds" that there was not in all the town one unbeliever in the majestic and all-subduing divineness of that man's religion. The homage of similar accolade and canonization waits in the great susceptible heart of humanity for all such convincingly embodied demonstrations of the ennobling power of the Christian faith. None can fail to recognize the hallowed glory of the creed of creeds when it expresses itself thus articulately in action.

The hospital of today is very different from that of thirty years ago, and is rapidly taking a larger place in human life. The old-time dread of hospitals is no longer justifiable. For one thing, the hospital is the best ventilated and healthiest place and the only really clean spot in town—surgically and microscopically clean. Many persons now dead might be alive if in their illness they had been taken to a good hospital, where every appliance is at hand the instant it is needed, and where constant watch can be kept by nurses and doctors. If that man of might, Bishop Tigert, had been holding a Conference in Baltimore instead of in Indian Territory, when his extraordinary accident befell him, Johns Hopkins Hospital could have saved his life. A veteran of the Civil War, who underwent a severe operation in our Brooklyn Hospital, which relieved him completely, testified that he suffered not the least pain from or after the operation, from which he had a smooth recovery, and that he would think

nothing of submitting to another operation of the same sort if it were necessary. A fair and felicitous title is that of the hospital in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, "The House of Mercy."

The concrete hospital in mental view during this writing is the one which stands on the Park Slope in Brooklyn, overlooking the spacious and beautiful harbor where, at the New World's front gate, stands Bartholdi's Liberty, a mighty woman with superb face set seaward, lifting her naked right arm against the sunset, and keeping her torch so loftily and brilliantly asparkle through the dark that the rotundity of the earth does not hide its light from the far-off Philippines. On the western border of Prospect Park looms the stately pile which George I. Seney built and gave to Methodism. It is in use now with surprising efficiency up to the limit of its unfinished condition, but waits for $50,000 to complete and equip all its buildings, and for gifts or bequests of $20,000, $10,000, $5,000, and $3,000 to endow rooms and beds for the free use of the needy and destitute, besides money for its annual expenses. In a wealthy home of a western city, when mention was made, some years ago, of the proposed twentieth century fund of twenty million dollars to strengthen and endow our educational and charitable institutions, the mother of the home said: "I hope the Brooklyn Hospital will get its share of that fund." This hospital is but a type of all our hospitals in its needs and claims. Is anything more sacred than such charities? In New York city a white-haired man was showing the face of his dead wife to his pastor. As the two men stood over the silent form the bereaved husband's finger chanced to slip into his vest pocket and touched a bit of paper. Taking it out, he held it before his minister and said: "There is a check for twenty-five thousand dollars which my wife left for the Woman's Hospital." That the dearest of women was now past all suffering did not diminish his compassion for the host of living women whose sufferings needed a hospital; his heart, tenderest to her, was also tender to them. Surely there is urgent need to keep the ambulance corps at work among the wounded on this battlefield of a world where so many are hard hit and sink down disabled.

When a Methodist, dying, leaves several millions to half a dozen worthless children, with the predictable and sole effect of making them more worthless than ever, and not a dollar to the church or its work, nor to any benevolence, institutional or individual, what comment do the heavens make on that?

THE ARENA

DR. DOWNEY AND HUMAN DEPRAVITY

The Rev. Dr. D. G. Downey, of Brooklyn, New York, in his article in the recent September-October number of the METHODIST REVIEW, entitled "Some Present-Day Opportunities," gives us some splendid thoughts and excellent passages. His putting of the importance of the ordinary as well as the extraordinary in ministerial effort and church work, and the necessity of caring for the children, being, if possible, even greater than that of looking after adults, is well done. But I take exception to some things that Dr. Downey says on pages 776 and 777, where in substance he asserts that often the pulpit and the singing of our times are too despondent and pessimistic as to human nature and the natural world. Such may possibly be true in the East of our land, but not in the West. My criticism along these lines would be that much of the preaching and singing of today is too optimistic as to human nature, if not also as to the natural world. Such optimism may be very pleasing to the infidel and materialist, but not helpful to the kingdom of God. To emphasize human depravity and Christ's divinity is very distasteful to the unbelieving world.

I think Dr. Downey has failed properly to interpret Dr. Isaac Watts when the poet says, "How vain are all things here below!" and asks, "Is this vile world a friend to grace," etc.; for I am very sure that he had reference only to the moral and not to the natural world. He was only speaking with a license of expression common to poets in general. But even if Watts had referred to the natural world, I am not sure that he would not have found support in the twenty-fifth chapter of Job. Dr. Downey brings a great array of illustrious poets to prove the purity and beauty of the natural world as well as the potency and promise of human nature. He believes that the poets are the best interpreters of human nature as well as often the truest theologians. Had he meant the poets of the Bible, we might have had no controversy with him as to the matter, but otherwise we could hardly agree with him, for such has been the great license of expression of poets that we have not always regarded them the "best" interpreters of human nature or the "truest" theologians. In an editorial of The Christian Advocate of October 18, 1906, it is stated that it (the Bible) "is and ever will be par excellence the Book of Human Nature."

My understanding of the Bible is that it clearly and powerfully declares human nature to be depraved, and in the sense that the whole human family is depraved, and that every individual in every part and parcel of his nature is depraved, I hold that the Bible teaches total depravity. But I do not understand the Scriptures to teach that man is depraved in the sense that he is as bad as he may be, for we often see individuals, bad by nature, daily becoming worse by practice. God in the Psalms declares that there is none good, that "all are born in sin and shapen in iniquity." Jesus accused the best people of his incarnate days (except a few of his own followers) of being "hypocrites," "whited sepulchers," and

a "generation of vipers." He declares also to these same people that there is none good but one, and that is God, thus asserting not only his own divinity, but human depravity. Paul declared that in him (naturally) there was no good thing. The natural tendency of man, in spite of all the unconditional benefits of the atonement in Christ, is downward. He is prone to evil continually. Just as naturally as certain fowl take to water, or as weeds and not grain spring up in the earth when neglected or left alone, does man by nature take to a life of sin and not of righteousness.

We all know how difficult it is to train up a child of the best birth and environments, even with all the helps of our holy Christianity, in the way it should go. The tendency and danger of falling from grace are not only taught in the Scriptures but felt in even the best Christian hearts, and are always to be guarded against by much striving and prayer so long as we are in this world. All this talk on the part of the poets about a "spark disturbing our clod," "something singing in the mud and scum of things," "heaven's rich instincts growing in men," and the like, if intended to show how good and divine by nature man is, may all be very good poetry but is poor theology. And I am sure that all this Dr. Downey fully believes. Here he and I are together, and we are only apart when we come to emphasizing human nature and divine grace in Christ, and perhaps then the difference is more in statement than belief. I trust so. He places more emphasis on the natural goodness and possibilities of human nature than I, and I emphasize the grace of God in Christ more than he. He makes more of human nature as we find it under grace, and I of the grace of God in Christ which has made human nature what it is. He speaks of human nature as affected by the unconditional benefits of the atonement, and I of what it is in itself without grace. In a word, I hold that Dr. Downey makes too much of human nature and not enough of the grace of God in Christ, that he jumbles human nature and grace and gives human nature the credit of grace without so stating it. While the doctor and I here seem close together, the point of difference is vital, and far-reaching in its influence. We must ever bear in mind that whatever of good there is in us is not of nature but of grace, not of self but of Christ. Our boasting must ever be in Christ and not in human nature. In proportion as we glory in human nature we bedim the glory of God. If human depravity be a small thing, so also is redemption in Jesus. If sin is but a blunder, or of little consequence, salvation in Christ is not significant. Exalt human nature and necessity of the new birth cannot be emphasized. And this kind of optimism I fear is more to be dreaded from some of the pulpits and songs of our land than the pessimism or emphasizing by others of the depravity of human nature. Dr. Downey holds that no man is born into this world utterly depraved, and I quite agree with him if what is meant is that man is not as bad as he can be. Man is born under grace, and we do not know human nature apart from the effects of God's grace, or the unconditional benefits of the atonement in Christ, without which there could be no so-called natural goodness, repentance, faith, or salvation. Human nature is fallen, and of itself is totally depraved, but the Holy Ghost with the lever of divine truth resting on the fulcrum of the

atonement in Christ, is lifting it up to the plane of holiness and God. Christ was as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and his grace caught man, as it were, falling, so that we have not known human nature entirely without the effects of grace; to know this we would need to uncap hell itself and behold humanity without God and eternally lost. But humanity itself is like the matter of creation, chaotic and dead, until the Holy Spirit broods over it, imparting the life germs and giving the formative tendency. Being dead in sin, by nature, regeneration and not reformation, is the need of man. He is not saved by a "psychological process" but by a miracle of grace. He must be born again. So we glory not in human nature, but in the cross of Christ. It matters much as to where the emphasis is put—whether upon the possibilities of human nature or the grace of God. The preaching required in all times and places is that which thunders out the lost condition of man by nature and the ability and willingness of Christ to save. Never until the sinner sees and feels his ruined and lost condition by nature will he flee to Christ for salvation. Never! As long as he fancies there is even a slender thread in his own nature to which he may cling, he will most certainly do so. He must feel that

> "Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling."

And never until the Methodist Church gives her old-time emphasis to this doctrine of human depravity and Christ's power to save will her sanctuaries be filled with the shouts and songs of redeeming love. Our Lord has had much difficulty, as has the church, with humanity along the line of this fancied natural goodness of man. The Pharisees troubled him on the score of self-righteousness, and the Gentile world on the grounds of natural goodness. The same old excuse, in one form or another, meets the soul-winner of today, and is his greatest obstacle. All of us who have come to Christ have passed through something like the following experience: First, it is all of self and none of Christ—self-sufficiency. Second, it is some of self and some of Christ—the foundation of natural goodness is crumbling. Third, it is all of Christ and none of self—the old foundation is entirely gone and Christ has become the sure foundation, "all in all." Standing before smoking and quaking Sinai the sinner finds himself dead in sin under the law, but beholding the cross of Calvary he finds himself alive unto righteousness through faith in Christ. As to true optimism, or the future of humanity under grace, it is as bright as the promises of God. There is no pleading a "Lost Cause," for the "Star of Hope" goes before us. The pathway of this redeemed world is overarched by the same eternal bow of hope which bends in glory over the great white throne of God. The world has been growing better through all the Christian centuries. Christ the Immortal Conqueror will finally subdue all things unto himself. While Satan is mighty our Christ is the Almighty, and will triumph over all his foes and ours. But the hope of the race is not in itself or human nature, but in Jesus Christ.

DANIEL K. TINDALL.
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DR. DOWNEY AND DR. WATTS

"Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?"

Now, the truth is, that the world is not vile, and, rightly conceived and used, it *is* a friend to grace and does help us on to God."—(Dr. Downey in METHODIST REVIEW September, 1906.) "Who gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us out of this present evil world." (Paul, Gal. 1. 4.) "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one." (1 John 5. 19.)

Query: Does Dr. Watts rightly conceive and use Paul and John, or does Dr. Downey wrongly conceive and use Dr. Watts? Dr. Downey declares that "our use of words is not wise and discriminating." Does he not afford an example of it in thus arraying by his rhetorical play upon "world" the theology of the hymn book against that of the New Testament? Why raise a false issue for the sake of refuting it? In this catchy age such a fling at Dr. Watts is likely to be taken up by someone as a fling at Paul and John. While the readers of the REVIEW are not at all likely to be misled by it, it seems proper to call attention to the matter in the interest of a more "wise and discriminating use of words" when we criticise hymns that have sung themselves into the heart and soul of generations. Dr. Watts, John, and Paul write of one "world"; and Dr. Downey of another "world." What God hath put apart let no man join together.

WILLIAM POWICK.

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A REPLY TO CRITICISMS

I HAVE read with much interest the letters of Dr. Powick and Dr. Tindall and appreciate thoroughly the fraternal spirit of their criticisms. It is not given to any man to see truth full-orbed. Even if one did so see it, it is doubtful if he could perfectly express his vision in any form of speech or writing. It is quite evident that the brethren who have differed somewhat with the views recently expressed by me in "Some Present-Day Opportunities" are looking at truth from one angle, while I view it from an angle slightly different. The benefit of all such discussion is that it presents various phases of truth and by comparison and correction brings us nearer to the totality of truth that should ever be our goal.

As to Dr. Powick's query, I will say that my judgment is that Dr. Watts is not quite in harmony with John or Paul in his use of the word "world." The real point of the argument, however, is that this word, as often used in hymns and sermons, is not understood by many in the limited and theological sense in which it is intended that it should be understood, and the notion has gotten abroad that the worlds of nature, of social life, of commerce, literature, science, and civics are antagonistic, *per se*, to the life of the spirit. My belief is that, rightly interpreted and rightly used, these worlds are means of grace to help us on to God, and that God intended them to be such. Dr. Tindall seems to think that I

emphasize the goodness of human nature too much, and do not sufficiently recognize the place and play of God's grace. Now while I cannot agree with the doctor's interpretation of the doctrine of depravity, I do agree perfectly with his doctrine of God's grace. He cannot emphasize that too strongly for me, and I doubt if anything can be found in what I have written that in any way depreciates that doctrine. I do hold and hold tenaciously to innate goodness in man. Why? Because man is God's child. Because God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and has never recalled that purpose. Of course man's goodness, be it innate or acquired, potential or actual, is all of grace. With the following words of Dr. Tindall I am in most happy and hearty accord: "Man is born under grace, and we do not know human nature apart from the effects of God's grace, or the unconditional benefits of the atonement in Christ, without which there could be no so-called natural goodness, repentance, faith, or salvation." All this I steadfastly believe. And this belief makes it logically necessary for me to hold that no one comes into the world totally depraved, but that all come (through the rich, everpresent, all-encompassing grace of God) with a germinal capacity for goodness, an instinctive yearning for God, an original spiritual enduement sufficient, if used, to lead them into the light and lift them into the favor and fellowship of the Father. This is all the article in question claims, and I must still believe that one of the best ways to win men to God is to reveal to them their divinely implanted, latent possibilities and so stir them with an eager enthusiasm to rise to the level of their best.

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THE INTERPRETATION OF ISAIAH'S "DOUBLE"

THE interpretation given by Dr. E. A. Schell of Isaiah's word "double" is fanciful. He translates it as a title to land. The first impulse of the Hebrew student that desires to determine the meaning of a word is to consult a lexicon. The Hebrew has two words that we find rendered in the English Bible in Isaiah as "double"; one of them is 40. 2: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of Jehovah's hand double for all her sins." And the other: "Instead of your shame ye shall have double" (61. 7). The Hebrew word rendered "double" in the last passage is found also in Zechariah: "Even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee" (9. 12). The suggested translation of title to land for both originals ordinarily rendered "double" is a meaning not found in the lexicon. The lexicographer Gesenius, with whom Davies agrees, renders כָּפֶל (Isa. 40. 2) "double"; and Gesenius translates מִשְׁנֶה (Isa. 61. 7. and Zech. 9. 12) "double." Dr. Schell's interpretation would be possible did a description of the receipt in the sense of a title to land follow these words; מִשְׁנֶה can have the force of "doubling," and כֶּפֶל the sense of "copy," but in the absence of such a descriptive word the interpretation is without lexical authority. Therefore the translation, "a title to land," is

fanciful. The suggestion suits the passages, but the interpretation reads into them an idea that exegesis shows is not there.

But a gracious interpretation, as Dr. Schell insists, is required in all the passages. The idea of pardon and mercy and the loving-kindness of God is alone in harmony with the contexts: "double" cannot mean a double measure of "God's wrath." The accepted rendering appears correct, and a merciful exposition also is possible. Dr. Schell unjustly complains that the exegetes Cheyne and Rawlinson do not throw any light on the word "double." For Cheyne gives the exposition of the word (Isa. 40. 2) as "amply sufficient"; and Rawlinson illuminates the passage thus: "It is not here intended to assert that the law of divine judgment is to exact double, but only to assure Israel that, having been *amply* punished, she need fear no further vengeance." (The Pulpit Commentary, in loco.) An examination that is closer than one admittedly "cursory" finds light from these authors on the term "double."

This hope, moreover, is expressed by Dr. Schell: "There probably is some commentator who has found the better way." The scholarly and spiritual Delitzsch is such a hoped-for authority who shows, perhaps, more clearly the way that, I hold, is trodden also by Cheyne and Rawlinson. The following comment on the passage is an example of his illuminating exegesis: "Jerusalem has already suffered *enough* for her sins. . . . Double punishment is not to be pressed arithmetically, in which case God would appear over-righteous, and therefore unrighteous. Jerusalem has not suffered more than it deserved; but God's compassion now regards what his justice was forced to inflict on Jerusalem as superabundant. . . . The turning point from anger to love has come. With what intensity will love, long pent up, break forth!" (T. & T. Clark's Translation of Delitzsch's Commentary on Isaiah.) "Double" in Isa. 40. 2, is a Hebraism, and its significance is "amply sufficient," "amply," or "enough." The exposition that from an "arithmetical" interpretation finds in it an expression of "God's wrath" does violence to the idiom of the sacred text.

Neither does "double" have this significance in the other passages under review; for the force of the term in Isa. 61. 7, and Zech. 9. 12, yields the interpretation double compensation. A contextual study of the entire verse in which the Isaiah passage is found makes this meaning clear: "For your shame ye shall receive double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them." "Portion" here means portion of land, and the twice repeated "double," interpreted contextually, means compensation in land. A stern, literal interpretation would mar this gracious, magnificent passage, swelling in harmony like a chorus of an oratorio.

The interpretation of Dr. Schell of Zech. 9. 12, also appears groundless. The entire verse is: "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." The translation is admirable: "I will recompense double unto thee." (Cheyne.) The word rendered "stronghold" has the meaning, according to Gesenius and Davies, of fortress; and not, as Dr. Schell suggests, a "strong-box" to

contain a title to land. The fortress was the acropolis height of Mount Zion, where Jehovah summoned the hope-inspired Israelites to rally their forces for victory against their Grecian enemies.

The interpretation of "double" as "amply sufficient" and, again, as "a double recompense" is not severely arithmetical, and accords with the lexical significance of the words. The interpretation "receipt" does not so accord. The accepted translation, as well as the suggested fanciful one, is in harmony with the grace and mercy of the glorious passages under examination.

ROBERT S. INGRAHAM.

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NICODEMUS'S NEW BIRTH

AN article in the last issue of this REVIEW assured us that Nicodemus was "born again"—had "faith unto eternal life." Maybe.

1. The opening argument about "the content and purpose" of Saint John's Gospel is ingenious but not conclusive. The Nicodemus case is not necessary to it, but its theory is well-nigh necessary to the case of Nicodemus.

2. The writer says: "The faith of Nicodemus, by which he, too, had been born into a new relationship is clearly expressed: 'Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.' It is a faith unto eternal life." And the "content and purpose" invention makes Saint John agree with the writer.

Now, suppose Nicodemus had lived in the time of the great Law-Giver, and had said, "Moses, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him," would that be a "faith unto eternal life"?—and "clearly expressed" at that? Might not Nicodemus or anybody else say the same thing to any teacher who wrought miracles? For instance, to Peter and John after the incident at the beautiful gate? Possibly our amiable friend of Nicodemus will insist that the ruler of the synagogue meant to recognize the divinity and Messiahship of Jesus. Is it impossible to do even all this (Nicodemus failed to "clearly express" it) without a saving faith and new birth? Many assent to all Nicodemus said and to the Messiahship in the bargain, and present with great force the historical arguments to sustain their belief and yet disavow a personal saving faith. Some of them put up a far stronger argument for Jesus than our friend's article does for Nicodemus.

Somebody has written: "The devils also believe and tremble." Are they therefore born again? Here is one who more "clearly expressed" his faith than ever Nicodemus did: Christ met in a synagogue a man possessed of an "unclean devil," who, upon being exorcised, cried out: "I know thee who thou art; the Holy One of God." (See Luke 4. 34.) Again, in the country of the Gadarenes, Luke 8. 28, we have a similar instance. This devil said: "Jesus, thou Son of God most high." Although these devils protested that they had nothing to do with Jesus, their faith was surely as "clearly expressed" as that of Nicodemus as to words.

3. "Faith without works is dead," says Saint James. After his night visit to Jesus Nicodemus's life was full of urgent opportunities to render invaluable service. Here is his full record: (1) When officers sent out by the rulers (of whom Nicodemus was one) to arrest Jesus came back without their prisoner, and reported that he was a remarkable man, they were rebuked: "Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers believed on him?" Nicodemus was there and had a fine chance to say, "Yes, I have." He only suggested: "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" When his brother rulers answered him, "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," Nicodemus was squelched. (2) The only other service to Jesus recorded of Nicodemus was after the crucifixion, when he joined Joseph in the burial of the body. Here John says that Joseph was a secret disciple, but only says of Nicodemus that he was the same one who came to Jesus by night. Is it true that "by their fruits ye shall know them"?

Possibly Nicodemus was saved. He himself is to blame for being so indifferent a disciple as to leave the world in any doubt about it. The best we can do for him is to leave him in the hands of a merciful God. When Saint John or anybody else wants examples of saving faith he can find far better ones than Nicodemus. There is already a too large, and probably an increasing, class of nominal Christians who, like Nicodemus, do little or nothing to avert the crucifixion of Jesus, who will extract much aid and comfort out of the "content and purpose" of any apology for the "ruler of the Jews," who, if a disciple at all, was merely a colorless one.

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THE WILL OF GOD

Physical nature as it exists today is but the expression of the will of the Creator. This world is what it is, in all its animate and inanimate forms, because the Creator allotted to the chemical elements their various properties, and determined the properties of all the chemical compounds, and appointed to the natural forces their laws and functions. We may think of the physical world as being a vast machine. The blowing of the wind, the flowing of the rivers, the precipitation of the rain, the growth and development of animal and vegetable bodies, and the performance of functions by physical organs are all expressions of the supreme will. Such operations in the kingdom of nature occur in obedience to established laws, and these laws are but the behest of God. We can easily understand that these laws, such as the law of light, heat, motion, or crystallization do not change. The supremacy of the divine will in physical nature is everywhere witnessed in the stability of physical law. But there are other wills at work in this world beside the will of God. The Creator has given the animal kingdom freedom of choice and action in the realm of physical action. This freedom is the expression of God's will. The horse in the pasture chooses his path across the field to the spring. This voluntary physical action is, however, the expression of the animal will. The growing of the corn in the field is the expression of the

will of God, but the planting of the seed is the expression of the will of man. As God has willed freedom to the animal kingdom in the realm of physical action, likewise has he given mankind freedom in the realm of moral choice and action. Moral freedom in mankind is the expression of God's will. But is human sin the expression of the divine will? By no means. Freedom to act, as in the case of the horse and of the planter, is the expression or behest of the divine will, but the action in each case is the expression or behest of the finite will. Likewise moral freedom as bestowed upon man is the expression of the divine will, but both sin and righteousness are the expressions of the human will. Man is morally free by necessity—he cannot be otherwise—but in the exercise of that freedom he has choice and liberty; hence while God is responsible for man's freedom, man himself is responsible for his action. Failure to observe that freedom is the expression of the infinite will, while action is only the expression of the finite will, has led to some of the errors of predestination. Jesus prayed, "Thy will be done on earth." God's will is "done on earth" in the kingdom of physics. But what is his will or wish concerning man who is morally free? Let human reason make answer. Reason demands: "Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you." This is the law of the reason. It is known even among savage tribes. No person wishes to be robbed of property, or virtue, or good name, or life—then do not rob others. No person wishes others to covet his possessions—then do not covet the possessions of others. These demands of reason are also the demands of God which he makes upon man who is morally free. They are in the Decalogue. But it is not enough that we keep from deeds of injustice merely. Morally free, man will reach the best estate of liberty when he observes also another and a higher demand. It is the demand of conscience. The precept of reason says: "Thou shalt not do evil." The demand of conscience, however, is: "Thou shalt do good." When we consider these demands of reason and of conscience, and that they are really the demands God makes upon us to prevent our abuse of our freedom, the wonder is that anyone can be the enemy of God. Man abuses his moral freedom by disregarding the demands of reason and conscience and of God. Man thus becomes a sinner. He has exercised his moral freedom, which is in accord with the will of his Creator, but he has abused his freedom. This abuse of moral freedom is an injury to himself, and a violation of the will of God. But the will of God will be done on earth. As man has the alternative of choice, likewise God has the alternative of mercy or justice. Let man use his freedom in choosing the way of goodness, and the will of God will be done in him in the display of mercy in his salvation from sin, and in his moral perfection. Let man, however, abuse his freedom by choosing the way of evil, and the will of God will be done toward him, in the display of justice in his punishment.

The will of God, therefore, is witnessed in the laws of necessity in physics, in the physical freedom of the animal kingdom, and in the moral freedom of mankind; and also in the salvation or condemnation of those who wisely use, or willfully abuse their moral freedom.

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE H. BENNETT.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE RECORD OF JESUS'S PRAYERS

THE Bible is the prayer book of ecumenical Christianity. From the days of Seth, when it is formally set down that "men began to call upon the name of Jehovah" down to the final prayer of the Apocalypse—"Even so come, Lord Jesus," the Scriptures are full of prayers. Even a complete prayer of Cain, Seth's older brother, and its answer, is quoted, while it is easily seen that Abel must have been a man of prayer; and from these facts as well as from others, it is clear that our first father, Adam, must have both practiced and preached it.

The last Adam, even Jesus, had the habit of prayer to a marked degree, and it is delightful to find frequent and formal records of this habit in the Gospels. Beyond question the Saviour was taught to pray from his childhood, as he frequently quotes from the prayer book of his people, notably and with a depth of pathos beyond measure, in the words of the psalmist which so perfectly expressed his own desperate condition in the hour of his crucifixion, and in the Aramaic version which his Galilean mother had taught him, "Eloi, Eloi lama Sabachthani."

His pronounced fondness for the divine Father's house and business, that is, his church and worship, when he went up to Jerusalem for the first time with his parents, at the period of adolescence, points in the same direction, while we learn from Saint Luke who appears to have made special research in respect of such matters, that each of the crisial steps in our Lord's career was taken in the spirit and atmosphere of prayer. We are informed that the aim of one of the parablès was to the end that men ought always to pray and that Jesus himself said when addressing formal prayer to the Father at one time, "And I know that thou hearest me always," both of which passages show that prayer was a fixed habit with him. Jesus lifted up his prayer as his eyes unto heaven when he would multiply the barley loaves and few small fishes; he prayed for power to unlock the grave-grasp on his loved friend Lazarus; at his baptism he was praying when the heavens opened and vocal and visible answer was vouchsafed; when he would finally select his Apostolic group he continued all night in earnest prayer to God; his glorious transfiguration took place after a similar prolonged period, "and as he prayed his countenance was changed," and again the Father's voice made assuring answer; while Jesus's announcement to Peter on the night of the betrayal of special concern and prayer for him is one of extreme significance and value. But in addition to these and many other incidental references to our Saviour's custom in prayer which may be summed up in the unique appreciation of his attitude toward his passion with the words, "In the days of his flesh, he offered up supplications and prayers with strong crying and tears and was heard in that he feared," we have several forms of words uttered by him

in its exercise which are among the most precious memorabilia embalmed in the Gospels.

The seven recorded prayers of Jesus comprise a group of perfect types in prayer suited, if rightly understood, to every sort of human condition and need. The chronological order of their occurrence is probably as follows:

1. The Prayer of Exultation, or Holy Joy: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth" (Matt. 11. 25-27, and Luke 10. 21-22). This ecstatic utterance of Jesus is without parallel even in the Scriptures. It is practically the same in both Matthew and Luke, though the latter gives the fuller background. That was a great moment in the Saviour's public ministry when seventy men, full of new-born enthusiasm over their power to cast out demons, returned to make report to the Master of their first successes. He did not curb their exuberant spirits but gave to them right direction and himself broke forth in this unrestrained measure. The meditation beginning, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father," is not to be severed from the context but is an integral part of the prayer.

2. The Prayer of the Universal Church: "Our Father which art in heaven" (Matt. 6. 9-13, and Luke 11. 2-4). Perhaps it is not entirely correct to think of this as one of our Lord's prayers, although its artistic balance and manifest poetic form, when read and rightly rendered from the Greek, mark it as not a spontaneous but a carefully wrought utterance, at once the delight and the despair of devout souls, both for its extreme simplicity and comprehensiveness. While it was manifestly given at the urgent request of his disciples, as a form of words for their guidance, the spirit which it so exquisitely bodies forth is one with the entire series of Jesus's prayers.

3. The Prayer at Lazarus's Grave: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me" (John 11. 41, 42). The atmosphere of this prayer is one of deepest sympathy and mental distress. Four times the record directly voices it: "When he saw Mary weeping .... he groaned in spirit" .... "and was troubled." .... "Jesus wept." ... "Again groaning in himself cometh to the grave." After offering the prayer itself, which is doubtless quoted only in part, this same high-wrought pitch is struck again when "he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth."

4. The Prayer at the Messianic Climax: "Father, glorify thy name" (John 12. 27, 28). Here again the record reflects the deepest agitation. On the one hand, the pilgrim throngs had given triumphal entry to Christ as King, and the Pharisees were saying among themselves: "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him." On the other hand, a serious and significant company of Greeks had sought special interview with him and on being presented formally by Andrew and Philip, Jesus exclaimed: "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified," and again, "Now is my soul troubled." Then follows the fourfold prayer itself to be instantly answered by the voice from heaven and reflected in the startling word of Jesus: "Now is the judgment of this world."

5. The Prayer of Priestly Intercession: "Father, the hour is come;

glorify thy Son" (John 17. 1-26). This is the one long prayer of Jesus, and how priceless a possession of the Christian Church! At last the desperate hour of doom draws on, but there is no tremor nor slightest sign of haste nor fear. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," he says, "and lifting up his eyes to heaven" he poured forth a prayer which voices every phase and relation covered by the divine atonement. Well do the Germans call this the Holy of Holies.

6. The Prayer of Gethsemane: "Abba Father . . . . take away this cup. . . . Nevertheless" (Matt. 26. 39-42; Mark 14. 36; Luke 22. 42). Here, too, our souls are heavy for sorrow and silence is at least golden.

7. The Prayer of Golgotha: "Father, forgive them. . . . Father, receive my spirit" (Matt. 27. 46; Mark 15. 34; Luke 23. 34-46). Here is proof of Christ's deity. Though his soul had been troubled in the temple and wrung with trepidation as the hour of agony approached, though he had cast about in the Olive garden for some possible escape of the bitter cup, yet now that the falling of the victor's lash, the piercing of the thorn crown, and of the nails and the lifting of the cruel tree has taken place, his first appeal is that mercy may be granted unto his merciless murderers, and his last, that his own spirit may be received back into the bosom of his Father. Such outreach and such equipoise are not short of divine.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JOB OF THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., has recently called attention to an interesting parallel between the literatures of Babylonia and Israel. He styles his article "The Babylonian Job." Though there is no direct evidence of immediate connection between the story of Job as written upon the cuneiform tablets and that of the Bible, yet according to Professor Jastrow, it is "quite possible that the Babylonian tale was a prototype of the story of Job," the crowning piece of poetry in all the ancient Orient. The foreign origin of Job of the Hebrew Scriptures has never been questioned. He is pictured as a non-Israelite, residing outside the pale of the Jewish Church, unacquainted with the Mosaic law and its minute ceremonial regulations. His three friends, too, judging from their names and places of residence, were foreigners, strangers to the commonwealth of Israel. They, as Job, belonged to the *bne Kedhems* (sons of the East) that is, inhabitants of that undefined territory extending as far east and north as the Euphrates and as far south as Arabia Petræa and Felix. It is also a significant fact that the early Christian and Moslem writers bear testimony to the popularity of the story of Job throughout the entire Orient. The tablets, four in number, containing about three hundred lines (though there are three copies, besides some fragments) on which the story of the Babylonian Job is written were discovered among the treasures (now in the British Museum) of the great brick library of Ashurbanapal, King of Assyria, 668-626 B. C. It is this same library that has furnished us the Babylonian versions of the Deluge and Creation, and other valuable literature. What revelations may yet be in store for us from the 100,000 tablets and fragments still remaining undeciphered in the British Museum and other similar institutions in Europe and elsewhere? The hero of the Babylonian poem—for this story, too, is poetic in form—is Tabi-utul-Bel (good is the protection of Bel), a king of ancient Nippur, who, to judge from the name and other internal evidence, must have lived prior to 2000 B. C. Though the king lived at that early age, it is more than probable that the poem in the form we now possess it is an elaboration and a later copy of an original, made by some Babylonian priest. This is in harmony with the current view regarding the book of Job. For are not all agreed that the hero of the Hebrew poem is much older than the poem itself, and that he lived not later than 2000 B. C.?

Tabi-utul-Bel, like Job, was noted for his piety, and also for his loyalty to the gods. We say the gods, for, unlike Job, he was a polytheist. He dwells at length upon his devotion to Bel and his consort, the goddess Belit. Again, unlike the hero of the book of Job, scarcely a word is said of the Babylonian king's treatment of his fellow men and subjects. He emphasizes the fact that he set aside portions for Bel, that he remembered

Belit with food, that he humbled himself before the gods, and never forgot their festal days, that he had been constant in prayers and services, that he had faithfully taught his subjects their duties to the gods, and yet, notwithstanding all his loyalty and piety, Bel overwhelms him with disaster, and subjects him to untold sufferings and horrible disease. For comparison we shall cite a few of the more remarkable passages from his lament, which find parallels more or less perfect in the book of Job. He says:

"The disease changed the color [of the skin] from yellow to white: [1]
I was cast upon the ground and thrown upon my back: [2]
Mine eyes be closed, bolting them up as with a lock: [3]
A king—I have been transformed into a slave: [4]
My companions avoided me as a madman: [5]
I was cast aside by my own circles: [5]
The days were full of sighs, the nights—tears: [6]
The mouth full of groans, the years distress: [7]
The entire day the pursuer [disease] was upon my track: [8]
In the night he allowed me no respite: [6] and [7]
My joints were tortured and twisted with pain: [6]
I cried to the god, but he did not show me his countenance: [9]
Who is there that can grasp the will of the gods in heaven? [10]
The plan of a god full of mystery who can understand it? [10]
How can mortals fathom the way of a god? [11]
My enemy heard of it and his countenance beamed: [12]
My feet were stretched out as in irons: [11]

The parallel of ideas between the above passages and those in Job are many and will be recalled without difficulty by those familiar with the Hebrew poem. We reproduce those which occur to our mind. The numeral at the close of each verse in the above citations is intended to correspond with the one at the beginning of the following passages taken from Job:

1. "My skin is black and falleth from me,
And my bones are burned with heat. Job 30. 30.

2. "He smote Job . . . . and he sat among the ashes. 2. 7f.

3. "Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow. 17. 7.

4. "He poureth contempt upon princes,
And weakeneth the strength of the mighty. 12. 21.
He hath stripped me of my glory,
And taken the crown from my head. 19. 9.

5. "They abhor me, they stand aloof from me:
And spare not to spit in my face. 30. 10.
He hath put my brethren far from me;
And my acquaintance are wholly estranged from me.
They that dwell in my house, and my maids count me for a stranger. 19. 13-15.

6. "When I lie down, I say,
When shall I arise? but the night is long.
I am full of tossings too and fro unto the dawning of the day. 7. 5.

7. "So am I made to possess months of vanity,
And wearisome nights are appointed unto me. 7. 3.

8. "He breaketh me with breach upon breach;
He runneth upon me like a giant. 16. 14.

9. "Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard,
I cry for help, but there is no judgment. 19. 7.
I cry unto thee, but thou dost not answer me. 30. 20.

10. "Canst thou by searching find out God?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? 11. 7.

11. "Can mortal man be more just than God?
Can a man be more pure than his Maker? 4. 17.

12. "Mine adversary sharpeneth his eye upon me,
They have gaped upon me with their mouth. 16. 9f.

13. "He putteth my feet in the stocks,
He marketh all my paths." 33. 11.

The heroes of the two poems were not attacked by the same disease. Job was tortured, according to the usual view, by the dread and incurable elephantiasis, but Tabi-utul-Bel seems to have suffered from a complete paralysis. As in Israel so in Babylonia—and for that matter, everywhere—suffering of every kind, and especially grievous and incurable diseases were regarded as certain evidence of divine wrath. And yet in all ages the thoughtful could not reconcile the suffering of the righteous with the divine justice. Thus it is evident that the object of both poems is to throw some light upon the dark problem of suffering, and in some way to counteract the erroneous views upon the subject current among the masses, yea, among all classes, and especially to encourage faith in the justice of God, the final manifestation of the divine goodness, and the duty of perseverance in prayer no matter what the nature or severity of the suffering might be. For divine help, though delayed, is sure to come to all those who implicitly trust in God and persevere in prayer.

The following couplet:

"I knew the day [was near] when my misery would be over:
When amid the shades I would be honored as their deity:"

suffused as it is with Babylonian mythology, involuntarily reminds us of the sublime passage in Job:

"I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:
And after my skin has been thus destroyed,
Yet without my flesh I shall see God."

This old Oriental poem, though one of the "choicest specimens of ancient Babylonian literature," is, nevertheless, greatly inferior to the book of Job, whether regarded from a philosophical, theological, or literary standpoint. And yet in some regards Tabi-utul-Bel appears in a better light than the patriarch of Uz. He is less rebellious and defiant, more submissive and humble than Job, who does not hesitate to accuse the Almighty of base cruelty and flagrant injustice, as in the following passages:

> "Thou knowest I am not wicked. 10. 7.
> My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live. 27. 6.
>
> "Thou art turned to be cruel to me,
> With the might of thy hand thou persecutest me." 30. 21.

Tabi-utul-Bel though insisting that he has given loyal service to Bel and other deities, yet seems to have a vague misgiving that in some way, notwithstanding his sincerest efforts, he may have come short. He says:

> "For, indeed, I thought that this was pleasing to the god.'"

And then by way of consoling himself, he adds:

> "What, however, seems good to men may be displeasing to a god:
> What to a man's mind may seem bad may find favor with god;
> Who is there that can grasp the will of the gods in heaven?
> The plan of a god full of mystery who can understand?"

The sentiment of the last two lines, if not in exact language, finds abundant parallels in the utterances of Job and the three friends, as too, in the speech of Elihu and the so-called speeches of the Lord at the end of the book. The outcome in the Babylonian poem bears, in the main, striking resemblance to that in the book of Job. The heroes of both poems are completely exonerated from any guilt corresponding to the awful suffering to which they were subjected. Both come forth from the furnace of affliction through which they had been made to pass better and nobler men. Both are fully restored. Job is once more made to enjoy the blessing of health, the comforts of the home circle, the respect and confidence of his fellow men. So Tabi-utul-Bel is also restored to the fullness of health and is once more permitted to throw away the badge of slavery to be invested anew with royal dignity as in the days of his former prosperity.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Hermann L. Strack. The publication of the second and revised edition of his translation and exposition of Genesis (*Die Genesis übersetzt und ausgelegt*, München, C. H. Becksche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1905), after twelve years from the date of its original publication, calls new attention to this able exegete. It is interesting to note that although he belongs to the so-called conservative school in Germany he recognizes the documentary hypothesis and prints the P and the J E portions in different type; and, so far as it seems to him possible to distinguish between J and E he indicates which is which by the letters J and E in the margin. But while thus admitting the results of the literary analysis of Genesis he denies certain consequences which are often deduced from the composite character of the book. He does not believe that we have enough of any one of the component elements of Genesis to know accurately its real significance. Hence he denies, or, at least, seeks to do away with the differences, inconsistencies, contradictions, and doubts which most commentators in these days admit. He shrewdly argues that the very fact that an editor or that editors undertook to weave these different elements into one whole proves that they, at least, saw none of the contradictions now so frequently pointed out; and he believes that if we had the documents before us just as they lay before the editor or editors who gave us our Genesis, we would see none of the alleged contradictions. One can respect this kind of argumentation. It is a serious attempt, not without a priori probability, to show that our ignorance is the reason for the apparent contradictions. It is not dogma, but reasoning to which he appeals. There will be a difference of opinion as to the validity of his reasoning. Many will say that the editors may not have felt themselves bound to ask the question whether the documents they undertook to combine were mutually contradictory, but were interested to preserve as much as was possible of the splendid literature of the Hebrew people which tended to set forth their religious faith; and that the matter of historical veracity was not in question at all. Still others will argue that, while the attempt at literary analysis has been carried by some to ridiculous extremes, P, which runs through practically the whole of the Pentateuch, and J and E, which are very prominent, at least in Genesis, are each practically complete accounts of the same, or nearly the same, facts from different standpoints, and that the supposition that the editors left out much of each document which is now lost to us is therefore unfounded. But while Strack denies that there are any real contradictions in Genesis he admits that, owing to the supposed incompleteness of the documents, there appear to be contradictions. These he does his utmost to set aside, usually by the means generally employed by harmonists for that purpose. Here again many conscientious believers in the revelation given

in Genesis will object to his method as tending to lay the emphasis on the nonreligious, rather than on the religious content and significance of the book. Strack no doubt overlooks the similarities existing between the Babylonian myths and the history given in the first eleven chapters of Genesis; but it is to his credit that he notes what is often overlooked by others, namely, the vast differences between the two which render it certain that if the Hebrews did copy they also transformed their material almost beyond recognition, especially as regards its religious worth. However, it is to be regretted that he seems to make no allowance for the element of Oriental imagery so prominent throughout the Bible, but takes almost everything literally, even to making the wrestling of Jacob to be a real contest with Divinity, thus making himself guilty of an inexcusable anthropomorphism. As usual, the *via media* would have been better.

D. Haussleiter. In some lectures on *Die vier Evangelistur* (The Four Evangelists), München, C. H. Beck, 1906, he has set forth his views of the four Gospels and their authors. There is very little that is new, but there is much in which his views represent a large group of thinkers. Unfortunately Haussleiter himself is extremely dogmatic and offensively contemptuous in his dealings with those opposed to him. With regard to Matthew he holds that the Gospel was written by an eyewitness and that it is all of a piece. So he rejects the commonly accepted opinion that whoever the author was he took his material from the Gospel according to Mark and from a collection of the sayings of Jesus. This latter view he characterizes as old and obsolete. We may dismiss this as one of his many dogmatisms. But the supposition which he cherishes that if Matthew is a composite work based upon earlier sources, it cannot have been written by an eyewitness needs a word of comment. It is, of course, natural to suppose that an eyewitness would not need to depend upon written sources. Yet when we consider that even according to Haussleiter himself the Gospel of Matthew was not written until a considerable time subsequent to the death of Jesus had elapsed it is not impossible that even an eyewitness might have felt the necessity of consulting authorities and even of following them closely. The ordinary interpretation of the testimony of Papias (about 140 A. D.) leads us to suppose that Matthew the apostle made a collection of the sayings of Jesus. If this interpretation is correct, it would seem that while Matthew had opportunity to associate with Jesus he was chiefly interested in what his Lord said. If, a good many years later, he determined to write both concerning the deeds and the sayings of Jesus, he might well feel it necessary to have recourse to a document like the Gospel of Mark, which, according to Papias, came indirectly from Peter and dealt chiefly with the deeds of Jesus. There is nothing, therefore, in the use of sources to make it either impossible or improbable that an eyewitness, as Matthew, might have written our first Gospel. But Haussleiter does not interpret the testimony of Papias as the majority do. He holds that when Papias tells us that according to his best information Matthew wrote in Hebrew the words of the Lord he is referring to our canonical

Gospel of Matthew and not to a mere collection of sayings of Jesus afterward wrought into the Gospel of Matthew along with the deeds of Jesus. As to Mark he holds that this Gospel is later than Matthew, and that a comparison of the two Gospels will show, not, as ordinarily supposed, that the writer of Matthew employed the Gospel of Mark as the thread of his narration, but rather that the writer of Mark abbreviated the narrative portions of Matthew. To say the least this would be a somewhat surprising procedure: for if he was abbreviating the Gospel of Matthew, it is difficult to understand why he should have confined himself almost exclusively to the deeds recorded in Matthew. Of course Haussleiter does not make Mark a mere copy of portions of Matthew but allows that there are elements drawn from Peter in the Gospel also. This practically annihilates Papias's testimony as to the origin of the Gospel of Mark and so renders his testimony as to Matthew's share in preserving material concerning Jesus worthless. With regard to Luke Haussleiter does not differ materially from the view held by many scholars that the Gospel is written by Luke and that in the composition of the Gospel he used the Gospel of Mark and material gathered through Paul from eyewitnesses. As to the Gospel of John, he thinks there is no reason to suppose that when John speaks of the Logos he was in any way dependent upon the Alexandrian-Jewish philosophy; but that by calling him the Logos he meant to speak of Him as the revealer of God, the mediator of all revelation, of creation, and especially of redemption. It is very remarkable that anyone should think dependence upon the Alexandrian-Jewish philosophy would be inconsistent with the meaning which Haussleiter rightly gives the word Logos in the Gospel of John.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Beitrage zur Geschichte und Erklarung des Neuen Testamentes. III. 1. Die Bergpredigt begriffsgeschichtliche untersucht (Contributions to the History and Interpretation of the New Testament. III. 1. The Sermon on the Mount Investigated in the Light of Ideas Current in the Time of Christ). Liepzig, Dürrsche, Buchhandlung, 1905. By Georg Heinrici. This is an attempt to examine into the relation between the ideas contained in the Sermon on the Mount and the religious and ethical conception of the Jews as revealed in the Old Testament and in the late Jewish literature, and also the Græco-Roman world. Heinrici has gathered a vast amount of material which he regards as more or less directly parallel to various portions of the Sermon on the Mount. He gives various reasons for engaging in such a labor. One of them is that the literary criticism of the Gospels discloses the fact that along with thoughts of Jesus we find utterances which grew out of the missionary experiences of the disciples and, in general, evidences of reflection as well as memory in the composition of the Sermon on the Mount. The whole problem of the context of the Gospel can, therefore, be best studied in the light of contemporary thought. By this method it is possible to determine what is original, what borrowed, what adopted and adapted, either consciously or

unconsciously. It is very evident that only by this method can the inquiring mind satisfy itself as to the real contribution of Christ and the writers of the New Testament to the world's religious and ethical wealth. Nor can this method fail to reveal the vast superiority of the Christian conception of any phase of religion or morals in cases where the now Christian world coincided more or less with the Christian thought. It also has the advantage of enabling the student to comprehend more perfectly the Christian conception. There is, therefore, a distinct gain in this method of study. Of course there are some dangers connected with the method, which has been certainly misused in many instances. Heinrici is, however, on the whole, sane. He is capable of seeing, that because the Greeks or Romans had a thought found also in Christianity, it is not necessary, or even allowable, to leap at once to the conclusion that the Christian thought is but a development of the Jewish or Gentile thought. And while he frankly points out the fact that many ideas in Christianity have their parallels in the Jewish or heathen religion he can see how vastly superior Christianity is both in polity and completeness. Yet Heinrici would not deny that Christianity seized upon and adopted to its own uses much that already existed in the language and the thought of the time. It is a fact that in other nations than the Jews and in other religions than the Christian there is truth. Christianity has never rejected truth because it was not first spoken by Christ and the apostles. Rather has it been the genius of Christianity to lay hold upon everything that is good and employ it in its own service. It is content to assimilate all things though refusing to be assimilated by anything. Even the claim that in the Gospels there is a parallel between such passages as Matthew 7. 6, and the so-called mysteries of the ancient world which were made known only to the initiated, carries with it no degradation of Christianity. For Christianity not only adapted itself to the needs of the times in which it originated but recognized that it is worse than useless to teach some things to some people. Hence our Lord even when speaking to his own disciples felt that some things he would like to say to them they were as yet unable to bear. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal in the New Testament on the subject of the knowledge of those that are perfect and about things which, though hidden now, shall be revealed hereafter. This similarity with the feelings of non-Christians is not accidental. It shows that Jesus and the apostles were men of the highest practical sense. Yet even here Heinrici points out that while in the Gentile world the secrets were for their own sake, in the Christian system they were secrets only because their promulgation would be useless or perhaps worse than useless.

Die Gegenwart Christi in der heiligen Eucharistie nach den schriftlichen Quellen der vornizanischen Zeit. Eine dogmengeschichtliche Untersuchung (The Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist According to the Written Sources of the Antenicene Period. An Investigation in the History of Dogma). Wien, 1905. Mayer & Co. By Adolf Struckmann. This is one of the Theological Studies of the Leo

Society, and is written in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. Probably it is impossible for anyone to write without some prepossessions. Struckmann certainly is influenced by his prepossessions, although he strives diligently to be strictly fair. He has to struggle hard to make it appear that the writers of the antenicene period hold to the literal meaning of the words, "This is my body"; "This is my blood." It is tolerably clear that in the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" the reference to the blood of Christ is so veiled, if there is any such reference at all, that it is difficult to discover. In fact, in the formula given in the "Teaching" for the administration of the Lord's Supper there is no word about the body and blood of Christ, but only to the cup and the broken bread. Nor is there any hint that wine stood for the blood of Christ or the broken bread for the body of Christ. Equally futile is his attempt to press a celebrated passage from Cyprian into his service. In Epistle 75, section 6, Cyprian says that "when the Lord calls bread, which is combined by the union of many grains, his body, he indicates our people whom he bore as being united; and when he calls the wine, which is pressed from many grapes and clusters and collected together, his blood, he also signifies our flock linked together by the mingling of a united multitude." Struckmann tries to rule this out as testimony on the subject by saying that the passage has for its purpose to show the unity and harmony of the members of the church, and not to discuss the Eucharist. This is true, but incidentally he does shed light on his thought as to the meaning of the words "This is my body, This is my blood." He does not mean that bread and wine, because constituted as they are, are symbols of the unity and harmony of the members of the church. The bread and the wine are symbols of his body and blood considered as an organized unit; but he turns away from the bread and wine as symbols of the sacrifice of Christ, and makes them mean the unity and harmony of the church. In fact, Cyprian here favors neither Romanist nor Protestant in this controversy. It is very evident, therefore, that he adds nothing to the claim that the antenicene fathers held to the literal meaning of the words of institution. In this connection it is very striking that Clement of Alexandria and Origen use the ideas "body and blood of Christ" as symbols of the doctrine of Christ. Thus they, too, must be counted not for, but against, the claim that the antenicene fathers held to the literal meaning of the words of institution. It is evident that they, like Cyprian, did not emphasize the eucharistic character of the Last Supper at all. Still more near to Cyprian's conception was the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" as seen in the words, "As this broken bread was scattered (that is, in seed) upon the mountains and being gathered together became one, so may thy church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom." Here, earlier by a century, we have evidence that no such significance attached to the Lord's Supper as the Romanists would claim. Justin Martyr might much more justly be quoted in favor of the Roman claim, for he says that the Christians do not receive the bread and wine as common food or the flesh and blood of Jesus. But even he falls far short, for he says the bread and the wine nourish the flesh and blood of those who partake it. He

rules out the spiritual effect altogether, and finds such effect only in the thankfulness of the Christians for the favors and blessings bestowed by Christ. Nor is there any doctrine of transubstantiation. The bread and wine are food; the food is the flesh and blood of Jesus. This is almost exactly the language of the words of institution and affords no light on what the words meant to Justin.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Separation of Church and State in Basel. Whereas formerly Basel was a strictly Protestant city immigration has introduced one third as many Roman Catholics as there are Protestants. As a result the Romanists are objecting to the payment of taxes for the support of the Protestant State Church and receiving in return no support from Protestants. That the Protestants feel the danger of the agitation is evident from the fact that in a recent meeting of the Synod resolutions were adopted setting forth that the vast majority of the Protestants would be opposed to separation; and proposing that in case it is not considered feasible longer to support the church either in whole or in part from the general taxes there shall be a special tax levied on those who adhere to the Protestant Church (The Evangelical Reformed Church) which shall be administered as heretofore by the secular authorities. This would be virtual though not nominal disestablishment.

Changes of Confessional Adherence in Germany. Some interesting statistics have been recently published in the Chronik der Christlichen Welt showing how many Roman Catholics have become Protestants and how many Protestants have become Roman Catholics in recent years in the various states of Germany. The greatest changes have taken place in Prussia, where some fifty thousand Roman Catholics have become Protestants in the eleven years from 1894 to 1904, as against about four thousand Protestants who have become Roman Catholics. In every country in Germany during these years the changes have been in favor of Protestantism, though in most of the countries there is no such disparity as in Prussia. In the fifteen years from 1890 to 1904 the numbers in all Germany stand as 75,978 to 10,054 in favor of the Protestants, or a Protestant gain, at the expense of the Roman Catholics, of 65,924; that is, about 4,395 conversions each year from Romanism. At this rate it will not take many decades to weaken German Romanism quite seriously.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

An unusually rich and varied table of contents was set before the readers of *The Methodist Review Quarterly* (Nashville) in its January issue. Bishop Hoss wrote of "The Indictment of the Methodist Articles," Bishop J. H. Vincent of "The Methodist Episcopal Church in Europe," Professor Shailer Matthews of "The Church and Social Unrest," Dr. James Hastings of his "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels," Ira Landrith of "The First Church Union Movement of the Twentieth Century," J. A. Kern of "Art as Interpreted in Browning's Poetry," Rabbi Enelow of "Reform Judaism," W. P. Lovejoy of "The Italian Renaissance," and J. E. Walmsley of "The Small College." In addition are well-filled editorial departments. Bishop Hoss with characteristic vigor opposes the proposal in the Southern Church to revise the Articles of Religion and restate our doctrines. He fights with might and main against the new departure as unnecessary, ill-advised, and dangerous. He does not want Methodism to "abandon its immemorial attitude toward symbolic theology and go into the business of creed-building." He says: "The hosts of Methodism are now advancing at a good round swinging gait in the main, plain, straightforward, big road. This is the way our fathers trod. Shall we abandon this graded highway of Methodist history for a bypath that may come out at one place, and may come out at another, and may end in a thicket?" We presume Dr. Tillett and his cothinkers would reply that they do not propose to leave the good old historic highway. Bishop Hoss closes his lively article thus: "To be perfectly frank, if I had to choose between leaving out some of the things that are in the Articles and putting in some things that are already out, I should choose the former alternative. It is not a time for multiplying demands upon faith. Let us stick to what we have, because in all essential features it is true, and because to drop it would open us to the accusation of having abandoned it. But let us not lay any additional burdens on the shoulders of the people. Evangelical activity on the largest scale, which has been abundantly proved to be possible, under the existing status, is vastly more important than disputing about a fresh confession. With the following paragraph from Dr. Tillett I heartily agree:

> If the time ever comes when a church holds on to a creed because its constitution and restrictive rules make it impossible for it to change it, rather than because it is an expression of its present living and abiding faith, then it is no longer an expression of *faith*, even though it be called such—it becomes then an impediment to progress, a source of death and not of life. A creed that is really believed does not need to be preserved by a law forbidding the church to alter it; and a creed which a church would change if it could, but does not change simply because it cannot do so constitutionally, is no creed at all, and could have no moral value in the life of a church.

This paragraph needs only one other sentence to round it up and complete it. 'A creed that is really believed does not need to be enacted by a law.'

If anyone can now make a statement that he 'can take to truth-seeking men, and say, not "Here is something you shall believe," but rather, "Here is something so reasonable, and scriptural, and true that if you will only read it and examine it, you will believe it"—let him make it. Nobody hinders him. What he may write will get no additional reënforcement by being adopted by the church. Truth cannot be enacted. Methodism has never undertaken to say to men, "You shall believe." ' Always she has appealed to their reason. That is what she does now. Her appeal meets everywhere with a glad response. Why not let well enough alone?"

A most informing and illuminating article is Bishop Vincent's on our work in Europe, with which he is so thoroughly familiar, as to the need for it, the character of it, and the encouraging prospects for its success. He sums up his convictions in his closing words: "Methodism is in Europe. It had a divine call. It is doing a divine work." We agree with the editor's comment on the tenth contributed article. "Professor Walmsley shows conclusively that there is not only a place but a necessity for the small college. He shows that these same small colleges do more for the creation of manhood and character than the big universities do. The big university is handicapped in more ways than one when it comes to the matter of influencing directly and personally the individual student in the direction of solid moral character. The only sure basis for this is personal religion, and the big university will not go into the business of seeing to the personal religion of its students. Indeed, there is a growing tendency among the great universities to free themselves entirely from church control. They seem to think that they cannot afford to be out-and-out Christian, permeated and dominated by the Christian spirit and the religious life. The small college can afford it, does afford it, and, in doing so, does more for the individual student than the crowded university."

Of Professor Winchester's Life of John Wesley the editor writes: "In many respects, this is one of the best of the biographies of the greatest of Englishmen. It is not so personal as Whitehead's, not so theological as Watson's, not so Methodistic as Hampson's, Clarke's, or Moore's, not so unmethodistic as Southey's, not so dry as Telford's, not so scant as Overton's, not so voluminous and exhausting as Tyerman's, and not so minute and confidential as Wesley's own. It is fresh, broad, comprehensive, and, for the most part, sympathetic."

The article which impresses us most is the editor's portraiture of Bishop Tigert. It is not a eulogy such as any admirer might write, but a lineamental and analytic portraiture of character, such as could be chiseled only by a skilled artist thoroughly familiar with every feature, and curve, and angle, and wrinkle of his subject. It is done with a frank and free and faithful hand, and it stands out convincingly as true to nature. Its manifest precision and veracity will carry, even to those who did not know Bishop Tigert, a conviction of its verisimilitude. It shows more manliness in its subject and in its author than could any smooth and softening and characterless eulogy. And to those of us who

knew John J. Tigert, this lifelike portraiture brings him vividly near: we can almost hear him breathe. A stalwart and forcible character he was, a powerful and commanding personality; strong, confident, aggressive, conscious of his powers and exulting in their exercise, ready to stand for his rights; withal brotherly, genial, companionable, engaging. The unspeakably pathetic and poignant tragedy of his untimely taking off, by a cause so ghastly in its triviality leaves the wisest and the best of us as dumb as brutes before the inscrutable and distressing mystery of it; for no theodicy, that will hold water or stand fire, can be framed to cast any light on the wherefore or the lesson of an event so darkly strange. All who have experienced or searchingly observed the grim and terrible tragedies of the human lot must acknowledge that the mind of man cannot make or find any adequate and soothing explanation for them all. And so it becomes plain that *nothing short of sheer, unquestioning, resolute trust in God can see us through in the ordeals and the tests to which our mortal life subjects us.* In many of those ordeals it is useless for us to ask Why? or attempt to puzzle out the reason of events. We may as well begin, where after infinite and agonizing questioning we would have to end, by falling back in silent submission on the out-and-out absolute trust which says, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." That Robert Louis Stevenson, who was no preacher, not even a church member, could tell us as much as that, when he was well-nigh slain by suffering and fatal illness, should be somewhat impressive, exemplary, and inciting to us who preach, and profess our faith and make our vows at the altar. To commit our all to Him, and then to affirm unwaveringly, if possible joyously, if necessary doggedly and defiantly, that He is able to keep what we have committed—that is the only anchor that will hold our hearts in the storm that is blowing today or will break on us tomorrow. With that great anchor holding we can contemplate the all-too-early grave of Bishop John J. Tigert without flinching, without feeling our faith go adrift. . . . When Dr. Tigert was moved from the editorship of the Review to the Episcopal bench in May, 1906, it appeared almost inevitable that Dr. Gross Alexander should be by common consent Dr. Tigert's successor. The January member now before us shows the presence of the scholarly, highly endowed, well disciplined, variously cultivated, and capable mind of a fit successor in the editorial chair.

Without doubt *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* (Philadelphia) is one of the most interesting for the family circle. It contains, always, one long story, numerous short stories, every story completed, various other articles in prose and verse, and a department of wholesome wit and humor at the end. In the January number Mrs. Pickett, wife of the Confederate General whose troops made the famous but ill-fated charge against the Union lines at Gettysburg, writes some interesting reminiscences of Robert E. Lee. She had her first sight of Lee in 1859. Her father was taking her to Lynchburg to a girl's school. At Richmond a tall man in military uniform boarded the train. It was Colonel Lee, of the United States army. He was just back from Harper's Ferry where he had com-

manded the troops which captured John Brown and his men. Colonel Lee told her father about the grim old liberator, and then said: "I am glad we did not have to kill him, for I believe he is an honest, conscientious old man." Lee was then fifty-two, and his dark hair was already sprinkled with hoar-frost. No man in the Confederacy was more to be pitied from the Northern side, and more to be loved from the Southern side, than Robert E. Lee. He sacrificed his all on the altar of his love for his own people, and went with them into secession, though he felt that they had no sufficient provocation and were making a terrible mistake. He had no theory of State Rights which required him to take sides with the South. He had no quarrel with the Free Soil party. He hated slavery, and wanted it abolished. He had already freed all the slaves he owned. Professional ambition bade him stay under the stars and stripes and not go out under the stars and bars. His real star of promise shone in the blue sky of "Old Glory." General Scott, who called Lee, after the Mexican war, the best soldier he ever saw, had his heart set on seeing him at the head of the United States army. Lee, in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, was probably as nearly idolized by his troops as was any commander on either side in the Civil War. In a camp discussion about the origin of man, one soldier exclaimed: "Well, the rest of us may have come from monkeys, perhaps, but it took a God to make Marse Robert." Lee's extreme dignity sometimes repelled men and made them think him cold. An officer who served first under Johnson and then under Lee, said, "Lee was a great soldier and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms around him and kiss him as I used to want to do to Joe Johnston." Being asked if he had ever wanted to do that to General Pickett, he answered: "Not only wanted to, but did it." When a Confederate officer, speaking of the Union army, said "I wish all those people were dead," Lee replied, "How can you say that? I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, leaving us to attend to ours." At Gettysburg, when Lee met Pickett leading the bleeding remnant of his brave column from Cemetery Heights, Lee said to him: "It is all my fault. You have done nobly. You and your men have covered yourselves with glory." And then he said: "I have lost this battle. You must help me out of it the best you can." At Appomattox when Lee was preparing to surrender, one of his staff asked him what history would say of his surrendering an army in the field. Lee answered: "I know they will say hard things of us, but that is not the question, Colonel. The question is, Is it the right thing to do under the circumstances? If it is, then I will take the consequences." Long after the war, Lee was seen to send a poor needy fellow from his gate, smiling thankfully for the assistance the General had given him. "An old soldier in hard luck," explained Lee to a passing friend. "To what command did the soldier belong?" asked the friend. "Oh, he fought on the other side, but we must not hold that against him now," said Lee. Mrs. Pickett's last memory of General Lee was seeing him in his later years kneel by the bedside of a little boy who was very ill, hold his little trembling hand and pray audibly for the lad.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Inspiration of our Faith. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. 12mo, pp. 359. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Twenty-nine sermons by the author of Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, largely devoted to exalting the inspirational above the mechanical and formal; glorifying the power of faith, emotion, passion. Dr. Watson says: "Religion robbed of emotion is a system of philosophy or a code of morals, without glow or inspiration or vital energy. When the fervor of sacred sentiment and warm emotion burns in the church it becomes the kingdom of God; every member is a son of God and a brother with all his fellow Christians; he is a servant in the work of God and a soldier in God's battle. Imperfect as he is in appearance, he is a saint in idea. (A row of good Christian women sat in a seat together in the lecture room one evening just before the pastor opened the prayer meeting. One at the end said to the others: 'We're all poor sinners.' But another at the other end replied: 'No, we're not; we're struggling saints.') Even if as poor on earth as Christ was, he is an heir of God. He has great treasure stored where thieves cannot steal it, and his future dwelling is our Father's house. Dying, he sees the heavens open, and Jesus at God's right hand, or living, he beholds the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven adorned as a bride for her husband. Tortured in the Roman arena, or burning at the stake, he sings hymns of triumph, counting it all joy to suffer for Christ. From time to time this emotion bursts forth like a new spring in the church and makes green the wilderness. Xavier, filled with missionary zeal, stretches out his hands to the far East. The Moravians, inflamed with holy emotion, surrender their goods and go forth to conquer the Arctic regions for Christ. Animated and sustained by the same devotion Father Damien dies with his lepers and Livingstone falls asleep on his knees in Africa. Touched by spiritual emotion the consecrated men and women of the Salvation Army feed the hungry, reclaim the outcasts, and nurse the sick and dying. And under a moving appeal from the Christian evangelist crowds of people are stirred as the leaves of the forest are rustled by the wind. . . . Christianity is not founded on logic but on passion. We are not moved to action by argument but by devotion. Religion is a sublime emotion. When feeling ceases for a time, religion dies down to the roots as in winter time; when there comes a new stir of feeling Christianity bursts into spring and once more the time of the singing of birds is come and blossoms are setting for fruitage. It was the great achievement of Schleiermacher to distinguish religion from knowledge, declaring that 'quantity of knowledge is not quantity of piety'; and also to distinguish religion from morality, for 'while morality always shows itself as manipulated, piety appears as a surrender.' . . . It is emotion that dignifies human life. Without its play friendship would be

only acquaintance, marriage would be but a social partnership, parents would be mere legal guardians, and the home would be a hotel. Without emotion human society is at best only a joint stock company; with it society is the family of God. Every great movement which has stirred the depths of life and changed the face of history, has sprung from some profound sentiment and powerful emotion. Love for Jesus established Christianity on the ruins of the Roman empire and saved civilization from anarchy and chaos. Later a passionate emotion swept over Europe like a tidal wave in the Crusades, sending forth the chivalry of Christendom to redeem the holy sepulcher from the Moslem. It was a mingling of the feelings of indignation and pity, kindled by the earnestness of Wilberforce and intensified in later years by Mrs. Stowe's novels and Whittier's poetry, which struck the shackles off the slave. . . . Some persons have a notion that in so far as you exalt the emotions of Christianity you diminish its dignity, undermine its reality, and lessen its convincingness. They prefer the Ten Laws of Moses as recorded in the Pentateuch to their interpretation in the Sermon on the Mount, and are more at home among the Proverbs of Solomon than with the parables of Jesus. They are afraid that when one is lifted and impelled by feeling he is leaping from the solid rock into the air. They do not understand that emotion can bring us into regions of truth which reason cannot reach, and a parable may be quite as much in touch with fact and therefore quite as true as an article in a confession. The *Te Deum* is not less true but more true than the Athanasian Creed, and good George Herbert's poems are truer than the Confession of Faith. To suppose that emotion is an unsafe guide in religion is to believe that a land surveyor's plan of heaven would give us a truer idea than the revelation of Saint John gives. When we move through the prophecies of Isaiah or the conversations of Jesus, we are not being taught by catechism, but we are moving in an atmosphere which passes into the soul as if through the pores. Emotion kindled in the heart by faith must be credited with the successes of Christianity. The Spirit of God sets men's souls on fire with feeling and then follows action—the serviceable, mighty, and effectual deed. Christianity obtained her martyrs and won her victories, not because men reasoned that Christ was the actual Son of God, not because they concluded that his moral law was the most perfect righteousness, but because multitudes of ordinary people loved him with all their heart so that they were willing and ready to die for him." In his sermon on Optimism the preacher says: "Only one institution in human society carries the dew of its youth, and through the conflict of the centuries still chants its morning song, and that is the religion of Jesus. I do not mean the Christianity which exhausts its energy in the criticism of documents or the discussion of ritual—the Christianity of scholasticism or ecclesiasticism—for there is no lift in that pedantry. Nor do I even mean the Christianity which busies itself with questions of labor and capital, meat and drink and tenements, votes and politics, for there is no lift in that machinery. I mean the Christianity which centers in the Person of the Son of God, with his revelation of the Father, and his gospel of salvation, and his assurance of immor-

tality, and his victory of soul. This Christianity endures while civilizations exhaust themselves and the face of the world changes. Its hymns, its prayers, its heroisms, its virtues are ever fresh and radiant. If a man desires to be ever young in soul, let him receive the spirit of Jesus, and bathe himself in the Christian gladness and the Christian hopefulness. Pessimism is an aged and impotent and helpless spirit. When one settles down into pessimism he had better die at once, since he can be no comfort to himself and no help to his fellows." A good sermon is the one on the meeting of Paul at Appii Forum by brethren from Rome, whose coming cheered and heartened the apostle and revived his courage. The implication is that his spirits had been low and needed reviving. In this the preacher sees comfort for us ordinary Christians. We may be kept from despairing of ourselves because of occasional depression and despondency, when we see that this great Paul with his buoyant courage and his confident faith, his forgetfulness of self and devotion to his Master, did not always walk on the heights where the sun is shining, and did not always feel like chanting songs of victory. Like us, he sometimes took a desponding view of his work, felt weary of the struggle, and was tempted to think that he had failed. The preacher names several causes that may have combined to depress Paul at this time. First, his age. He was now getting on in years. After long and arduous service, he could not have the high spirits and resilience of youth. For twenty years he had led a life of exposure, hardship, toil, and persecution as an itinerant missionary. His days and nights had been packed full of peril and labor and anxiety and suffering. He could not help being worn and weary. Moreover, he had some chronic bodily affliction. He had recently landed from a terrible voyage and was now making a journey of one hundred and fifty miles on foot and he was all alone. Circumstances also seemed against him. He was not going to Rome as a triumphant missionary or even as a free Roman citizen; he was going as a prisoner accused of sedition, he was going in bonds and disgrace. It did not look as if a man in such a plight would be able to do much for the cause of Christ whom he loved, nor for the struggling church in Rome. It is not strange if the brethren who went out as far as Appii Forum to meet him found a somewhat depressed and downhearted missionary. The preacher notes what a nice good thing it was for the members of the church at Rome to send this deputation to meet Paul and keep him company the latter part of his journey; and pictures how it may have come about. "There were some wise, considerate, thoughtful men in the Church at Rome—persons with insight and imagination, with understanding and affection. News had come to the little community meeting in some upper room that the Apostle of the Gentiles, of whose work they had learned so much, and who had written to them so powerful a letter was coming in person to visit them. True he was coming in bonds, but his bonds were a seal of his commission and a recommendation to their love. Some evening when they had met to celebrate the sacrament it was announced that he had landed in Italy, and was on that high road to Rome by which so many travelers came and went. Then

some Roman Christian had a gracious inspiration. He rose, and, to put things in our speech, he proposed a resolution, and this is how it ran, and I wish to God all motions in the meetings of the Church were as heartening and as fruitful: 'Inasmuch as Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ, and an apostle by the will of God, is coming to Rome in bonds for the cause of the gospel; inasmuch as for many years he has labored and endured for the sake of the church and bears about in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus; inasmuch as he sent us a letter building us up in faith and good works and has been himself a comforter of many, It is hereby resolved that the church of Rome shall send him a message assuring the said Paul that we are prouder of him in his bonds than if he had come in a chariot, and inasmuch as it may cheer him more that the message be delivered in person rather than inscribed on parchment, that a deputation of this Church go down to meet him on the way and greet him in the name of the Lord.' Which being seconded by everybody was passed unanimously and carried into effect without delay. We are not surprised at this felicitous idea, for we know from the sixteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans the graciousness and friendliness of the Roman Christians." And then our preacher pictures Paul's situation when the brethren from Rome found him. "After a toilsome journey of more than a hundred miles Saint Paul came with his guard to Appii Forum and looked wistfully round upon the crowd of canal boatmen, traders, laborers, and soldiers. Each man was busy with his own affairs; none knew him nor cared for his Lord. Some glanced at the prisoner in pity, some despised him as a Jew, then every one went about his business. There was no known face to smile at him, no one to take his chained hand in a friendly grasp. He was alone, and there is no loneliness like that of a friendless man among a crowd of people. Was he forgotten of his Lord? I judge it was the lowest moment of Paul's life, even worse than when he cried out to be delivered from the thorn in the flesh. Oh, shame if this man be forsaken who is himself so true! Oh, cruel if this man have no sympathy who has cheered the whole Christian Church! Suddenly the apostle hears his name mentioned with accents of respect and love (and there is a vast difference between the way in which the world and your friend pronounces the same name). A little company is standing beside him. They are plain men and some of them have had their past, but they are carrying themselves well now, and they bear upon their faces the new likeness of Christ. 'The brethren in Rome salute thee, Paul, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and they thank God for thy coming.' So the spokesman began, and he conveyed the message of the church; then he stepped aside and one by one the good men, his companions, greeted Paul and returned to him that day what he had done for them in the gospel. Thirty-three miles they had trudged, poor men and hard working, to do the apostle this kindness and to strengthen his hands. I seem to hear them speak, and I venture, from that catalogue in Rome, upon their names. 'Beloved in the Lord,' said Amplias; 'Our helper in Christ Jesus,' was Urbane's word; 'The household of Aristobulas salute thee, Paul'; 'the household of Narcissus send their greeting,

Paul'; 'Priscilla,' this is Aquila speaking, 'bids me salute thee, and the church which is in our house'; 'I also,' cries Hermas, 'and I, Herodion your own kinsman, Paul.' After this fashion would they speak one by one; then the brethren kissed him and grouped themselves round him in honor and love." And our preacher says: "There was not living in the world that day a man who could appreciate more keenly this ministry of kindness. It lifted his soul from the depths to the height, it changed the whole face of the world and the future of his work. What mattered now to the apostle the load of his many years or the tiresomeness of his labors, or the journeys by land and sea, or the prison and the scourging? What mattered the chain or the soldiers, the emperor, or death itself? Nothing mattered after the salutation of the Roman brethren! What the soldiers saw was a handful of humble men, without riches and without power; what Saint Paul saw was an embassy from a greater than the emperor to bid him be of good cheer. If he was called to trying service, his Lord had remembered him; if he had to go up to Rome with a guard of soldiers, he would also go with the body guard of Christ. After all, he was not going to make an unworthy entrance into Rome nor was the cross of Christ to be put to shame. This was the answer to his fears and the consolation for his depression. And Paul thanked God and took courage."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Poems. By ALFRED NOYES. 12mo, pp. 193. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Five volumes of verse have made Alfred Noyes, at the age of twenty-six, a topic of the day in England. This is a volume of selections from his writings. Hamilton W. Mabie furnishes an Introduction in which he notes the fresh touch, the vital feeling, the charming fancy, the aptness of phrase and epithet, and the skill of craftsmanship found in these poems; and suggests that Mr. Noyes' chief claim upon attention lies in his unusual blending of the gay temper and the serious mood. The heart of the child and the mind of the man are in him, and he blends the sounds which have set the feet of childhood flying in every generation with the deeper undertones of life. The quality of his work, says Mr. Mabie, has awakened the hope that he is to enrich the poetry of the day with new ventures of insight and art. Bliss Carman, criticising Noyes' poetry, says that it does not show the faults usual in a young poet; it has not that overabsorption in dreams, so common in beginners, and never blurs into vague and misty symbolism; on the contrary, every stanza is perfectly intelligible and carries a clear meaning of its own. In much poetry, for example in that of W. B. Yeats, the poet of the Celtic revival, the reader is borne away by a sense of rapt elation without any definite idea of what he is trying to say. On the other hand no reader can be in doubt as to Alfred Noyes' meaning, but neither will you be carried out of yourself by any rapture, any intensity of passion, any abandon of wild beauty. As a sample of Mr. Noyes' poorest in this book of selections the opening part of "A Night at Saint Helena" may

serve. Napoleon on his island of imprisonment is complaining to his physician of the absurdly unnecessary closeness with which he is guarded, and he says that sentinels have been stationed "at quite impossible exits; for you know that I am somewhat bulky nowadays; why, they have even placed a sentinel on every goat-path leading to the sea! This is the kind of dream that harasses one's nerves, and gives one cancer in the stomach." That exact quotation we print here in the form of prose, disversed by us because it does not sound to us like poetry. But even a poem that begins thus woodenly, has in it such a passage as the following, in which Napoleon on Saint Helena, living his life over in a sort of waking dream, recalls the time when, conscious of his supreme mastery over France and believing in his own destiny, he set out to conquer all Europe, saying within himself:

> Now let those that cross
> My path take heed; for when I come
> The forces of the world are on my side,
> The pitiless powers that feed the sun with fire,
> Direct the wheeling planets and control
> The invincible countermarching of the stars:
> And it shall seem, to those that hear my battle
> Rolling afar the great psalm of my guns,
> As if the old energies of time and space,
> From chaos recreated and reformed
> To my own order and new purposes,
> Were passing o'er the borders of this earth,
> Chanting, like pilgrims on a pilgrimage
> Through the deep gloom of sorrow and sin and death,
> The dark funereal progress of the world
> To the vast triumphs of Eternity;
> A chant that sounds as if the seas of doom
> Were slowly breaking on an iron shore
> Remote and inappellable as God.

The poem on "The Passing of Summer" sings of the fading of the season's glories, the passing away of summer's splendors through the gorgeous gates of autumn, when the lilies lie rotting in the rain and the leaves fall to enrich the mold, and the woods have forgotten the songs of the birds: and it ends with man's superiority to Nature, and declares that the spirit of man may confidently claim to have a loftier vision and a nobler aim than e'er was born to die; since only he, among earthly creatures, can mark and note with lit eyes and intelligence from his high point of view, as if throned on eternity, the passing of earth's great golden pageantry away into the dark; and he can read the lesson of it all. Were, we asked to select the most original, delightful, and "catching" poem in this book it is not impossible that we might name "The Barrel-Organ." The hand-organ carolling near sunset along a city street plays its own part in the symphony of human life that runs through day and night. Rolling out its succession of tunes, it reflects the variations of man's life. The music changes and ranges from joy to pain, from grave to gay through all the human carnival of hopes and fears, of passions and regrets. Now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance, now trolling out

some fond, familiar tune; and now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France, and now it's prattling softly to the moon. Now La Traviata sighs its sad song, and now Il Trovatore cries its tale of wrong, and now bold knights to battle go with sword and shield and lance. And all around the organ there upon the city street, there's the sea of human joys and pains and wonders and regrets—a sea without a shore. The music goes pulsing out over the human stream on the Piccadilly pavement, and a thousand feet unconsciously mark time; it casts a spell on human hearts, sets memories astir, and jostles all the thoughts of passers-by. There's a thief that listens with a cold and evil face, a portly and prosperous man of business, a poor clerk, a burly butcher, a modish, bland-faced woman, with little jewelled hands; and the music does something to them all. There's an Oxford man that listens, and the music sends him back to the green banks of the Isis, and the boat race on the river, and the barge, the eight, the minute gun, the counting, the long disheveled rout, the howl along the tow-path while the race is still in doubt, and the long yell when the victory is won. There's a laborer that listens to the organ on the street, and it brings to him the voice of his dear dead, and he looks into the sunset summer sky and seems to see the bride whom early April took away; his lonely soul can hear her softly singing. There's a bleared and haggard harlot, and the organ music ringing in her ears somehow brings her to her senses and makes her feel the bitterness of all the shameful years, the misery of a life that blights and sears, till her soul is sick within her and her eyes are brimmed with tears, remembering her lost innocence and sorrowing for her sins. Across all this, as the hand-organ man, that troubadour of city streets, grinds out the music that stirs Piccadilly, the poem brings a merry lilting song which sings the lure of Kew Gardens to the dwellers in London:

> Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
> Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
> And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
> Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
>
> The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume;
> The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
> And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
> The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.
>
> The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
> At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
> The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
> And solemn-eyed *tu-whit, to-whoo* of owls that ogle London.
>
> For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
> At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
> And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut-spires are out
> You'll hear them all without a doubt, all chorusing for London.

Illustrative of a far different mood, and in another octave of this poet's range are the verses, "Statesmen." The statesman's business is not

to seek the undiscovered and sublime, the spectacular and the sensational, the crowd-pleasing and the popular—not to spread the white sails of the Ship of State in boisterous winds; but to bring the good ship safe home across the seas of Time to the haven of prosperity and peace. Here is the statesman's largeness of view, the firmness of his hand upon the helm, his long patience, and his faithfulness:

His hands upon the wheel deny.
The wild demands of circumstance;
His eyes are on the distant sky
Beyond the clouds of chance:

And when, still beating up the wind,
He slowly brings the Ship of State
Home, though the people chafe to find
How dark it is and late;

With all his tacking courses run
At last beyond the roaring sea,
Men find him faithful to the one
Haven where they would be.

Of still another sort are the verses entitled "The Old Skeptic"—whose soliloquy the poem purports to be. He is weary of disbelieving. In the sophomoric pride of his youth he pierced his father's heart with words of blatant unbelief, and his father's mute eyes looked on him with grief and amazement. He has read the unsettling, confusing, darkening books that men of his own sort write. But they have brought him no peace, given him nothing to take the place of his father's simple faith, and now, empty and ill at ease, he comes toward the end of life. And the old skeptic says: "I am weary of disbelieving." Hear him:

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out his arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel windows broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old simple prayers,
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears—
Come unto me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep, divine old tales,
And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain vales,
And the sunset's sacred hymn hallows the listening sea.

One poem wonders whether we may not, even in heaven, yearn to see again the beauty of Maytime; whether we may not long to come back from high and wide communion with the universe and God to some lane we used to tread, hemmed in with hawthorn hedges, sweet with blossoms and alive

with singing birds. And yet it thinks the sight of the little towns and twisted streets would seem strange to us, and all the hurrying works and ways of men would seem like children's games. It would seem strange to see the little homes of men, with their low roofs keeping the deep eternal night aloof and furnishing a refuge from the sky—homes into which men enter, close their cottage door and forget the stars. How would it seem to souls, if they came back from the æonian ebb and flow of great eternity to hear the old clock ticking off the moments on the stairs; if from the vast antiphonies of life beyond the grave we should come back to our old books, the evening lamp upon the center table, those pictures on the wall? "De Profundis" is a poem of seven verses, each of which ends with the prayer, "Like as a father pitieth his children, pity Thou me!" One poem is a poet's answer to the question, "Do ye believe?" The gist of his answer is that it is Christ that men really believe rather than any list of doctrines. He has not digested and decided upon the Westminster Confession, nor the Thirty-nine Articles;

> But we have stood beside our dead,
> And, in that hour of need,
> One tear the Man of Sorrows shed
> Was more than any creed.

Little Ptolemaic thinkers spend their time debating if Joshua stayed a sun that rolls around a central earth; but while they talk, the only thing men hear is that great cry, *Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani*, go up once more, while overhead the heavens are like a scroll on which this writing flames, "This is the King of all the world upon His Cross of Love." Darkly, as in a glass, our sight gropes about in time and space; we cannot see face to face as angels do in the clear celestial light. But we know the witness of the men who saw Him and the martyrs who died for Him, and we know Him who died and lives—the King of kings. And the poet says:

> *Do you believe?* On every side
> Great hints of Him go by.
> *Do you believe?* The straws that dance
> Far down the dusty road
> Mean little to the careless glance
> By careless eyes bestowed,
> Till full into your face the wind
> Smites, and the laugh is dumb;
> And from the rending heavens behind,
> Christ answers—*Lo, I come!*

On the last pages of this book Alfred Noyes says that his songs are as foam upon the sea, and are not more frail than he. No one will call this great poetry, yet it is not without allure; and to say of a new poet that he has a something of his own—a note, or a tone, or a melody, or a manner, or a mood which is peculiarly his own soul's gift, native, uncopied, original —is to justify his singing, to entitle him to perch on a leafy branch in the woods of literature, and to give the reading world a reason for pausing to listen.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. 12mo, pp. 205. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

The writer of this book, who has little intellectual sympathy with Emerson, yet says, "His is the only great mind that America has produced in literature. His page is as fresh in Japan and by the Ganges as in Boston. . . . In reading him, one has often that feeling of eternity in the thought which is the sign-royal of greatness." But Professor Woodberry is entirely correct in saying that "No modern mind can abide in Emerson's ideas. They were the tent where the Spirit rested for a night, and is now gone." For beauty and charm his writings still have value, but for instruction and guidance and relevancy to our age, none at all. They never offered anything definite, and they are already out of date like a classic in a dead language. A bishop nearing the end of his work reverted recently one leisure day to Emerson's writings as to one of the companions of his youth; and the comment of his mature mind was, "Rather light and thin." They have no edifying power, no intellectual coherence; and the only salt which preserves them is the moral enthusiasm which they hold in solution. We do not mind interjecting just here that the antidote to Emerson is Browning, who is definite and affirmative, edifying, concrete, and convincing; and in whose ideas the modern man, full-grown and mature or only just out of college, can abide to the end of life. If we had to choose between Emerson's essays and his poems, we would keep the poems and let the essays go. Turning the pages of Professor Woodberry's book, we catch sight of this passage concerning Edward Everett and the spell he cast over Harvard boys and the young people of Boston: "The influence from the genius of Everett upon the young was almost comparable to that of Pericles in Athens. . . . In the pulpit he released himself from the restraint of the professor's chair, and gave rein to his florid, quaint, and affluent fancy; and then was exhibited a rhetoric of unrivalled richness. His speech was music, and with such variety and invention that the ear was never tired of listening. Especially beautiful were his poetic quotations. He delighted in quoting Milton, and with such sweet modulation that he seemed to give as much beauty as he borrowed; so that whatever he quoted was remembered by those who heard him as inseparably associated with his voice and genius. He had nothing in common with vulgarity, but whether speaking, walking, or sitting was as much aloof and uncommon as a star. So much was he admired that the smallest anecdote of his behavior or conversation was eagerly caught and repeated; and every young scholar could recite brilliant sentences from his sermons, with mimicry of his voice. This influence went much farther, for he who was heard with throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes in the crowded churches, did not let go his hearers when church was dismissed, but the bright image of that eloquent form followed each boy home to his bed-chamber; and not a sentence could the boy write in academic exercises, not a declamation could he deliver in the college-chapel but showed the omnipresence of the spell of Everett's influence on the mind of youth. This made every youth his defender and the boys filled their mouths with arguments to prove his greatness."

That picture of Everett's captivating and enkindling power presents vividly the possible influence of a teacher and preacher over his students. The students of Edward Thomson and Isaac W. Wiley were the favored victims of such an ennobling spell; and in hundreds of schools today (we could name some of them) radiant and noble personalities are exerting on impressible young people similar formative, transformative, and inspiring influence. To develop and mold character is the teacher's greatest privilege and reward, far higher than any service to the mere intellect of the pupil. A brave New England woman, Emerson's Aunt Mary, is said to have done most to develop moral courage and intellectual ambition in him. "Always do what you are afraid to do," was one of her intrepid and bracing maxims. Transcendentalist as Emerson came to be, he always cherished profound and affectionate reverence for the orthodox religion of his ancestors as promotive of strong character and fervid piety—two inestimable treasures. "What a debt is ours," he said, "to that old religion which in the childhood of most of us still dwelt like a Sabbath morning in rural New England, teaching self-denial, abstinence, and patient endurance; teaching that a man is born not for prosperity and self-pleasing, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock-maple which all around our villages bleeds its sweetness out for the benefit of man. Not praise, not men's acceptance of our doings, but the Spirit's holy errand through us, absorbed our fathers' thoughts. How dignified was this!" He deplored the disappearance of the old-time Sabbath, with its restful atmosphere of external quiet and its devotional joy in the gathered congregations. In Emerson's poems, the author says, is the finest flowering of his mind. One of his ideas is Man as the culmination and crown of Creation, and beyond that the Ideal Man as the goal of the race's struggle. In his *Song of Nature* is this expression of the groaning of the Creation for the coming of Man, its king:

> But he, the man-child glorious—
> Where tarries he the while?
> The rainbow shines his harbinger,
> The sunset gleams his smile.
>
> My boreal lights leap upward,
> Forthright my planets roll,
> And still the man-child is not born,
> The summit of the whole.
>
> Must time and tide forever run?
> Will never my winds go sleep in the west?
> Will never my wheels which whirl the sun
> And satellites have rest?
>
> Too much of donning and doffing,
> Too slow the rainbow fades;
> I weary of my robe of snow,
> My leaves and my cascades.

I tire of globes and races;
Too long the game is played;
What, without him is summer's pomp
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait.
His couriers come by squadrons.
He comes not to the gate.

Two of Emerson's moral dicta in verse are likely to be fixed in permanence for human use. One is the nonne quatrain:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So like is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must!
The youth replies, I can!

and the other is the couplet on self-sacrifice:

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the Truth he ought to die.

This last recalls what Emerson said when John Brown of Ossawattomie who had been a welcome guest in his home, was in jail under sentence of death in Virginia. He spoke of the grim old pious Presbyterian captain as "that new saint than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict and death,—the new saint awaiting his martyrdom, who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the Cross." Emerson once said to his children: "No house is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away."

The Doctor. By RALPH CONNOR. 12mo, pp. 399. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The sales of this book passed the hundred-thousand line some time ago. For our readers it has not quite so much interest as *The Sky Pilot* or *Black Rock;* but it commands as wide a popularity as any of the author's previous half dozen books. It lives and moves among rough men amid forests, mountains, mines and lumber camps of the Canadian wilderness, as did most of its predecessors. There is plenty of heroism, gambling, drinking, and fighting; religion "with the bark on," and an Eastern heresy trial. The superintendent of the mining camp says: "Heresy-hunting does not flourish in the West. There's no time for it. Some of the Eastern Presbyteries have too many men with more time on their hands than sense in their heads." The two great characters in the book whose radiance illumines the Canadian wilderness are a mountain missionary and a camp doctor, who turn out to be brothers. There are enough good women in the book to put into the souls and lives of the men such ennobling influences as are brought only by good women. One of them named Margaret, at a crisis of her life and in an hour of anxiety and anguish, catches sight of a copy of Hoffman's great picture, "The Christ Kneeling in Gethsemane," hanging on the wall of her chamber.

The sight of it checks her sobs, she goes close to it, and looking into the divine face, she cries, "Oh, Saviour, I too am in Gethsemane, help me." And then she seemed to hear, as if it sounded through the center of her soul, the Master's sublime submission "Not my will, but thine be done." And gazing into the strong, sweet, patient face of the divine Sufferer, she found strength to say, "Father, thy will be done, not mine." The struggle was over, the pain was gone; with the victory of submission on her face, she went forth calmly to face her trial and to endure her cross, "strong in the strength that God supplies through his eternal Son." In the absence of the wilderness-missionary through illness, one of his recent converts, a reformed gambler, is forced to lead a religious meeting. His old cronies, not feeling sure of his conversion, crowd the room with the suspicion that he is fooling, that this is only another one of his dare-devil tricks. They watch him sharply to see what his game is. They think to themselves "Wait till he prays, then we can tell whether he means it," their idea being that a man can't successfully make believe on his knees, that his prayer can't ring solid, true and deep if his heart is hollow with pretense. By the time the new convert has gotten through the reading of the Scripture lesson and the prayer, his rough and reckless comrades know they are listening to the real thing. Then he stands up, faces them squarely, man fashion, and says, in substance, "I'm not worthy to stand here: you know it, and I know it. But I had to do it, or play the coward like Peter and deny my Lord." They know he has lived a wild life. He now confesses to them that he has lived under a false name, he has hated his brother and had murder in his heart. But his heart has been changed. One morning it had hell in it, and the next it was like what he thinks heaven must be. And he owns up to his companions in revelry and vice, that God has done this for him. "How he did it," he says, "I can't tell you. I'm not a preacher, and I can't explain it. But of his great mercy, he made me see the error of my ways. He did this for me. And what he did for me, I guess he can do for any of you. I don't pretend to be above any of you, but I'd like to be a better man than I am; and I'm going to try; and that's my religion." When one of the worst of his old cronies wanted to know more about this religion business, he was given a New Testament, and was told that he could bank on that book. This rough man of the mountains read it until he saw the path of life which it points out, and one day he pressed it reverently to his lips and said: "I'm a-goin' to follow that trail." We regret that this book is marred by one scene which will surprise Ralph Connor's former readers, and which it was a grave mistake for him to put upon his pages.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Twenty Years of the Republic. By HARRY THURSTON PECK, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 811. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

The twenty years covered by Professor Peck's critical narrative begin with the return of the Democratic party to power under Grover Cleveland,

defeating James G. Blaine, in 1885, and end with 1905 and the administration of Theodore Roosevelt up to that date; the momentousness of those twenty years being intimated in the suggestive title of the closing chapter, "The Transformed Republic." No reader of these sixteen pregnant and intense chapters will think of pronouncing over the American republic the beatitude which says, "Blessed is that nation whose annals are dull," to which beatitude Portugal and many other countries can put in a prior claim. The period which this book surveys is so recent that it seems less like a history than like an analytic digest and appraisement of contemporary events. Such a book if well-informed and fair and capable is really a great public service, for it lifts us up out of the rushing tumult of disconnected events on the pages of the daily newspaper, and sets the mind aloft on a pinnacle of wide observation from which we can survey all events, see their trend and meaning, see the character and the direction of our progress, and see where the republic was two decades ago, where it is now, and whither it seems to be heading. We think the total effect of this book on any but a pessimistic American will be to make him say in the wise words of the patient Lincoln, "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or any equal hope in the whole world?" It is a valuable volume for the library of any minister or layman who desires to understand his own country and his own times. Before recording the return of the Democracy under Cleveland, the only Democrat elected president since 1857, Professor Peck characterizes the administration of Mr. Arthur, called to office by the murder of Garfield, and concludes his notice of Arthur thus: "Looking back upon his brave and honorable bearing under the strain of incessant vexation and temptation, the American people have reason to be proud because the roll of their chief magistrates contains the name of Chester Alan Arthur." Contrasting Arthur's polished gentlemanliness and urbane dignity with Lincoln's rustic informality, the story is told that when Senator Sumner met President Lincoln for the first time, at the White House, Lincoln called out: "Why, Sumner, you must be nearly as tall as I am! Come, back up, and let's measure!" Imagine the effect of such a proposal on the glacial dignity of the stately Senator from Massachusetts. The description of the man who defeated Blaine in 1885 is in part as follows: "Mr. Cleveland was a type of man such as had never before come to the front as a presidential possibility. In contrast with his antagonist, he was in no respect brilliant. He represented the everyday, practical, unimaginative citizen of moderate means, the unimportant professional person, blunt, hard-headed, and brusque, with a businesslike readiness to take a hand in whatever might be going on. His education was of the simplest, almost rudimentary, his information not very large, and his interest in life was almost wholly limited to his own locality. As a practicing lawyer his reputation had not gone beyond his own circuit. A bachelor, with a small income, his spare time had been spent with companions of his own tastes; his ideal of recreation had been a game of cards in the back-room of a beer-garden; and perhaps this circumstance is sufficient in itself to give a fair notion of his general environment." This was the sort of man who was elected mayor of

Buffalo, governor of the State of New York, and president of the United States. In its way his is the most surprising career in the history of the republic. It would have been impossible but for Republican mismanagement, dissension, and corruption. His chief assets were a rude courage and dogged, stubborn, bull-necked honesty. His official career and experience gradually educated him. His figure in America recalls that of rough, coarse, rugged Victor Emanuel I, in Europe, whose reign is well epitomised in his own words: "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." James Russell Lowell said at Harvard's two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, in 1886, that Cleveland stood at the helm of State in the spirit of the words of Seneca's pilot, "O Neptune, you may sink me if you will, you may save me if you will, but whatever happens I shall keep my rudder true." Chapter III pauses in the progress of the Twenty Years to look backward through some memories of the past, noting the disappearance, during Cleveland's administration, of such historic political figures as Generals Grant, McClellan, and Hancock, and Horatio Seymour, Tilden, and Arthur. McClellan is said to have been more loved by the soldiers than was any other general in the war. Stanton is called "the bullying lawyer whom Lincoln made Secretary of War." Robert E. Lee is quoted as having said after the war that McClellan was the greatest of the Union generals, while Von Moltke called him the one scientific general on the Northern side. Lincoln adhered to McClellan after all his Cabinet advisers had lost faith in him. But after Antietam, when the Confederate capital was uncovered to the Union army, and Lincoln peremptorily ordered McClellan to move at once on Richmond, that dilatory commander took twenty-two days to get his army across the Potomac which Lee's army had crossed between dark one night and daylight next morning; and then Lincoln retired McClellan. General B. F. Butler is referred to as that "brazen charlatan who holds the bad eminence of having been the only conspicuous Union commander in the war against whom charges of personal corruption were practically proven." Samuel J. Tilden is said to be the supreme illustration in our political history of sheer intellect unrelieved by any of those human qualities which win men's love as well as their respect. Born with a body so frail that he never knew a day of perfect health, he had no boyhood. He never tossed a ball, climbed a tree, ran a race, or pulled an oar. With the successful practice of law he blended political ambition; and in both he brought to bear all the resources of a cold, calculating nature, unmoved by passion, able to bide its time, to temporize, to dissemble, and to scheme. He was all intellect, and was dominated by the spirit of cunning calculation and ambition. He was less a man than an intelligent machine, which worked with precision, but in which there was nothing to be admired except the perfection of its mechanism. It is noted that the Electoral Commission which gave the presidency to Hayes against Tilden in 1876 was a Democratic rather than a Republican measure (for the Republicans were at first afraid of it); hence Tilden's party were bound to accept the verdict. General Hancock is called the knightliest figure that the North sent forth to battle in the Civil War. He had the magic of martial genius. Of the splendid fighting of his brigade at the battle of Williamsburg McClellan

telegraphed: "Hancock was superb." At Gettysburg when stricken down he would not leave his place; and when a Vermont regiment swung to the front, Hancock, with his blood spurting in great jets from a ghastly wound, cried out to the commander joyously, "Go in, colonel, and give it to them on the flank." Grant said Hancock was the only officer of conspicuous rank whose name was never mentioned in despatches as having committed a single military error. He was a soldier of heroic mold, an embodiment of the ideals of chivalry. President Cleveland's famous "Rebel Flag Order," as it was called, is characterized as a "colossal blunder." Mr. Cleveland was quickly informed that he had no authority to order the return of the captured Confederate flags. Those flags were the property of the nation, and could not be disposed of except by the authority of Congress. So President Cleveland was obliged to take the humiliating step of publishing another executive order admitting his mistake and annulling the action of his adjutant-general. Eighteen years later the flags were returned by act of a Republican Congress approved by a Republican president. Of Cleveland as a public speaker, Professor Peck says: "He was far from attaining brilliancy. His warmest friends could not claim that he was an orator. His manner and style were alike heavy. He had a strong preference for polysyllabic words, and for sentences so involved as to be Johnsonian in their ponderosity. Moreover, he often dealt in the baldest truisms, which were seldom freshened by any originality of phrasing." Abram S. Hewitt once said: "Cleveland is the greatest master of solemn platitude since Washington." Of Benjamin Harrison it is said that as president he never made a flat or feeble speech, nor one composed of platitudes. His oratory was marked by ease and finish, by facility and felicity, and by a geniality of tone which was not found in his ordinary conversation. One who knew him well said: "Harrison can make a speech to ten thousand men, and every man of them will go away his friend. Let him meet the same ten thousand in private, and every one of them will go away his enemy, chilled and repelled by his icy manner." There is sharp condemnation of the bond sales carried out by Cleveland's administration in which a large issue of United States bonds was sold to a Wall Street syndicate at 104½ instead of offering them to the people at large who were eager to take them in the open market where the favored syndicate quickly sold them for 118. The incredibly violent attacks on Cleveland by Tillman of South Carolina are recalled. "Send me to Washington," he yelled in 1894 to the frantic mobs of his state, "and I'll stick my pitchfork into Cleveland's old ribs"; and he entered the United States Senate with that purpose. With the ferocity of a wild beast he raged at all whom he disliked, denouncing them as "hell-hounds," "villains," and "foul-mouthed liars." His furious outbursts of outrageous passion seemed almost maniacal. Men have been consigned to asylums for less evidence of insanity than he has exhibited in rabid speech and convulsive ferocity. In Congress Tillman and Sibley and Gorman and Brice impeached Cleveland's veracity, and so great was the opposition to him that Professor Peck says: "During the last year of his administration Mr. Cleveland seemed to live under a cloud of obloquy, blacker and more unrelieved than that which any other president had ever known." Mark

Hanna is analysed and portrayed as the perfect type of commercialism in politics. The unexpected, startling, and masterful first appearance of W. J. Bryan before a presidential convention is dramatically pictured. Of Mr. Bryan, not long after this convention which he mastered, Colonel Henry Watterson said in the Louisville Courier-Journal: "He has visited Kentucky and Kentuckians have taken his measure. He is a boy orator, a daring adventurer, a political faker. He is not of the material of which the American people have ever made a president, or any party a candidate up to this time." One chapter is given to the war with Spain, a condensed but lucid and comprehensive story; one to the last years of McKinley, and one to President Roosevelt, of whom it is said that when he came to the White House by the death of McKinley he was not familiar with the ways of Washington, his ethical sense had not been dulled, and he brought, as it were, a stream of fresh, pure, bracing air from the mountains to clear the fetid atmosphere of the national capital. His experience had been broader and more many-sided than that of any previous president. His understanding and sympathy cut the social loaf from top to bottom. He was at home in more numerous and more varied circles than any man that ever entered the White House. His early years had been spent as a member of the wealthy and cultivated class. He had been a ranchman and was at home with the people of the great West. He had tried his hand at many undertakings, and in all successfully. He had written books, had advocated social, civic, and political reforms, had herded cattle with the cowboys on the great Dakota ranges, had directed the police of New York city, had helped equip our navy for the war with Spain, in which the navy gave a fine account of itself, had fought in Cuban swamps and on San Juan Hill, had governed the most populous state of the Union, and had presided over the United States Senate. An omnivorous reader with a retentive memory, he absorbed the contents of many books and the conclusions of many authorities. And as with books, so with men. He gathered about his table guests from all sections of the land and all classes of men—men of business, men of letters, manufacturers, ranchmen, the Rough Riders, lawyers, labor leaders, capitalists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, black men, white men, red men, yellow men, soldiers, and civilians—men who had done something or said something or written something notable—all these he questioned, listened to, learned from, got sight of their preferences and prejudices, their complaints and grievances, their needs and desires. Thus he came to understand all classes. No man ever took so much pains, or had such varied opportunities, to know the whole American people, so as to be able to serve them intelligently. And with his large information, wide sympathy, keen sense of justice, hatred of greed and wrong, he came more and more to be the people's president. So says Professor Peck, whose book attests in all its parts that he is no flatterer. Theodore Roosevelt is more feared and better hated by men whose ways are crooked, and corporations whose methods will not bear the light of publicity, than any of his predecessors in the presidency. He spoke for the American people and declared their will when he said at Cincinnati in 1902: "In dealing with the big corporations called Trusts, we resolutely purpose to proceed by evolution

and not by revolution. We do not wish to destroy corporations, but we do wish to make them subserve the public good. All individuals, rich or poor, private or corporate, must be subject to the law of the land; and the government will hold them all to a rigid obedience. The biggest corporation, like the humblest citizen, must be held to strict compliance with the will of the people as expressed in the laws. The rich man who does not see that this is in his interest is indeed short-sighted. When we make him obey the law we insure for him the protection of the law." Professor Peck shows Roosevelt as the people's president in the account given of his effort to end the coal strike in the fall of 1902. His interference was not for the operators nor for the miners, but on behalf of the people. To save the people from suffering he appealed to miners and operators alike to adjust their differences, start the mines, and relieve the public distress. He knew he was taking his political life in his hands when he did it. But he heard the story of the suffering in the cities, of schools closing, hospitals without fuel, the poor shivering in their fireless quarters, with colder weather coming on, and then he said to his official counselors grimly: "I'm going to do it; I suppose it ends me; but it's right and necessary, and I'll do it." Disclaiming any legal or official right to intervene in the matter, he brought all his personal influence to bear on operators and miners, begging them to consider the crying needs of *the people*, and to avert the terrible catastrophe impending over *the people*, by adjusting their differences at once for *the public good*. Professor Peck says that it yet remains to be seen how far the people's president will succeeed in his efforts to secure equal justice for all, to compel all to obey the laws, and to relieve and protect the people from the pitiless depredations of sinister, unscrupulous, and predatory interests. "Require all men to obey the law" is the motto of Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

Memoir of Thomas Hill Green. By R. L. NETTLESHIP. Crown 8vo, pp. 256. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50.

T. H. Green was professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. This memoir is from the nature of the case little more than a record of his opinions, gathered from his letters, the recollections of those who knew him, and his published writings contained in *The Prolegomena to Ethics* and three volumes entitled *The Works of T. H. Green.* It is the record of a life spent in thinking, speaking, and writing about philosophy and religion, and in quietly promoting the political and social interests of the town in which he lived; the life of a man to whom reason was faith made articulate, and for whom both faith and reason found their highest expression in good citizenship. He is described in undergraduate days as reminding one of Clough, though Clough was more poetical and more indolently dreamy than Green. A molding influence in his student life was the friendship of John Conington, Professor of Latin, the disparity in their ages being overcome by a wonderful compatibility between them in a certain nobility of mental attitude, a great seriousness, a love for the profounder aspects of things, and all the deep sympathies of the devotional temperament. Country walking

was Green's favorite exercise. He greatly enjoyed plain country people; was entirely at home with them; and nature appealed to him as the sympathetic background of human life and the kindred revelation of a Divine Intelligence. What he most enjoyed in scenery was an upland prospect with some breadth of cultivated land. His friends remember the peculiar smack of his lips in uttering the word "tilth." He delighted in Swiss and German peasants, in their homely patriarchal ways, their care for animals, the pious legends carved upon their châlets, the primitive lovemaking of their young men and maidens. His moral earnestness was an antidote against the flippant frivolity of tone often prevalent at Oxford. With all his sober grip on facts, he was not prosaic, but had the enthusiastic movement of the world's poetry in him. He held fast to a faith in democracy, and believed that the cultivation of the masses will produce a higher type of manhood than any the Old World has known; and that the highest secrets of existence, which poets now speak to the inward ears of a few, will one day be proclaimed from the housetops to the common intelligence of mankind. When the possibility of Stanley's being made Archbishop of Dublin was discussed around him, he wrote: "I find it impossible to feel much interest in ecclesiastical affairs. Saving souls is one thing; fussing about institutions and offices and creeds is quite another." His religious life was sound. Philosopher and critic though he was, he knew little of the pain of doubt. He knew little of religious cataclysms, and had not such marked experiences as make interesting converts. He advanced naturally and quietly from point to point, with a steadiness of mind which was quite remarkable in so speculative a man. He held that Incarnation, or the divinization of humanity, is not completed, and the truth which Jesus proclaimed is not fully revealed, until the whole nature of man, and the whole of mankind, become a perfect vehicle for the life which lived in Jesus Christ. This will bring the human race to the mastery of the art of living. Jesus, under limiting conditions, lived a life which is limited by no conditions; and, under special circumstances, proclaimed principles which are applicable to all circumstances. His life and His principles are absolute and perfect, and being reincarnated in individual character and conduct constitute the life which is eternal. Green held that conscious union with God is man's highest possible attainment; the highest, because it alone has power to transform the whole man, to mold all circumstances, to operate through every organ. To a soul possessed of this consciousness there is no "miracle" and no "mystery"; it fears not to open its eyes wide to the light, for it knows that wherever it looks it will find the face of a Friend. The keynote of Green's religious belief is given in the following statement: The consummation of self-consciousness is in love. Man finds absolute self-satisfaction only in self-surrender. God is a being of perfect understanding and perfect love whose life is an eternal act of self-realization through self-sacrifice. The distinction and superiority of Christianity lie in the fact that, beyond any other religion, it has articulately expressed and practically enforced this conception of the Divine Nature. The New Testament describes God

as loving the world, dying for it, and living again in it; and these divine acts are represented not merely as events which took place once and then were over, but also as an eternal action of God for and within the soul of man, constituting a divine life in which every man may, if he will, participate, and apart from which he is spiritually dead. Christianity teaches men to think of God as not far off but nigh, not as a master but as a Father, not as a terrible outward power forcing us we know not whither, but as One of whom we may say that we are reason of his reason and spirit of his spirit; who lives in our moral life, and for whom we live freely by every right volition and good action; in communion with whom we triumph over death and have assurance of immortal life. Professor Green taught that selfishness and self-sufficiency are the root and essence and misery of sin; and that man becomes godly by re-enacting in his own life the eternal act of God who finds self-realization and self-satisfaction in self-sacrifice in the life and death of Jesus Christ. By surrender of self to God in love, submission, and obedience, man begins to live a divine life. Green has no patience with men who excuse themselves from a Christian profession and life by the plea of intellectual difficulties—the men who say that science has encroached on the old faith, and that philosophy has blurred the lineaments of the God whom our fathers worshiped, and that doctrines are unsettled, and that an enlightened hedonism seems competent to answer all practical questions, and that secularism is carrying all before it; and that it is only natural for a man, amid such influences, to lose the sense of God's presence and fail to feel the claims of religion. He says bluntly that such talk is only the foppery of men who want new excuses for old sins; that it is still our sins and nothing else that separate us from God; that philosophy and science, studied with the right predisposition do but render God more real and clear and his service more obligatory; that in all realms of knowledge the witness to him continually grows; that the sunshine of his presence is shed abroad around us, and that, if it does not reach within the heart, it is because the sinful heart has a darkness of its own, some unconquered selfishness and pride and willfulness which prevents its relation to him from being one of childlike trust, sincerity, and obedience, and which keeps us from God. Green's supreme enthusiasm was for excellence of character; and no gifts or talents could make up to him for a deficiency in character. Living mostly himself in the world of ideas, he had a profound respect for practical ability, for men who "know what is the next thing to be done"; an admiration shared by the Seneca tribe of Indians, who gave to such a man the tribal name. Hai-wa-te-is-tah, "the man who always does the right thing." Professor Thomas Hill Green was an elevating and sweetening influence in Oxford University. He died of blood-poisoning at the age of forty-six. He had often expressed a dread of death, but when unexpectedly told he had but a few hours to live he received the sudden announcement with perfect quietude, gave some directions about his worldly affairs, spoke to those about him of his firm belief in God and in immortality, and asked to have the eighth chapter of Romans read to him. A night of delirium

brought him to Sunday morning, March 26, 1882, when he quietly ceased to breathe. The new house he had built for himself on Banbury Road was just ready for occupation. His book entitled *Prolegomena to Ethics* was within thirty pages of being completely written. His wife once told him he was like Sir Bors in "The Holy Grail," who spoke low at the board and was mighty reverent at grace:

> A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,
> An out-door sign of all the warmth within,
> Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
> But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.

Persia, Past and Present. A Book of Travel and Research, with more than two hundred Illustrations and a Map. By A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON, Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages, and sometime Adjunct Professor of the English Language and Literature in Columbia University. 8vo, pp. 471. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $4.00 net.

The foremost Indo-Iranian scholar of America has written a book worthy of his ever-expanding reputation, and the Macmillan Company has made it handsomely, illustrated it beautifully, and supplied it with a map, made by Keith Johnson, of Edinburgh, which no American establishment would presume to equal in clearness, finish, or elegance. We may state at the outset that the contents of the book make a double appeal. Most of it is popular enough to suit any taste but that of the hopelessly blasé reader of fiction only, while a small section will be highly valued by scholars, and may be skipped by the popular reader who will find himself duly cautioned in the preface. Professor Jackson is not merely a competent scholar, and an admirable writer trained in the school of English Literature, which he long professed at Columbia; he is also a traveler, experienced, resourceful, and good-humored. He had made an extensive tour in India and Ceylon, about 1901, and thus had made first hand acquaintance with the Indian branch of the great family of languages to which his studies are devoted. It remained that he should see the great land of Iran. "The purpose of my journey was antiquarian study and scholarly research, especially with regard to Zoroaster and the ancient faith of the Magi, for I had early come under the spell of those Wise Men from the East and had long felt the charm drawing me toward the province of the Sun; but I hoped also to contribute something to our knowledge of Persia's present as well as past, and to a better understanding of the relations existing between them. My plan was to traverse as much of the territory known to Zoroaster as I could, including Transcaspia and Turkistan, and to visit the places most celebrated in the history of Persia. The route which I marked in advance on the map, and was able to accomplish, carried me from the Caucasus on the north nearly to the Persian Gulf on the south, then to Yezd in the central desert and back northward to Teheran and the Caspian Sea. Crossing this, I continued the journey into the heart of Asia, to Mero, Bokhara and Samarkland." That is a splendid story to have to tell, for it makes its appeal to such a wide constituency. The Assyriolo-

gist wishes to know more of the ruins at Persepolis, which supplied with the texts at Behistan, the key to the Assyrian and Babylonian texts; the student of comparative religion is eager to follow in the footsteps of Zoroaster; the statesman may well be anxious to know what may be learned of the everlasting Eastern question; and the "man in the street" would not be above reading a bit concerning the land which produces the finest Oriental rugs. Concerning the scientific portions of the book which deal with Zoroaster we shall not venture to deal at all. Professor Jackson is himself so clearly the greatest American authority on the subject that it would be mere affectation to offer any criticism. What he has to say, we have read with interest, and noted its relation to what was generally known before. The chapters which we have some right to appraise are the following: xiii. The Rock Inscriptions of the Great Persian Kings; xiv. The Great Behistan Rock and an Ascent to read the Cuneiform Records of King Darius, and xx. Persepolis and its Monuments. Of these it is fairest and simplest to say that they supersede their predecessors by whomsoever written. Like all the rest of the book, the story is well told, but we doubt whether anything in it is more interesting than the narrative of the successful surmounting of the great dangers and difficulties of the climb up the face of Behistan. To the still difficult inscriptions of Behista Professor Jackson has made very useful contributions making out obscure words and adding a number of previously unread syllables. Since the days when Rawlinson first deciphered these same texts until now, no more important contribution has been made to the subject. It will doubtless be soon surpassed when the book of King and Thompson appears which the Trustees of the British Museum are later to publish. The photographs are particularly interesting and valuable, and surpass any others that we have seen. From the rest of the book it is difficult to select chapters that deserve special note. But we may venture to recommend to all that gentle company who solace their weariness with poetry, the chapters on "Shiraz, the Home of the Persian Poets." It makes good reading, though we are just at the moment unscientific enough to be sorry that Jackson had ventured to insinuate that the Roknabad does not, as a stream, deserve the famous encomium of Hafiz in the verse,

> "In Paradise thou wilt not find
> The beauteous banks of Roknabad
> And the rose bowers of Musalla."

This is a sad advantage to take of a poet. Will somebody else advise us that the "rose bowers of Musalla" are a poor show "forninst" the gardens of Dickson's at Newtonards! Such sacrilege, we make haste to say is not committed by Professor Jackson. Let us quote a few sentences of his enthusiasm. "The vision grew in beauty as I rode forward. The wayside was lined with myriad poppies; the gardens were abloom with the jasmine and the rose, for it was the beginning of May, and the rose had begun to blush a few days before in obedience to the nightingale's behest 'her sallow cheek to incarnadine,' the trees were vocal with the note of the

bulbul; the setting sun threw long shadows from the tall minarets and slender *saro* trees; and Shiraz for the instant was the realization of that Persian elysium of which the poets sang, and it awaited only the flood of moonlight which swept in after sunset to complete the enchantment." That will do excellently well, and we decline to accept any of Professor Jackson's scientific statements in the place of it. It is a good book, and a worthy, and the reader will be thankful for its comfort and instruction.

On the Mexican Highlands. By WILLIAM SEYMOUR EDWARDS. Crown, 12mo. pp. 283. Cincinnati, Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cloth, $1.50 net.

This superbly printed and, thanks to the author's ever-present kodak, profusely illustrated volume, has the superior merit of engaging readableness. The title of the book is altogether too modest, or, better expressed too narrow, for whereas the contents of the volume make good the title-claim, they at least incidentally describe in a charming manner places and scenes widely separated from those belonging to our Sister Republic, Mexico. Starting from Kanawha, West Va., the author presents vivid pen pictures of Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, San Antonio, San Luis Potosi, and lesser cities along the line of his route to Mexico City, to the description of which ample space is devoted. The interest of the reader however, centers in the author's delineation of the Highlands of Mexico, and the Lowlands as well, since the *Tierra Fria* is no more fully nor graphically described than the *Tierra Caliente.* The author, keen, alert, observing, describes with equal facility the physical features of the country, its mining interests and processes, and the characteristics of its inhabitants—their dress, food, social customs, etc. The national drink of the ancient Aztec, and the favorite intoxicating beverage of every bibulating Mexican, *pulque* (*Pool-Kay*), is thus referred to: "Pulque is merely the sap of the maguey or century plant which accumulates at the base of the flower stalk just before it begins to shoot up. The pulque-gatherer thrusts a long, hollow reed into the stalk, sucks it full to the mouth, using the tongue for a stopper, and then blows it into a pigskin sack which he carries on his back." Itinerant peddlers dole it out to the thirsty *uno centavo* (one cent) a drink. When fresh pulque is delightful and innocent; but the mode of gathering it—"using the tongue for a stopper"— would scarcely commend it to our taste. One chapter of the book is devoted to the description of a Mexican bull fight with its attendant scenes of brutal torture. That "two young American ladies, school teachers at Toluca," should be seen "going home with two bloody *banderillas,* or rosettes, plucked from one of the slain bulls—'trophies to keep as souvenirs—they had so much enjoyed the fine spectacle,'" seems too incredible for belief! No wonder the author, himself a cultivated American citizen—confesses his "shame" at meeting these degenerate girls! How much these brutal exhibitions have to do with the universal indifference on the part of the natives to the suffering of dumb animals cannot be determined, but without doubt they are largely responsible for it. The author's homeward route from the City of Mexico was via Vera Cruz and thence across the Gulf of

Mexico and Straits of Yucatan to Progresso, Yucatan, and Havana, Cuba. On the steamer were "thirty or forty little boys aged from ten to twelve and fourteen years. . . . I inquired who were these children and learned them to be a company who had mostly been stolen from the streets of Mexico and neighboring towns, and was told some had been bought from the state orphan asylums at ten dollars a head, . . . no questions being asked as to their destination. They are being taken into practical slavery to be speedily worked to death by the heniquen planters of Yucatan."

MISCELLANEOUS

Mental Development in the Child and the Race: Methods and Processes. By JAMES MARK BALDWIN. Third edition, revised, pp. 477. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.25.

The original issue of this work appeared in 1895, followed in 1897 by the author's companion volume entitled, *Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development.* Together the two constituted Professor Baldwin's masterly discussion of the genesis of human consciousness, individual and social, with an extended application of his conclusions to some of the more essential phases of ethical life. Incidental to the main argument positions were developed bearing on other sides of human life, especially upon the theory of education. And the whole depended on certain original conceptions of the general process of development, which the writer at a subsequent date worked out with marked success in his *Development and Evolution.* These volumes thus have played a notable part in the formation of the most recent views of mind. The clue to the problems of consciousness, Professor Baldwin holds, is to be found in the genetic investigation of the phenomena involved. In the first instance, mental genesis must be studied from the biological point of view if fruitful results are to be secured. But biology should not monopolize attention; rather is it true that biologists should learn to value the premises and methods of psychological inquiry, when the problem changes from the origin of the physical organism to the evolution of conscious life. Biology and psychology in common lead on to the social aspects of thought and existence, duty being grounded in the results obtained by study along all three lines of investigation. Of the significance of Professor Baldwin's work there can be no question, even if the appreciative reception which it has enjoyed be for the moment ignored. That it raises questions of critical importance is, on the other hand, also a fact beyond dispute. Has he not given larger place to the study of origins than will be accorded it in the next age, when the reaction shall have fully set in from our present devotion to genetic inquiries? Has he, not, in spite of his disclaimers, over emphasized the biological view of mental questions? Can he hold his conclusions in their entirety and, by resting on the distinction between the science and the philosophy of mind (p. xi) escape destructive corollaries? These are some of the crucial problems which will suggest themselves to the careful reader, as they also indicate types of criticism to which his system is exposed.

S. M. Merrill

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1907

Art. I.—BISHOP STEPHEN MASON MERRILL, D.D., LL.D.

In the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, a work little known and seldom read, there is a beautiful hymn to the men of old, beginning with the lines, "Let us praise famous men and our fathers that begat us." The Pauline roll call of the immortals in the eleventh of Hebrews, close kin to this ancient ode, strikes the same heroic measure, and from Paul's epistles, especially in Ephesians, we learn that the greatest gift, except the gift of the Spirit, which Christ bestowed upon his church was—men. After all, the greatest thing in the universe is personality. Nor is there anything so attractive. Nothing draws so strongly to itself the bright steel of the world as this far-reaching magnet. One has but to glance, for instance, at the Life and Letters of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley by Prothero, or Stanley's Life of Arnold, to feel the influence of Thomas Arnold's personality on the students at Rugby; and who that is acquainted with the Tractarian Movement does not know that it would never have been had it not been for the supreme influence of Newman's personality at Oxford? Every church has had this gift—leaders of the people—and wherever these divinely ordained instruments of Providence have failed, and mediocrity has usurped the seats of the mighty, there the church has faltered in her mission and become a spent force. There was no Moses, no Joshua, and where there is neither one nor the other there are neither clouds, nor pillars of fire, nor lands

of Canaan. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons, during a critical time in England's foreign affairs, Gladstone interrupted Disraeli. Disraeli turned to him, saying, "You must not talk to the man at the wheel." Gladstone immediately replied in his measured tones: "There is no man at the wheel!" It is absolutely essential to the efficiency of the Methodist Episcopal Church that in all departments there should be superior quality of leadership. To no church, not excepting the Roman Church, is this more necessary. In religion the Methodist Episcopal Church is a world-power. It spreads over vast territories; ministers to millions of people of all nationalities; touches by reason of its relation to all classes of men those vital questions which are born of new conditions in an ever-evolving democracy; is related in its economy and the realization of its mission to every changing phase of social development, and as one of the greatest forces of Christendom it must keep itself abreast of all that is best in the religious and intellectual progress of the age while at the same time strenuously conserving the faith once delivered to the saints. Contemplating, then, such an organization, one might well despair of the necessary supply of adequate leadership, and yet it must be said, with gratitude to God, that, as results demonstrate, no church has been more signally favored in the number and character of its creative leaders than the Methodist Episcopal Church. And yet, naturally enough, it is in the episcopal office, as the highest administrative office, that endowments of executive ability, of statesmanlike vision, and those special gifts of inspiration which mightily move men and crystallize thought and emotion in resultful act are the more sharply distinguished, for nowhere else is there so absolutely demanded such genius for leadership, such solid qualities of judgment, strength of character, and consecration of spirit. It is no great surprise, then, that those chosen to be bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church have shown themselves to be men of forceful personality. Illustrious names have given prestige to the office: Asbury, Soule, McKendree, Janes, Peck, Simpson, Ames, Clark, Harris, Foster, and many others, not mentioning retired bishops and others still in labors abundant. These were all famous men. But in our judgment, take him for all in all, among those

who have guided the councils or left the impress of character and genius upon the church, few bishops, if any, have filled the episcopal office since the days of Asbury superior to Stephen M. Merrill, who lately passed to his eternal reward. He had not the culture of Baker nor the eloquence of Simpson, the erudition of Thomson nor the poetic sweep of Foster, the fine spiritual temperament of Ninde nor the seraphic glow of Joyce; but in him were seen in large measure the constructive statesmanship of Soule, the legal grasp and comprehensiveness of Harris, the judicial poise characteristic of Ames, the deep religious earnestness of Scott, and, withal, those fine traits of noble minds, tenderness, and justice, without which all merely intellectual powers, however brilliant, are but as the glitter of icebergs or the cold glare of lonely mountain peaks. A tall, Lincoln type of man, deliberate in movement, with well molded head firmly set on square shoulders, light gray eyes looking straight out and into things from under overhanging brows, a resolute yet kindly face over which when gentle humor played sad lines etched by care slowly faded, a long, slightly aquiline nose which lifted thin nostrils with perceptible jerk when something in debate was about to happen, dignified, ever serious and devout in the house of God and the work of the Conference, Bishop Merrill impressed all as a man of unique personality—self-reliant, one serenely conscious of full reserves for emergencies, a man who could do things when he had to.

Stephen Mason Merrill was born in the little village of Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, September 16, 1825, a year notable in the history of the republic and of some people. His father, Joshua, was a native of New Hampshire, the son of William Merrill, of Massachusetts, a Revolutionary soldier. This William was a descendant of Nathaniel Merrill who came from England in 1634 and settled where Newburyport, Massachusetts, now stands. Joshua seems to have inherited the patriotism of his father, for we find him while yet a stripling doing active service in the war of 1812. The mother of Bishop Merrill, Rhoda Crosson, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was also of Revolutionary stock, her father having served under Washington and died, while she was yet a girl, from the effects of arduous service. These two, Rhoda

Crosson and Joshua Merrill, met, loved, and were married February 1, 1816, in Columbus, Ohio. From this union eleven children were born, Stephen Mason being the fifth. Young Merrill's life began under pioneer conditions, and he must have shared in all the excitements of those spacious times. But from those far-away days of his child life no traditions of a remarkable character come down to us. He lived his life with other boys and as boys usually do—neither very bad nor superhumanly good, but just plain boy. One day, however, he got into trouble which came very near cutting short his career and fulfilling a dream his mother had that he was drowned. Frolicking with other boys among the boats on the river, which ran by the village, he misjudged, when too late, the distance of a jump between the boats and fell in. His life was in great peril. His cries, however, and those of his playmates brought speedy assistance from those standing near. A benevolent gentleman fished him out, and, being of a disciplinary turn, boxed his ears and sent him home. It proved to be one of his unlucky days. On reaching home, dripping wet, the parental rod got into immediate operation and he was hustled off to school. One would think that the boy's troubles were now over, but we never know what a day may bring forth. He had no sooner appeared at the door of the schoolhouse than the teacher, taking in the situation at a glance, administered plentiful hickory with superfluous enthusiasm. For sundry reasons he kept away from the river the remainder of the day. Indeed after such an experience young Merrill resolved never to get drowned any more. The incident, however, and the dream so deeply impressed the fond mother's heart that the family left Mount Pleasant and moved into Clermont County, where the lad grew up, and, though never of robust health, as the years went by aided his father in the manufacture of shoes. The next thing to being born of the Spirit is to be born of godly parents. Bishop Merrill had that distinction. His parents were people of sterling character, Methodists of the old type, people in whom were the noble impulses of patriotism, the fine ideals of those who for their children seek the best in education and religion, strong-hearted, country-loving people who have made this nation what it is and given it a moral

standing. In early childhood, through the teaching of a godly mother, who herself when but six years of age had gone with her mother to class meeting, the boy Stephen was brought into close relation with the church. When four years old he is in the Sunday school, but prior to this he has felt the genial warmth of devotion; indeed, he does not remember when he was not the recipient of religious impressions. At nine his heart is wonderfully stirred; his habit of secret prayer bears fruit in a dread of sin; he has experiences of unusual joy and is assured of his conversion. What a pity the church was so slow to realize the value of childhood! Then, as sometimes now, the conversion of children was discounted, and Stephen through neglect lost, like Alfred Cookman, the glow of his experience. The fair dawn that might have brightened into noon was soon clouded, but the light that was in him never wholly failed, and at sixteen he is again in touch with God. At this time the conviction that he must preach, which had once come to him when a child, now rose up in him and began to assert itself. It was an unwelcome thought, but one not to be put either down or out, and some time after, on Saturday night, April 12, 1845, he preached his first sermon as a licensed preacher, using as a text John 14. 6. "When Stephen began to preach," says his brother, "he was exceedingly bashful, and the boys, his chums, would sit in front of him while he was preaching and nearly frighten the buttons off his coat." In 1846 he was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference, and on the morning of September 16, his birthday, and twenty-one years of age, he mounted his horse at his father's door and rode off to his first appointment, the Monroe Circuit. The year following he was married to Miss Ann Belmeyer, who survived him but a few days after the long companionship of years.

What was his equipment at this time for the work of the ministry? He was devout, prayerful, unselfish, industrious, pure in mind, in thought and language, and habituated to serious thinking. He had attended at intervals the elementary schools of that day, such as they were, and some are not much better today; also an academy, and for a short time, just before his first appointment, was principal and teacher. Always mentally alert, a close student

of the word of God, thoroughly grounded in Methodist theology, master of Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, Watson's Institutes, and fairly familiar with the Greek Testament, in vibrant touch with the men and fateful questions of that day out of which sprang later the awful carnage of civil war and the long results of strife, he was, as his theological controversies with some of the best-trained debaters among Universalists and Campbellites in later years abundantly prove, about as well prepared for a successful ministry as the majority of the young men then taking their place in the ranks of the itinerancy. But next to his religious endowment his best equipment, after all, was a clear head. Ability is not in tools but in brain, and the latent powers of his splendid intellect developed with the years. His was a logical mind, philosophical, grasping principles, analytic yet synthetic, seeing things in relations and yet as wholes; a mind capable under finest culture of the highest reaches of discursive thought, disdaining in expression the ornaments of polished periods but delighting in the strength of Doric simplicity. For some thirteen years he continued his work in the Ohio Conference, growing in character, in the esteem of his brethren, and developing those mental traits which made him in later years the peer of the best in the most difficult affairs of the church. In 1859 he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference, one of the many battlegrounds where the two churches, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were then in needless conflict. He was appointed by Bishop Morris to the presiding eldership of the Maysville District. Those were terrible times and his was a dangerous task. Freedom and slavery, union and disunion, loyalty and rebellion clashed in every town and hamlet and in country places throughout the state. The loyal Methodists of Kentucky chose, as was their right, to remain in the church of their fathers, and this aggravated the animosity felt by all who "adhered South" toward ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were looked upon as emissaries of the North. Of those days, formative, divisive, sad, heroic, it is not necessary here to write, nor of the fratricidal war which raged while Merrill was in Kentucky loyal to his convictions as a needle to the pole. In 1863, after manifold

and severe experiences incident to those tenebrous days, Merrill was transferred back to the Ohio Conference, where he engaged once more in arduous labor. Five years later, in 1868, he was elected to the General Conference which met that year at Chicago.

That was an eventful Conference for many things done, and one vividly memorable to Merrill ever after as the turning point in his life's history. It was a new experience to him and he was profoundly interested. Lay Representation was then in the air. It was the paramount question in the General Conference and there was much excitement. A committee composed of some of the ablest men, led by the illustrious McClintock, were in favor of admitting laymen by a mere majority vote. It was not evident to all that an attempt by the General Conference to change its composition by such a method was wholly unconstitutional, for since the famous speech of Dr. Hamline in the General Conference of 1844, which made the General Conference supreme over all questions not specifically mentioned in the Restrictive Rules, it was imagined that the General Conference could do practically whatever it pleased. But not so did Merrill think. He was not opposed to Lay Representation, however, but to the unconstitutional method by which it was to be effected, the wrong way of doing a right thing. The constitution of the church was a written constitution, and the General Conference organized under such a document could not divide its powers or delegate them without express warrant of the constitution which conferred them. This warrant could be obtained only by constitutional process, and therefore the proposition to admit laymen to the General Conference must be submitted to the vote of the Annual Conferences. Such was his contention. It was Webster again in the Senate expounding the constitution of the nation. To us now it seems strange that the master spirits of that time, such minds as Ames, Simpson, McClintock, and others, did not see this self-evident truth, that the General Conference under a written constitution could no more divest itself of delegated powers than it could annex new ones not included in the original grant. And yet the constitution was not so transparent then as it is now. There were many nebulous notions of it afloat since Hamline's speech in 1844, and

the scope of General Conference powers was one among many. But not all eyes were holden. Daniel Curry, the Ajax of Methodism, saw the point. Bishop Clark saw the point, and for himself said he "should be sorry to see the time when the doctrine shall be established in the church that she has no constitution but that may be overthrown by a majority vote." Dr. Merrill saw the grave danger, the false principle involved, and modestly but earnestly endeavored to make others of the committee see it. The majority, however, confident of success, rejected his views of the matter and brought in their report. As Lowell has said, the only argument that will avail against an east wind is to put on your overcoat, and Merrill prepared for the worst. The battle was on! On the surface of things it was to Merrill's interest to keep quiet, for many of his friends were desirous of electing him to the editorship of the Western Christian Advocate, and now his imprudence was about to spoil it all! How often it is that cowardice and the meanest self-seeking are piously disguised under a convenient vocabulary! But Merrill was of manlier fiber. He flung self-interest to the winds and bravely stood for the rights of the constitution. It was a bold act, and one worthy of commendation if it succeeded, as some other things are, but looking at the splendid array of brilliant intellect on the opposing side there could be, it seemed, only one issue to it all and that—ignominious defeat. His best friends were dismayed, and others of the opposition wondered why he had ever left the sheepfolds. It was not long, however, when the debate began, before the Conference discovered to its surprise that here was no impulsive visionary seeking death or notoriety; no self-made martyr to imaginary duty, but a mighty master of constitutional law, an interpreter of the clearest understanding, a debater of the finest dialectic skill, cool, strategic, judicial in tone and, above all, convincing. Admiration for his magnificent ability and mastery of himself increased; the debate rose steadily to highest levels and hour by hour grew more and more intense. For two days the battle of the giants went on with ever-deepening interest and growing concern. Finally the opposition, met at all points, began to waver, but Merrill held his ground; one vigorous champion after another went down before his irre-

sistible logic; the tide began to turn, and at last McClintock himself, the best-trained and ablest of them all, surrendered to a power greater than his own, and the day was won for the inviolability of the constitution! It was a great victory. Dr. Merrill came to the Conference at Chicago comparatively unknown; he left it the editor of the Western Christian Advocate and the acknowledged expounder of the fundamental law of the church. Four years later, in 1872, at the General Conference held in Brooklyn, his superb powers again came into play, and he was elected to the office of a bishop with such honored names as Harris, Bowman, Foster, Wiley, Edward G. Andrews, Gilbert Haven, and Jesse T. Peck; which office he held for thirty-two years, till on his own request, at the General Conference of 1904, he retired from active service, crowned with glory and honor.

To accurately estimate such a man is not easy. Some men are like mountains, not seen at all if seen too close; and we are too near Bishop Merrill to fully apprehend his personal greatness or the service he rendered the church. His life as a pastor was energetic and fruitful. True shepherd of God's sheep, never did a charge sicken or die under his care. He sought and won, wherever he went, the love and confidence of his flock. In the pulpit he was a teacher, an expositor of divine truth. Few pleaders of great causes ever reasoned more cogently, intuitively distinguishing in the statement of some great doctrine the essential from the non-essential, grasping with precision the central truth or fundamental principle of the theme he presented, and with the strength of conviction and the tenderness of a soul warmed with the love of God, he drove home the living, palpitating conclusion to the hearts of his hearers. Of poetic imagination he had little or none. He did not choose easy themes, nor did he deal out commonplace utterances as if they had the gravity of pig iron. His was a severely practical mind. He sought realities. Flights of fancy had little charm for him, but, on the contrary, his vigorous intellect found its chief delight in a clear statement of fact expressed in simplest phrase, in the unadorned beauty of axiomatic truth. This is seen to fine advantage in his various theological writings and in his work as an editor. One looks in vain through his editorials for

long sentences or sesquipedalian verbiage. He is strong, terse, pointed, illustrative, a master of vigorous English but never a mere stylist, never a dilettante artist enraptured with the siren song, the soft musical cadences of finely balanced sentences, which, however beautiful in themselves, are poor substitutes for virility of thought or clarifying instruction. To the editorial office he brought practical knowledge gained by close touch with the people, with ministerial life and thought, with the many electric questions of church and state which then stirred men's souls. Hence his editorials were molding forces, informing, illuminating, practical, and convincing. He did not run away from controversial questions which forced themselves on the church to write neutral essays on safe subjects. He knew Methodism and loved it. He knew its history, its doctrines and the reasons for them, its polity, usages, and traditions, and in him the spirit and life of Methodism, its mission, expansion, duties, and opportunities found a luminous interpreter and stalwart defender. And yet he did not invite controversy. He was not contentious. His polemics, whether doctrinal, theological, or ecclesiastical, were never against men, but against ideas. Hence, always rising above the narrow-minded partisan and looking down on the disputes of his time from the heights of broad sympathy with whatsoever things were true, he could write at the close of his editorial career: "Long since I learned to think and to let think, to argue, and even dispute, in love; and the longer I live the higher I prize the ability, and rejoice that the higher graces of the Christian life are compatible with earnestness in contending for the faith." As a bishop he loomed large. Faithfully he did his duty. Wherever he labored, whether on tours of episcopal visitation to foreign mission fields or presiding over Annual Conferences, in Bishops' meetings, on General Conference committees, on various boards and commissions of the church, his wise counsels and careful administration mightily influenced policies, strengthened connectional interests and made for the solidarity of the kingdom. He felt the responsibilities of his office and lived up to them. The splendid qualities of mind and heart which were known only to those intimately acquainted with him blossomed out in richest beauty in the larger

field to which he was called, while those powers of masterful logic, ecclesiastical statesmanship and clear comprehension of intricate questions found fitting scope and were strengthened and broadened by use. His intellectual grasp of ecclesiastical needs and their remedies is evidenced in a remarkable degree in that memorable Episcopal Address at the General Conference of 1888, which discussed in an illuminating manner the organic law of the church, and out of which discussion—which resembled in strength and lucidity the deliverance of a Supreme Court—resulted finally those sections of the present constitution which treat of the composition, powers, and limitations of the General Conference. His preaching took on a greater variety of themes and became more effective, or at least his cast of thought, manner, and method of presenting the deep things of God became better adapted to Conference occasions than they had been as a steady diet to the average congregation. He had inherently no great genius for the pulpit. He was not a Beecher, a Simpson, or a Storrs. He was didactic, sometimes heavy, lacking the magnetism, the imagination, and the swing of the popular orator. Even when a bishop he never preached the same sermon twice—an error not to be commended, since great sermons are not built in an hour—but, while he was at all times superior to the average, instructive and edifying, he would on occasion when deeply stirred rise to heights of genuine eloquence and, sweeping all barriers of doubt and spiritual inertia before him, carry his congregation with him to the brightest visions that ever gladdened the heart of man. As a presiding officer of the General Conference he had no superior. He was not infallible, his knowledge of fact was not always omniscient, but such was his clear perception of issues and of the principles involved that his colleagues, some of whom were unsurpassed in their knowledge and in their mastery of parliamentary tangles, profoundly respected his judgment and leaned on him in sudden emergencies. "Is the Chair sure that his ruling is correct?" asked Dr. Buckley of Bishop Fowler at the General Conference of 1894. "He is not," was the reply, "but he has received illumination from behind." Bishop Merrill was at his ear.

After all, the most important duty of a bishop is not presiding over General Conferences, or even Annual Conferences, important and onerous as that duty is, but in fixing the appointments. Unless this work is done in a manner which shall make for the best living interests of the church there will be no Conferences to preside over. Hence the need for impartial judgment, appreciation, and sympathy, knowledge of human nature, a sinking of self in the will of God, and a divine passion for the glory of Christ's kingdom. In the cabinet Bishop Merrill was the friend of the Methodist preacher, as he was the careful administrator of the sacred trust committed to him to supply the churches with suitable men. No presiding elder was abruptly dealt with, no arbitrary appointment against the protest of his advisers was stubbornly insisted upon to the detriment of justice and the welfare of the flock. Bishop Merrill, like "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," heard the last word. No pastor, however humble, and even though as timid as a rabbit, need have hesitated to bring his case before him. Bishop Merrill had heart. He had experience. Schooled in adversity, he had sympathy for others. He knew what it was in other days to bear the cross of those solitary minds who live apart from the crowd, in fellowship with the kings of men, "who rule us from their urns." He even knew what it was to be underrated by petty creatures who, "wanting the mental range" or moved by envy, "would pare the mountain to the plain." He knew the hardships and privations of the itinerancy, the limitations and longings of the pastor's home. He had himself been in Egypt, though he was now in a place of influence; he had even been on Carmel, and was not unacquainted with Horeb. Nothing better reveals the heart of Bishop Merrill and the principles that guided him during those years of his effective episcopate than the closing paragraph of his valedictory at the General Conference at Los Angeles:

> I am not conscious of ever having made an appointment under the bias of personal friendship or antipathy. The matter of personal merit and relative claims has necessarily influenced decisions, but the good of the work and the least possible embarrassment to all concerned have been paramount considerations. Not the slightest tinge of bitterness

toward any human soul will mar the recollections of what I have done during all the period of my official service in the church. I would that the consciousness of fewer mistakes might brighten the review. God's blessing has been on a portion of my work, and I humbly trust that his mercy covers it all.

Of his theological writings and their place in the literature of the church there is not sufficient space to adequately treat. He was as great a theologian as he was an ecclesiastical statesman. His Aspects of Christian Experience, which should be a companion volume to all works on Christian certainties in personal religion, and which would have been of immense benefit to the author of Varieties of Religious Experience, treats in the most lucid and scriptural manner those fundamental doctrines which relate to the inner life, sin, repentance, faith, pardon, regeneration, and sanctification. Christian Baptism is an exegetical and forceful contribution, setting forth the mind of the church, based on Holy Scripture, concerning the mode and meaning of that sacred ordinance. The New Testament Idea of Hell is written in manner befitting the solemn theme, but at the same time it thoroughly exposes the unscriptural character of Universalism and the vagaries of Annihilationism. The Second Coming of Christ is another forceful polemic, pulverizing the teachings of Pre-Millenarians. In The Organic Union of Methodism we see again the master mind dealing with the constitutional and historical questions of 1844. Other works, The Crisis of the World, Mary of Nazareth, The Atonement, Digest of Methodist Law, came at intervals from his prolific pen. Such discussions are dry and tiresome to some, and for such reading they have little taste. Theological literature, it is true, is not fiction. There is not in doctrinal teaching the color and glow and movement, the exuberant imagination and the exquisite delineation of character which charm the multitude in Balzac, Thackeray, George Eliot, Henry James, or Stevenson. Nor is this its function. It belongs to another realm. But this is true: that a study of Merrill's sentences will be an education in English of vastly more value to robust thinking than shedding sympathetic tears over imaginary heroes, which tears, indeed, might well be saved for greater sorrows. We

would not rob the world of its great masters who interpret for us the drama of life, and out of dreamy thought create for us flesh and blood characters in whose deeds and influence we see the workings of those immutable moral laws which grind on with certain and irresistible might toward definite conclusions, nor of those who weave for us the kindly tale which beguiles a restful hour. They have their place. But for the strenuous life there is no tonic like the bracing inspiration of a vigorous thinker. Merrill quickens thought. In all his writings there is seen his characteristic bent for positive truth, intellectual satisfaction in definite formulation of scriptural teaching, lucid statement, spiritual vision. He is never a fossil, never out of range with new ideas. His little work on Miracles and that masterful irenic on true liberty of biblical inquiry, which he wrote for the Northwestern Christian Advocate in an afternoon, show how well he kept himself abreast of modern thought.

Such in broad outlines, imperfect as they are, was Bishop Merrill as he stood before the church. Would that I could describe him better! Simple, massive, commanding, loving, a servant of God and devoted to every interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, his name will grow greater as we climb higher, for we shall then see the whole mountain from base to peak and the long reach of his influence on the thought and life and polity of the church. After his retirement at Los Angeles he sought repose. He was no longer the resident bishop of Chicago. The burdens of office no longer oppressed him. To the newly elected bishop, William F. McDowell, who succeeded him, he gave, as was his nature, cordial welcome, and placed at his service the rich experience and ample knowledge of his long official life. The relation between the two men was beautiful. It was Asbury and McKendree over again. But the old bishop was growing weary. He longed for quietness, for the King in his beauty and the land that is far off

> Where never creeps a cloud, nor moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred, everlasting calm!

He little knew how near he was to those Elysian fields. But the end was at hand. The General Missionary Committee held its annual meeting in November, 1905, in Brooklyn. Bishop Merrill was in attendance. On Saturday, the 12th, he occupied the chair at the morning session, and in the afternoon he presided over the Bishops' conference. Friends noticed signs of physical weariness. But on Sunday morning he preached in Brooklyn, and toward evening crossed over to the home of a near friend at Keyport, New Jersey. That was his last presidency; that was his final sermon. That night, suddenly, the message came. He heard the call of the Unseen and went over. He was dead! Out from the night of earth he passed into the eternal morning, to the land of the unclouded day, where the dear Lord's tired ones rest and are never sick any more, nor worn nor weary, nor ever know again the heartaches of the earth-life, for "God shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

So died Bishop Merrill, one of the greatest bishops of Methodism and one of the foremost leaders of the Christian Church. He had spent eleven years on circuits, eight years on stations, four years on a district, four years as editor, and thirty-two years as an effective bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nobler tributes to ability and worth were never laid on the bier of the departed than those spontaneous expressions of his colleagues in the episcopacy, and this imperfect sketch might well close with the lines of the old hymn, "Servant of God, well done!" but there come stealing across the page the words of Him who turneth the shadow of death into the light of morning: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

R. J. Cooke.

Art. II.—THE PROVINCE OF THE PREACHER

The last word involves a limitation which should be noted. The theme is not the province of the minister, for "minister" is a wider term than "preacher." It is not the province of the pastor, for "pastor" is a different word from "preacher." It is not the province of the clergyman, for the clergyman has a kingdom of many provinces. My subject is the Province of the Preacher, the man in the pulpit delivering a message.

What is his province? What is the legitimate scope of his activity? What is the field assigned to him to be cultivated? It is a question of tremendous importance, and too often ignored by those whom it most concerns. The secret of efficiency in life lies in the ability to draw boundary lines. Success lies in resolved limitation. It is the man who is willing to impose limitations on himself who is most likely to get on. It is a great saying of Emerson that the one prudence in life is concentration. The more difficult the work the greater the necessity for self-limitation. A Jack-at-all-trades has a place in the world, but it is not a high place. He stands at the foot of the ladder. It is the man who does only one thing who reaches the upper spaces. The man who would sing a little may study many things besides music, but the man who would sing superbly must give himself to music alone. The dilettante in painting may dabble in a dozen avocations, but the man who would be a great artist must do nothing but paint. Would a man make a great impression on the world? Then he must limit the area over which he spreads his force. Some men make a great clatter by their widespread hammering, but after their work is completed men discover they have driven nothing but brass-headed tacks. The men who have driven in the great spikes which hold society and institutions together are men who have directed their sledge hammers to the same point again and again and again, and could not be diverted from their mighty undertaking by offers either of fame or of money. When Jesus said to his apostles, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles," it was

not because his vision was narrow but because he held the world and the ages in his eye. He kept his apostles within limits which were narrow because only so could he get the great tree planted whose leaves were to be for the healing of the nations. He simply expressed the temper of all great souls intrusted with a stupendous task when he said: "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" He could not turn to the right or the left. His face was set steadfastly to go to Jerusalem and there finish the work God had given him to do. We are living in times when the constant temptation of every man is dissipation of energy. It is a new world in which we are living. New kingdoms have been opened, and new kingdoms are always attractive. New wealth has been piled up, and new-got wealth has manifold fascinations. It is an age of liberty moreover, and every man is doing what is right in his own eyes. The ancient restraints are irksome and the old ways exceedingly tedious. Men say, "The world is my parish," and they roam whithersoever they will. Barriers are an imposition. Limitations are intolerable tyranny. That is the feeling everywhere. It is mighty in the world of education. "Let the boys and girls learn a little of everything and let them study what they please. Let them choose their own direction and let them go as far as they will. It is a shame to hold them in. Education is not discipline, as the fathers thought, education is enjoyment. Let boys and girls roam the great fields of knowledge at pleasure." Mighty voices are saying this in the world of colleges and schools. In the religious realm this spirit is mightier still. Every limitation in thought or conduct is rebelled against as tyranny. "Away with your doctrines and dogmas. They are definitions, and definitions cramp the mind and smother truth. Let nothing be defined. Waste no time in drawing distinctions. Give no attention to exactitude in the statement of great ideas. What is Christianity but a feeling? Why draw distinctions between the church and the world, between saints and sinners, between Christianity and other religions, between Jesus of Nazareth and other men? Do not be narrow in your thinking, but let us float like summer clouds through an

atmosphere luminous with love." Thus speaks one of the spirits that are now abroad. And the ambassador of Christ would not be human if he were not susceptible to the all-pervading Zeitgeist. The greatest men are ever the most sensitive to the temper of their time, and most responsive to its dominant moods and aspirations. He who would guide and lift his generation must have in him the forces which are boiling in the hearts of his contemporaries. Unless he is with men where they are he is not likely to lead them into that place where they ought to be. Only as he feels in his own mind and heart the pulsing of the forces by which the world is swayed will he be able to speak to men in the language in which they were born and become master of that sympathetic touch to which the heavy gates of the soul swing open. It is a unique congregation which the minister of our day is called to face; a congregation of men and women fed largely on newspapers and magazines, their heads stuffed with odds and ends of information swept together from the four quarters of the globe, their hearts filled with bewilderments and confusions engendered by the stirring, tumultuous time of which they are a part. It would be strange indeed if the preacher facing such a congregation did not at times become bewildered, not knowing how to minister in the name of Jesus to such multitudinous and clamorous needs. Is it any wonder that clergymen now and then lose sight of the boundaries of their vineyard, and go with other men to labor in fields which lie beyond the province marked out for them by the finger of the Lord? What a temptation it is to be an editor! What tremendous power a newspaper man possesses. He comes down into the arena in which men are living. He talks to them about things in which they are interested: politics, art, literature, science, business, recreation. All the kingdoms of the world belong to him. He picks them up, they sparkle in his hand, and by the breadth of his sympathy he achieves a mastery which the poor preacher covets and would fain attain unto. The themes selected for pulpit treatment in many pulpits within the past ten years give evidence that the temptation is subtle, and that even the elect may occasionally succumb. What a king among men the

magazine manager has come to be! He has transformed the magazine into a pulpit from which he thunders, in selected articles and essays, against what he conceives to be the evils of his day. Like the newspaper man he is exceeding broad, and whatever is of interest to humanity is of deep concern to him. Without using the vocabulary of the church he can deal with the problems of the hour and give ethical instruction which goes deep into the hearts and homes of men. The preacher looks at him with admiration and is tempted to go and do likewise. What a privilege to be a social reformer in a day when the social problem is uppermost! Evils lift their hideous forms on every side, and to strike them one after another, to stab them, to stir other men to stab them, that is work indeed. The gambling evil, the liquor evil, the social evil, the slum evil, the sweat-shop evil, the child-labor evil, the divorce evil, the trust evil, the race-hatred evil, the police-force evil, the evils which spring from overcrowding and underfeeding, the evils which are created by competition, the evils of the industrial system, and of the everlasting strife between labor and capital—these are only a few of the unhallowed brood of devils sent to plague our day and generation. Surely the preacher will become a reformer and with the reformers stand. No voice shall be clearer or more resonant than his. He will plunge with the boldest into each new agitation set on foot for the modification of old laws and the creation of new schemes for the curbing of evil and the strengthening of the forces of good. He will choose his subjects according to the advice of outside societies and organizations, assigning a Sunday for the discussion of each particular evil. Even his prayers will be ordered after the advice of these various reformatory organizations. For what is the preacher but a social agitator, a political reformer, a man who stands before the community as the sworn antagonist of every form of social wrong? This, then, is the temptation of the preacher of the twentieth century. He is tempted to be an editor, to make his topics sound like headlines; a magazine manager, his sermons magazine essays; a social reformer, a settlement worker, a Young Men's Christian Association organizer and hustler; a son of thunder, hurling thun-

derbolts at social evils; a professor of ethics, passing judgment on social panaceas and movements; a lecturer, stringing together jewels and glass beads picked up in his saunterings through the fields of science, philosophy and history; a sort of mouthpiece on whose lips there shall come to expression on the Lord's Day the fascinating things which have filled men's minds through the week out of which they have just come. No other man can wander so easily from his province as the preacher. The fences are low, and if he steps over them, no one but God will speak to him about his indiscretion. Every man in the community except the preacher is bound with hoops of steel to the task which heaven has assigned him. The physician must practice medicine and keep close to his patients, the lawyer must practice law and keep close to his clients, the editor must gather news and keep close to his subscribers, the teacher must teach and keep close to his pupils, the banker must keep close to his money, the business man must be loyal to his business, but the preacher can leave his work and flit like a bee from field to field, gathering nectar from a thousand flowers, and he himself may think he is making honey when in fact he is only buzzing. What, then, is the province of the preacher? Has Christ anything to say on the subject? We call him Master. He has sent us to do his work. He calls us friends if we do the things which he tells us to do. Has he said anything on the subject? Does his example shed any light on our path? He himself was a preacher; what was his province? Of course we cannot make our life in all points like his. He did things which we cannot do and left undone things which we must do. His personality was different from our own; so was his mission, and so also was his environment. These three determine what form a man's life shall take. The form of life in the twentieth century cannot be what it was in the first, nor can all the limitations to which the Son of God subjected himself be binding on those who are only mortals and who have a different and lesser work to do. It is the mind which was in him and not the outward fashion of his ministry which is also to be in us, and he follows most truly in his steps—not who imitates his specific actions, but who brings his

spirit with greatest force to work upon the hearts of men. But, while his ministry is not a pattern binding on us who are his servants, it must be profitable to note the trend and temper of his labor, to mark the point on which he throws the emphasis, to ponder the things which to him were cardinal and of sovereign moment. The evangelists have taken extraordinary pains to tell us how he conceived his work. The people of his day wanted him to do everything. That was their conception of the Messiah. A Messiah, to be worth anything at all, ought surely to do everything which the world needed to have done. He ought to turn stones into bread, and jump down from the roof of the temple, and gather up into his own hands the reins of power held in the hands of Cæsar. The people expected him to do all this, and their wishes echoed and reëchoed in the chambers of his own soul, but he came to the conclusion that such ambitions are only suggestions of the evil one; and he gave himself to a work so ordinary and commonplace that the people were grieved and disappointed and his disciples were sore dismayed. Men tried to entangle him in the disputes of his day, but they never succeeded. They brought to him the ever-recurring problem of the right distribution of property, but he said he was not a distributer of property and went on explaining the sins that eat out the core of the soul. When questions of party politics were hurled at him he threw them back into the faces of the men who propounded them and went on unfolding the nature of God. The air was filled with questions, political, social, economic, ecclesiastical, but he refused to touch them, so eager was he to say just one word more about God. Evils lifted their hoary heads on every side—slavery, Roman tyranny, the social evil, false customs, economic tragedies—but he never lifted a hand to strike them. So narrow was he, so blind was he! Men were hot in their discussion of problems. No age ever had more problems than his. But to him there was only one fundamental problem and that was the problem of sin, and he had time for the discussion of none other. The estrangement of the heart from God—that to him was the root of all tragedies. A will fixed in rebellion against the good Father—that was the fountain of all

the world's woes. All problems of all kinds got their complications from the estranged heart, and all tragedies got their blackness from the mind that had become darkened by going away from God, and he had nothing to say about secondary problems and subordinate evils because his eyes were fixed on the one plague spot of humanity: a will disobedient to the good God. Such a line of action on his part was of course disappointing. It was even exasperating. The intellectual people of his day had no use for him. Men of acumen and large mental grasp smiled at the poor Peasant telling people little stories about God. Men of patriotic fervor alive to the needs of the day sneered at him because he did not fall in with their plans and adopt their panaceas. To all practical men who believed in grappling with problems and suggesting solutions he was a visionary, a fool. It did seem visionary, so much talking about God. The scribes did not like him. He had no grip on great problems. The Pharisees detested him. He had no zeal for a reform that was practical. The best people were disappointed in him because he did not strike a good heavy blow where a good heavy blow was most needed. Even his mother and brothers thought he was out of his senses. He was altogether too zealous in telling men about God. His disciples were dumfounded by his reticence and his inability to cope with the situation. In short, he was a failure because he so limited his province and confined himself to talking about the soul and its Maker. He made himself of no reputation by attempting so little. He estranged almost all of his contemporaries by his self-limitation, and that estrangement has continued to the present hour. The New Testament is still a stumblingblock and a rock of offense because it is too narrow. It is not the book of life because it is lacking in breadth. The German Strauss is offended because Jesus allows the life of the family to fall into the background, is neutral toward the state, rejects property, and passes all the esthetic intents of the world unnoticed. John Stuart Mill declares his gospel is not sufficient as a rule of action, and must be supplemented by instructions drawn from non-Christian sources. The Italian Mazzini thinks his heart was all right but his intellect

deficient because he took no interest in the great ideals of political liberty and national progress which made the nineteenth century glorious. All these men fail to understand him because they forget that he was a preacher, and that a preacher, to be successful, must keep himself within his province. If Jesus were to speak today, what would he say in reply to all his critics but what he said in Palestine, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!' It was only by limiting the field of his activity that he was able at last to say: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Is it too much to say that when Jesus says "Follow me" he includes preachers in his exhortation? If he carved out his work with such clean-cut edges, and said to the twelve preachers whom he had selected to carry on his work after he was gone, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you," it may be that all this was written for our admonition—to save us from the tragedy of attempting things to which we have not been called. Do you not think that the name of God would be more glorious in the hearts of men today, and the kingdom of heaven would have wider limits on the earth, if all who have been ordained to preach the gospel had only been willing to confine themselves to the one task assigned them? I like to think that a preacher should talk differently from any other man in the community; that a sermon should be unlike any other discourse known among men. I like to think that a Christian church should be different in atmosphere from any other building built by man. Public worship, so I think, ought to have a different tone from the tone of society or the street. On going into the house of God one should know at once that it is not a lecture hall, a reform club meeting place, a professor's class room, a newspaper office, the rendezvous of a literary or musical society. There ought to be in the air a mystical something which awes the heart and impels it to look upward. There ought to be something there which makes one feel like saying, "This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven." And it is the preacher who must be foremost in creating this atmosphere. His message must be different from that given by any

other man in the town. His central theme is God. His cardinal contention is that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. He will touch, of course, upon many themes, but he will touch them on his way to God. He will preach from many texts, but he will always come out at last in the presence of God. His field is religion. Religion is indeed the preacher's province. Religion has to do with God and the individual soul and with the family of souls. To unveil God's nature, to interpret God's providence and ways, to give fresh glimpses of God's mind and heart, to help men see God in the face of Jesus, to make the relations of the soul to God and of one soul to another soul real and glorious, to explain the life which is hid with Christ in God, to make duty beautiful and responsibility a thrilling thing, to expound the manifold riches of the divine mercy and forgiveness, to bring life and immortality to light, to make man eager to extend the limits of the Kingdom—in short to adorn the gospel of the blessed God, and to do all this out of a mind well versed in all the complications and movements of the day, and out of a heart that beats in sympathy with the dominant aspirations of the age—this is the province of the Christian preacher, and the man who does this work and attempts none other, giving himself whole-heartedly to the task of bringing God and man together, will enter more and more fully into the joy of his Lord, and his path, like the path of the just, will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. That this is the province of the preacher becomes to my mind altogether certain because this was the conclusion reached by the first great preacher of the Christian Church—Saul of Tarsus. He tells us in ways which cannot be misunderstood what was his understanding of the trust committed to him. He was first of all a preacher; not an ecclesiastic celebrating ceremonies, but an expounder of the oracles of God. He was an ambassador intrusted with good news from the court of heaven, and he besought men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. To him, as to his Master, there was but one central problem, that of sin; only one tragedy, a soul in rebellion against God; but one solution of all problems and one ending of all tribulations, the vision of God in Christ. Had one asked

him his conception of the province of the preacher, his reply would have been, "To preach Jesus Christ and him crucified." But to understand this we must ponder his letters. What alertness, what originality, what breadth of interests, what myriad-sidedness! He has swung completely away from the phraseology of Palestine. He is now in the great Gentile world; the forms of his thought are molded by the traditions and mental habits of the people to whom he speaks. How entirely different in form is the teaching of the epistles from the teaching of the gospels, and yet in spirit gospels and epistles are one. The tradition of Jesus's life and words must have been known to Paul. His parables and his discourses, at least in part, must have been repeated to him by some of those who had enjoyed Jesus's personal acquaintance. But scarcely a trace of the vocabulary of Jesus is anywhere discernible in the writings of the greatest of his apostles. This is one of the wonders of the New Testament. It throws a flood of light on Paul's declaration that he was determined to know Jesus after the flesh no more. Preaching to Paul was something more than the parrot-like repetition of the words of Jesus. He was not the victim of a delusion which has misled many, that a sermon is Christian if it abounds in biblical phrases. It was his work to mediate the religion of the Son of God to the great Gentile populations of the West, and he could not allow himself to be hampered in his work even by terms and illustrations used by the Lord himself. He had grasped the first secret of successful preaching: that a preacher must speak in the language in which men are born. But it is in his thought as well as in his style that Paul reveals his freshness and originality. His province is religion, and everything related to that province is of interest to him. To be a good Christian a man must think, and the average man needs a deal of help in his thinking. There are obstacles, legions of them, which get in between the soul and Christ, and these must be cleared out of the way. What is a preacher for if not to help bewildered souls find the light? The people of Paul's day were perplexed by a thousand questions growing out of the advent of the new religion. For instance, What was the

relation of Christianity to Judaism? What effect on Judaism would Christianity have? How much of Judaism was abrogated, and how much was still binding on the consciences of Christians? How could the truths announced by Jesus be reconciled with the truths proclaimed by lawgivers and prophets? How could the new truth be adjusted to the old? There were problems of thought and also problems of conduct. What was it proper for a Christian man to do? What actions were forbidden by this new law of love? What were the duties of a follower of Jesus in society, in business, in the home? In every realm of life swarms of questions arise to bewilder the converts to the new religion, and with these problems the man of Tarsus grapples in the name of Jesus. What a living, practical, up-to-date message Christianity becomes in the hands of this intrepid leader! The gospel on his tongue loses its Palestinian flavor, discards its local color, goes boldly forward into realms which the man of Galilee had never entered. Christianity is a mode of thought, and it must be understood in its relations to current thought; it is a way of life, and it must be comprehended in its relations to present-day customs and movements. Each succeeding generation is perplexed by scientific postulates and philosophical assumptions; consciences are distressed by the new combinations and entanglements created by social and industrial progress and racial development. He really abdicates his position as a preacher of the gospel who in an age distressed by doubt and bewildered by new forms of knowledge, and dazed and daunted by fresh developments in individual and corporate life, goes on repeating the threadbare phrases of a by-gone age; making no effort to guide the mind or drive confusion from the heart.

What a province the preacher has today!—a province to delight the soul of a man who has in him the disposition of Saint Paul. We are living in a new world. Old positions are left behind so rapidly that men cry out in distress. Old traditions are burned to ashes, and ancient doctrines are forced into novel shapes, and all things are becoming new. Christianity is now subjected to an attack fiercer than any which it has been called

to meet since it faced Hellenism in the second and third centuries. The Rationalism of the seventeenth century and the Deism of the eighteenth were puny antagonists compared with those which the nineteenth century brought forth. Science, philosophy, and historic criticism have combined to render many a position untenable and to throw all things into a new perspective. It is the preacher's golden opportunity. When the fog is dense men are most in need of a voice with light and courage in it. When the world has tumbled into chaos the master builder is in sore demand. When the way is long, and paths are many, a faithful guide is a friend indeed. Never has the world called so loudly as it calls today for a preacher equal to his work. Alas that so many men in Christian pulpits have not known the day of their visitation! They have had neither the insight nor the courage to grapple with the problems forced on us by the exigencies of our modern world. In a day when thoughtful men have needed someone to show them that the new scientific discoveries are not irreconcilable with the faith once delivered to the saints, and when new views of inspiration have so bewildered readers of the Bible as to leave them floundering in the mist, many a preacher has passed all these living problems by, monotonously repeating a message which was suited to a preceding generation, consoling himself with the thought that he was faithful to the gospel, when all the time he was shirking his duty and concealing his indolence and cowardice under ancient and consecrated phrases. It is the preacher's duty to help men. How can he better help them than by thinking with them about the problems which the new learning has created? What are men to think about the Bible? what is the Christian doctrine of prayer? what is the meaning of the divine immanence? and what becomes of sin and the atonement if the doctrine of evolution be true?—these are a few, and there are many more. It is the province of the preacher to deal with every form of current thought which dims the glory of Jesus or chills the devotion of the heart. Nor can he turn his back on the problems of conduct. What can the Lord's Day be in a twentieth century city? How much of the Puritan tradition can we keep, and how much may we wisely

let go? What does a man in our day owe to the state? What does Christianity have to say concerning social duties in our modern American city, political duties, corporation duties, and what are the duties in the new and vast arena of international life? A preacher is a prophet; he is a man who speaks for God. The man who speaks for God always has a controversy on his hands. It is the controversy of the Lord. It is a controversy which changes from age to age. Our controversy is not the controversy which Isaiah had, or which Jeremiah had, or which John the Baptist had, or which Saul of Tarsus had, or which Luther had, or which Wesley had; it is a new controversy, with a form impressed upon it by the dominant forces of our civilization. A man to preach today must know his age, must understand where men are living, must enter into sympathy with minds bewildered and hearts confused, and, grappling with the forces and complications of current life, he must so unfold the ideas of Jesus as to shed light in the midst of darkness and create hope and power in realms where weakness and discouragement have built their homes. All this labor has for its final aim the bringing of men to God. The first word and the last on the lips of the preacher is God. His province is religion. He speaks to the human heart. His work is to bring man's heart and God's heart together. A preacher who has ears to hear catches even in his dreams the pleading of a voice: "Come over and help us"; and although at times he may lose faith in men, and become discouraged by their selfish outcries and shallow ambitions, he will in his better moments come back to the conviction that all men everywhere have, down somewhere in the deep places of the soul, a voice pleading always: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." To show unto men the Father in Jesus Christ, whom he has sent—this is the province of the preacher.

Charles E Jefferson

Art. III.—AFTER THE WAR

While American sympathy during the war was almost wholly with Japan yet we have not adequately realized that throughout this struggle Japan stood for all those ideals which until now have been the especial heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Freedom of speech, of conscience, of religion, justice impartially administered, the costs of government equitably apportioned, the rights of the individual sacredly guarded—all of these are ideals dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. But not to the Anglo-Saxon heart alone; for all of these the Sun-Flag of Japan stands, and her victories were the victories of the civilization of the twentieth century over an antiquated, despotic militarism of the eighteenth.

If a dim perception of this has broken upon us as the war proceeded, then, as one of the results of the war, Japan has won her rightful place among the nations. And that place is not merely recognition as a great military power. It is not that Japan, in capturing the five hundred and eleven Russian cannon which, as I write these words, are parked outside the main entrance to the Imperial Palace at Tokyo, has captured and transferred to herself the reputation which Russia has borne so long. While Russia was feared she could not be respected. But Japan has proved herself worthy of our respect. We do not know which to admire most, her splendid fighting qualities, the executive ability shown in the organization and equipment of her forces, or the honorable way in which she has conducted her campaigns. There is no exaggeration in saying that Japan used the latest twentieth century appliances to wage a war in the spirit of the Golden Rule. War is supposed to afford few opportunities for the display of such a spirit, but the Japanese treatment of Russian prisoners would have been creditable to any country in the world. It was my privilege to be in the city of Fukuoka on a day when some eight hundred prisoners arrived from Port Arthur. As soon as I got off the train I saw that something unusual was happening, and as my friend and I rode along I noticed that we were the objects of a great deal of attention from the crowds of people that lined the streets, but

it was not until I alighted at his gate that I heard that a large body of Russian prisoners were expected and learned that we were probably taken for the earliest arrivals. The Russians were to pass my friend's house on the way to the barracks which had been assigned to them, and the street was full of people waiting for their arrival. A squad of Japanese policemen easily handled the crowd of expectant onlookers and lined them up in order on one side of the street, bidding them wait quietly. Nor was this enough. Just before the men passed two more policemen came along and warned the children that they were not to laugh or talk as the Russians passed. After a few minutes of quiet waiting the procession came in sight. First appeared the chief of police on horseback, then a squad of constables followed by a company of soldiers marching in absolute silence, their usual stamping tread replaced by one scarcely audible; and then came the great, hulking, grey-coated Russians. A few of them looked serious, more looked simply silly, and all were unspeakably dirty, and in everything but mere avoirdupois distinctly inferior to the Japanese guards. As they passed many of them turned and grinned at us, apparently surprised to see white faces in such a place. Not a word was spoken, however, and the Japanese crowd gazed at them in absolute silence and, when all had passed, turned and went quietly to their homes. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I do not think such an exhibition of courtesy and self-control under similar circumstances could have been seen anywhere in the world except in Japan. But what I saw that day was not all an exceptional thing. Japan everywhere treated her prisoners with the same consideration and kindness. They were regarded as guests whom the adverse fortune of war had brought to Japan. Some of them were even taught to read and write their own language by their Japanese guards, and sent letters to their friends at home which they had learned to write while prisoners of war. No wonder that fifteen Jews among them wrote a letter to the Emperor of Japan beseeching him that when the war closed they might remain in Japan and become his subjects! The civilized way in which the Japanese carried on war was also shown by the wonderful organization of their Red Cross and their military hospitals. A few days after

that experience at Fukuoka I visited one of the great Japanese hospitals located at Kokura. It was in charge of my personal friend Dr. Murata, and in his company I walked through ward after ward while the doctor told me the history of interesting cases among the four thousand patients under his care. I saw convalescents, almost ready to rejoin their regiments, who had been shot through the head from front to back but who were recovering with scarcely a scar; a tribute alike to the skill of the surgeons, the sanitary condition of the camp, and the hygiene observed by the men. And what Japan did for her own wounded she did for the wounded Russians as well.

Japan has imitated the best things in every civilized nation; if it will produce the same results, let us have more such imitation. Why has not China, which has been in contact with the Western world so many more years, also achieved the same results? The reason is in the difference in the character of the two nations. Japan is favorable to new ideas, susceptible to a new form of civilization now because she was what she was three hundred years ago. While she has used the best of all the appliances and facilities which the Occident afforded her, yet these mere appliances have not made her what she is today. The ideals which we have seen so well displayed by Japan in this war are her own, only manifested in new form and supplemented by the best ideals of the Western world. I have lived for three years in Kagoshima, the capital of the Satsuma province—which may be termed the very heart of conservative Japan, less influenced by the tides of Occidentalism than any other part of the empire—and I can affirm that in my opinion mere Occidental influences have not made Japan what she is. Her success in this war was the triumph of Japanese character, and is not so much a tribute to the superiority of her guns—for during almost all the war her artillery was inferior to the Russian—as it is to the character of the man behind the gun. Some people seem to think that the Japanese army was a picked body of men quite superior to the mass of the nation. Toward the close of the war I met an English missionary from Manchuria who labored under this misconception. After praising the conduct of the Japanese army as he had seen it he added that

Japan had shown wonderful wisdom in the way she selected men for her military service. "Why," he exclaimed, "she doesn't let a man go into her army who can't read and write!" The actual fact is that the Japanese army, raised as it was by conscription, was not an especially selected body of men, except physically; morally and intellectually it was not a whit superior to the rank and file of the Japanese nation, and from an educational point of view, since none of the students of her high schools and universities were called into the service, the army was hardly equal to the intellectual average of the Japanese people. The wonderful achievements of the Japanese army are not as noteworthy as the spirit in which they were won, and the possession of that spirit was no military monopoly. The whole nation, army, navy, parliament, and people, afforded a magnificent example of team play. Dozens of illustrations could be given. Listen to the last orders of the commander of one of the ships which were sailing to their death in the attempt to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur:

> Let every man set aside all thought of making a name for himself, but let us all work together for the attainment of our object. It is a mistaken idea of valor needlessly to court death. Death is not our object, but success, and we die in vain if we do not obtain it. If I die Lieutenant Yamamoto will take the command, and if he is killed you will take your orders from your warrant officer. Let us keep at it until the last man, until we have carried out our mission.

The spirit which caused Commander Yuasa to issue that order pervades every man, woman, and child in Dai Nippon. "Keeping at it until the last man" made Japan invincible in the war, "keeping at it" has given her a permanent place among the great powers of the world, and "keeping at it" will enable her to leave her mark in the history, not only of the Orient, but of the world.

The second great fact which stands out as the result of the war is the converse of the first. The morning after the battle of the Yalu I met in Nagasaki an English friend who came to Japan soon after the first opening of the ports and had resided there ever since. He was rubbing his hands with glee. "Oh," said he, "Japan is going to pierce the Russian bubble as she broke the Chinese bubble." My friend's prediction has come true.

Japan has broken the Russian bubble. Not only has the Russian advance received a check but the real nature of that advance is understood, and Russia is estimated no longer at her own valuation but at her real worth. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" We still are prone to cling to Philistine standards. Russia is so big that we thought she must be great, and so it proved easy for her to make capital out of her bulk. She hypnotized the world into extravagant ideas of her prowess until public opinion was ready to accept all her preposterous claims to military invincibility. Under cover of this fictitious greatness Russia pushed and elbowed her way across Asia to the Pacific. She began to reach out from her legitimate territory over three hundred years ago, and her annual acquisition of territory since then amounts to a little over 25,000 square miles. This Russian advance is not legitimate colonization. It is not to be compared to the steady advance of a little band of Anglo-Saxon settlers on the eastern shore of a great continent who have pressed on until they have covered the continent with a line of cities and towns which touch that continent's farthest western shore. Our fathers crossed America because the fertile soil of the wide prairies tempted them. Russia was lured on by no such opportunity. She was shut in by mountains and deserts and wide seas, and has accomplished her expansion only as the result of a definite plan to which she deliberately set herself, and which in the future is expected to bring a sufficiently great return for her vast expenditure of life and money. Our fathers, too, developed the country as they occupied it—at least most of them did; there were some exceptions. I used to know an old farmer in Highland County, Ohio, of whom his neighbors said that "he was always in debt because he wanted to buy all the land which joined his." That is the way Russia has pushed on and on, without stopping to develop the territory she already possesses, and consequently adding to her indebtedness with every conquest. Neither has Russia been impelled to her aggressions by the necessity of providing an outlet for a teeming population. Her resources in Europe are undeveloped, and her territory is vast and thinly populated. In Asia she owns one third of the entire area but she has only one

forty-second of the population, while China, with one fourth the area, has one half the population and Great Britain, with only one ninth of the area, governs one third of the inhabitants. In no part of Asiatic Russia is one tenth of the land under cultivation, and nowhere is there a sufficiency of inhabitants to develop the resources. Posing, as Russia does, as a Christian nation, we should suppose that her first aim would be to educate her people and Christianize the vast numbers of Mohammedans and pagans within her borders, but she makes no attempt to preach the gospel among the Asiatic tribes, and their education is wholly neglected. And not only does Russia herself neglect this vast non-Christian population but she refuses to allow anyone else to care for them. Even during her brief occupation of Manchuria Russian generals tried to interfere with long-established missions there, and had Korea come under her sway one of her first acts would have been the expulsion of our missionaries and the suppression of our flourishing missionary work. So well was this danger understood that six years ago a leading member of one of the missions in Korea said to me: "We have not gone into institutional work in Korea because we do not care to build up anything which the Koreans cannot carry on when Russia drives us out." Thank God our work is saved that peril, as one of the results of the war!

In another respect, also, the Russian advance differs from the American advance. From the beginning it has been a record of cruelty so shocking that it is easy to see why Russian officials have looked with disfavor on the travelers and correspondents who have endeavored to penetrate her territory and report their doings, for some things are best done in the dark. The early Russian exploiters of Siberia were looked upon by the native tribes as devils incarnate, and the saying was current that the Muscovites "would make gridirons of the parents on which to roast the children." Russia's record in Manchuria during the Boxer troubles shows little improvement over her behavior three hundred years ago. If this is the true nature of the Russian advance, why, it may be asked, does it succeed? The answer is, Russia's advance succeeds because her settled policy never changes. Russia can wait. If not today, then tomorrow, the next year, the next decade, will bring

the coveted opportunity. America, England, all the countries where popular will has a voice in the affairs of government, are subject to change of policy and can scarcely carry through a fixed policy, unchanged, for a single decade. For example: America during President Fillmore's administration adopted a strong foreign policy and sent an expedition to open the ports of Japan to our trade. After the treaty had been signed, and a representative had been sent to Japan to carry it into effect, a new administration came into power which was interested in other things. For eighteen months it allowed Townsend Harris, our representative, to fret his heart out with loneliness, with never a dispatch from his government and never even a newspaper from home. England, too, has a few years of a strong foreign policy and then the government changes and a "Little England" policy lets slip all that has been gained. But Russia knows but one policy and has but one watchword: "Forward, march!" With bayonets fixed and bands playing, her armies go forth, year in and year out, to Russianize Asia. The Russian advance succeeds also because for the accomplishment of her purpose she maintains a host of willing agents on her frontiers; "men who," to quote Lord Curzon, "care very little about morals and a great deal about medals." If their aggressive action fails, or is challenged, it is easy for the government at Saint Petersburg to deny all responsibility for it; but if it succeeds no previous promise, no solemn agreement, no moral right, no sensitive conscience hinders Russia from availing herself of the advantage. With the Anglo-Saxon international conventions are something binding alike for advantage or for loss, but with the Slav they are to be kept just as long as gain accrues or necessity compels. "Honesty in these matters," said a Russian diplomatist quoted by Alexis Krause, "is a relative term. I may make statements to you today in all good faith, and feel justified in pledging myself to be absolutely bound by them, my actions being based upon one set of circumstances. Tomorrow I may learn that some of the circumstances which guided my judgment have materially altered. Am I to be expected to abide by a pledge made yesterday? Certainly not."

With this frank avowal of its underlying principles before us

it would be profitable if we were to count up the long list of violated treaties and broken agreements which make up what is called Russian diplomacy, but from one instance we may learn all. To select an example entirely removed from the scene of the present controversy, take the occupation of Khiva. Khiva possessed international importance as one of the northern gates of India. Rumors of an intended Russian expedition against it reached London, and caused so much excitement there that the Tsar dispatched Count Schouvaloff to England, as a special embassy, to explain the Russian intentions. He arrived in London in January, 1873, and in frequent interviews with Lord Granville he reiterated numerous platitudes expressing the deep friendship of his master, Alexander II, for England, and volunteered a number of pledges as to the absence of any intention on the part of Russia to annex territory in Central Asia. The sole object of the Khivan expedition was to punish acts of brigandage, to recover fifty Russian prisoners, and to teach the Khivan Khan that such conduct on his part could not be continued with impunity. The Russian envoy declared that positive orders had been issued to prevent the annexation of Khiva and that the conditions imposed be such as would not lead to the prolonged occupation of the territory. England received these assurances just as she would have desired her own pledges to be received—believed them and did nothing, and Russia took Khiva, and is there today and miles beyond it. An incident in connection with this taking of Khiva illustrates how Russian aggression is pushed by irresponsible medal hunters. The expedition against the place was divided into three columns. That under General Kauffman, the commander-in-chief, arrived late and found Khiva virtually taken and no chance left for fighting or glory. Therefore an expedition was ordered against the Yomud Turkomans, a peaceful tribe who had been very friendly to the Russians and whom there was no possible reason for attacking. They had sent their elders at once, on the fall of Khiva, to show their submission to the Russian yoke. But General Kauffman announced that he had decided on a payment from them of 300,000 roubles, one third to be paid in ten days and the remainder five days later. The nomadic Yomuds could

not possibly raise such a sum at short notice and an order was given for the extermination of the whole tribe. The general who carried out the order conveyed it to his staff in these words: "You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them!" And, remember, this did not happen in the middle ages; it was merely the way in which Russia carried on her civilizing and Christianizing mission so lately as August, 1873. General Kauffman received the Cross of Saint George for his hideous massacre, and his success encouraged other officers to imitate his tactics.

Russia has not in the least changed her principles or her lack of principles. She is still as ready with plausible explanations and excuses to cover her aggressions and violations of treaties as she ever was. Even as I write this the daily paper affords a new illustration. I quote from a Los Angeles daily paper of July, 1906:

TREATY NOT VIOLATED

The occupation by Russia of the Aland islands, between Finland and Sweden, the Associated Press is officially informed, is one of the measures taken to prevent the smuggling of arms and ammunition through Finland into Russia, and there is no intention of violating the Treaty of Paris of 1856 by rebuilding the fortifications of Bomarsund destroyed by the British fleet during the Crimean War. The military force sent to the islands consists of a few hundred marines and infantry who are lving in tents.

Could anything sound more plausible than that? And yet, if nothing is done and no protest is made, the few hundred marines will grow to thousands and their tents to permanent fortifications under the very eyes of the powers with whom Russia made the Paris treaty. At least, the history of Russia's conduct in regard to the ports of Batoum warrants such a conclusion. By the treaty of Berlin Batoum was ceded to Russia on condition that it was not to be fortified and was to be maintained as a free port. These restrictions were doubtless agreed to by Russia with the mental reservation that they were to be observed only temporarily, for in July, 1886, Russia notified the Powers that Batoum would cease to be a free port; and at the same time that the Russian tariff was introduced the fortifications, which (the treaty of Berlin notwithstanding) had already been commenced, were carried on until

Batoum is one of the strongest positions on the Black Sea. If we may judge the future by the past, Russia will carry out the provisions of the treaty of Portsmouth just as far as she is compelled to do so. Her purpose is checked but not changed, and that purpose as viewed by those responsible for her policy is not to develop territory, nor to refine people, but to use the territory she already possesses as a foothold for further conquests until, by dint of an ever-forward movement, she possesses not merely India, China, or Persia, but the whole of the Asiatic continent, which under the sway of the Great White Tsar may control the destinies of the world. In checking that advance Japan fought our battle, and her triumph is the triumph of Anglo-Saxon ideals over the imperialistic dreams of the Slav. It remains for us to see to it that the provisions of that treaty, entered into on our own shores and under our own patronage, are duly carried out; and when Russian conceit and aggressiveness recover—as ere long they will—from the shock they have received, Russia should find the Anglo-Saxon world and the Japanese empire united to oppose her and to turn her back from her wild dreams of conquest to her true mission—the development and enlightenment of the oppressed and down-trodden millions already under her control. In that case the war will not have been fought in vain, and in thus checking the white peril the yellow peril will be forever laid to rest.

Under the term "yellow peril" two wholly different ideas are included. One is a physical peril; an irruption of barbarism like that of Attila and his Huns—armed, united, ready to bear down and destroy the white race from the face of the earth. The other idea is that of commercial peril; a competition in industrial and manufacturing affairs so keen and cruel that the business enterprises of the Western world cannot stand against it. It will be a great help in considering this question to keep the two ideas distinct; the more so as some of those who fear the business peril most have darkened their speech by many words about the physical peril. The physical side of the yellow peril is the "*correlate* of the white peril." If a race war should ever occur *led* by one of the yellow races, it will be because of the aggression of the white races. While Russia is the worst, she is not the only nation whose

aggressiveness threatens the peace of the Far East. Next to Russia stands Germany, and the rule of the "mailed fist" is only less cruel than that of the "booted Slav." Like Russia, Germany is a military empire, but, unlike Russia, she has great and ever-increasing commercial interests, and while the vision of vast hordes of Chinese, Siamese, and Indians, led by Japan, making successful war upon Europe, appeals to the vivid Russian imagination the prospect of commercial competition appeals still more strongly to Germany, and most of the cry of the "yellow peril" has come from her—if, indeed, the whole thing should not be marked, "Made in Germany," like so many of the wares, dubbed "cheap and nasty" by the Englishman, to be found in the shops of the Far East. German methods of aggression are well illustrated in the seizure of Kiaochow, which occurred in 1897. In the autumn of that year two German missionaries were murdered in the Chinese peninsula of Shantung. Representations were at once made to the Chinese government and indemnity and reparation were demanded. In November of the same year, while negotiations were in progress in Peking, a German squadron put into Kiaochow Bay, landed a strong detachment of sailors, and hoisted the German flag. On March 6, 1898, the Kiaochow Convention, with mining and railroad concessions, was signed at Peking, and Germany by the use of the "mailed fist" drove her first wedge into China. The Kiaochow Convention is a very brief document, but it is long enough to give Germany such a railway and mining monopoly in Shantung that no one else can do anything in that part of China without incurring German displeasure. Since the signing of this convention millions of German money have been spent in Kiaochow. Tsingtau, the port, has become a German city. I spent a day there in 1904, with a German editor from Shanghai as my companion, and I saw all there was to be seen. The city is built with the traditional German solidity and thoroughness. The streets are broad and well laid out and the sidewalks are so spacious that they would not be crowded even in the busiest part of New York. Electricity lights the town, a splendid water supply has been installed, and thousands of dollars have been spent in planting out trees on the hills above the town. There

are dwellings, offices, stores, hospitals, hotels, all government built and bearing the German mark. There is everything a city needs at Tsingtau except business. It is, in fact, an inverted city. Like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, who executed her prisoner first and tried him afterward, Germany has built her city first and hopes to get the business to justify it afterwards. But her expenditure grows larger every year and the place can hardly become self-supporting in the lifetime of the present inhabitants. It is clear that Tsingtau is not designed for present profit, but, like the Russian Dalny and Port Arthur, Tsingtau was built as a foothold for empire building, the starting point for the Germanization of that part of China.

Nor are these masters in the art of aggression the only nations represented on the soil of China. France has her possessions there about which little that is good can be said, and even Great Britain, far and away better as her mild rule is than that of Russia, is not represented in China merely for the good of the Chinese. Then, in addition to the great powers, all the smaller powers of Europe are represented by a host of hungry concessionaires all eager to catch any financial crumb which may come their way.

The only way to appreciate these things is to try to put ourselves in China's place and consider how we should feel if the case were turned around. We complain because of the few tens of thousands of dollars sent away from our country by the Chinese and Japanese who come to us as laborers or as business men. Let us remember that no European is in China to stay, that he does not invest his money there for the enrichment of Asia, but that its dividends are to enable him to return to England, or France, or Germany, for a quiet old age of wealthy retirement. Then, too, while the Chinaman in our country is the meekest of men, the European in China is the most arrogant man on earth. With a few exceptions he scorns the native as the dust under his feet. It is hardly necessary to give illustrations of what is a matter of common knowledge. One or two, out of many possible, will suffice. A few years ago, in Chefoo, I noticed a foreigner buying some fruit at a native stand immediately in the rear of the Sea

View Hotel. A crowd of idle coolies gathered around watching the proceedings, and one of them inadvertently crowded upon the foreigner. The latter, without a word, kicked him off the pavement, and one of the Taotai's Chinese policemen, finding him lying in the gutter, beat him with his bamboo stick for being there. On the voyage returning to Japan from the same trip I met a German commercial man from Tientsin. He was complaining of the jinrikisha men in that city. They were being spoiled, he said, by the presence of so many army officers who paid them more than their rightful fare. "Why, they have gotten so that they are not willing to draw a civilian! If you hail a jinrikisha outside of the club the man tells you he has a fare inside. But when a jinrikisha man tells me that I just give him a few cuts over the head with this," and he displayed an ugly whip, with a lash about eighteen inches long. "He always takes me, all right, after that," he added. The Chinese is patient, he suffers long, but he is not kinder in his heart than the rest of us, and the white man by his arrogance and brutality toward the yellow man will in time beget such feelings of hatred and indignation that some day the yellow man will rise and sweep the white man out of China. The white peril is the real root of the yellow peril. Japan was one of the earliest of Oriental countries to meet the white peril and she warded it off in a characteristic way: she closed the country to all foreign intercourse, which was the best thing she could have done under the circumstances; for the Taiko and Iyeyasu, the great men who had consolidated the empire and given it internal peace, were dead, and as the Japanese adage goes, "the great man leaves no seed." As Professor Murdock so well points out,[1] Japan had fallen upon a time of little men who were not able to regulate foreign intercourse, and so could only escape danger from it by forbidding it altogether. Perhaps Japan lost nothing by these three hundred years of seclusion. They were years of peace, during which the arts of Japan had that development which is the wonder of the world. When Japan was once more compelled to open her gates to the white man she resolved to meet him with his own instruments. She welcomed him, but only for what he had to give her.

[1] History of Japan, chap. lciii.

She did not allow him to exploit her for his own enrichment. She gave the white man no concessions. He built railways, but not for himself. He commanded steamers, but they flew the flag of Japan. Just as soon as she could do so Japan dispensed with her foreign helpers in every department of her national life. In her dockyards there are still a handful, one or two are connected with her railways, an adviser or two lingers in government service, and a score or two are teaching in her schools; but that is all. Under these circumstances it was natural that we should hear a great deal about Japan's anti-foreign spirit. In the course of thirty-five years the number of government employees who have been superseded and dismissed has been very large, and many of them have had much to say about Japan's narrow and exclusive spirit, until such has grown to be the common talk of the open ports. But looking at the case dispassionately, and again trying to put ourselves in Japan's place, is not this spirit of self-reliance most admirable? and is not the almost complete elimination of the foreigner from the Japanese public service the surest proof that Japan's progress is really her own? I think there can be but one answer to that question. For two hundred and fifty years the governing classes of Japan endeavored systematically to inculcate hatred of the white man and of his religion as a measure of defense against the white peril; especially in Satsuma I have met the grossest exaggerations and caricatures of Christianity; but the people even there are learning that these are only what the Buddhists call "hoben"—lies told for expediency —and the farmers and merchants today have no anti-foreign feeling. As for the official classes, having lost their inherited fear of the white man they are ceasing to hate him, and for the last four years, in all parts of the country, nothing could have been more cordial than the relations of officials with foreigners. These cordial relations the war has had a tendency to strengthen, for Japan's success has roused no anti-foreign spirit among her people. The war taught the Japanese to discriminate among white men, and the English Alliance and the widespread sympathy of the United States for Japan have driven the last nail into the coffin of the yellow peril so far as Japan is concerned. Japan could no more become the leader of a horde of yellow men in a race war than the

United States could; and before we condemn Japan for any exhibition of anti-foreign spirit which some ignorant mob may occasionally manifest we should ask ourselves if we would be willing to have condemnation passed upon our country as a whole for every local exhibition of anti-foreign temper or even mob violence. England, by allying herself with Japan, broke the solidarity of both races at a single stroke; for Japan, on her part, by entering into that alliance, came out from the yellow races and placed herself by the side of England and America as the supporter of the cause of civilization. But what of the other kind of peril, the commercial competition of Japan? That is unavoidable; for Japan must come into the world's competition. Her geographical position, the density of her population and the confined nature of her territory all point her to a commercial and manufacturing career. Japan's statesmen recognize this, and her new tariff, soon to go into effect, is shaped on the American principle of protection and must develop her nascent industries. But yet all these things need not cause any alarm to this country. The cost of living in Japan has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and at the present rate must soon equal that in most European countries. And as it does so Japan's relative advantage must cease. It will be our own fault if the new industrial Japan is not an ever-increasing customer for our cotton and other raw materials. We will build her machinery, and our capital may assist in the development of her enterprises, so that the two peoples may work together for the common good of all. Germany, the home of the warning watchword of the yellow peril, has had much to say about an American peril, but we do not feel called upon on that account to close our mills. Let us, then, be fair and generous in our treatment of Japan.

Henry B. Schwartz.

Art. IV.—SAINT PAUL: A STUDY FOR PREACHERS

It is not unusual to hear Browning spoken of as the preacher's poet, though the exact reason for his selection is not easily determined; for he is often obscure to the point of density, frequently so ambiguous as to be open to almost any interpretation, and always so involved and convoluted as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary mind. By many Emerson is regarded as the preacher's essayist, but, though his writings occupy a place all their own, he is impractical, indefinite, transcendental; no more adapted to the eager, virile work of the pulpit than sails of fine lace for a ship in winter storms. Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, the stern preacher of righteousness and England's mentor for many years, has been held up as a model, but his pages are full of the turgid, bombastic, declamatory, and his style, though stimulating at times, has little that is worthy of imitation. But is it not singular that, in our search for studies and examples under which the preacher may be inspired to nobler work, Saint Paul has been practically ignored? He has been lauded as a missionary, and his tours have been graven on maps and charts without number; he has been admired without stint as a writer, and men have vied with each other in paying tribute to the purity of his style, the force of his logic, the vigor yet elegance of his pen; he has been revered as a saint, and his wonderful devotion to the cause of Christ, his unswerving loyalty to the gospel, his life of toil and sacrifice, have been so dwelt upon in public discourse that his name is now a world-wide possession; but as a preacher he is rarely spoken of. Yet in many respects he ought to be both a study and example for the preachers of this generation.

He had a definite conversion. And just as the keel underlies the ship, making possible the hull and decks; or as the foundation supports the house, giving form and substance to the entire structure, so with Saint Paul's conversion and his ministry. It was so clear, so positive, so absolute, that, from that day on the Damascus road, until that other day when he was led from the

Roman dungeon to the place of martyrdom, we never once find in him a doubt, or a fear, or a misgiving, regarding the gospel he had been called to preach. It may be that God in these later years needs no longer to send such a vision as that given to Saint Paul when the heavens blazed with light, when a Voice divine and commanding spoke from the shining sky, and when the glory was so overwhelming that the stricken, helpless man fell, blinded, to the earth. But the conversion of the one who would minister in holy things in these days must be just as positive as in the case of Saint Paul. Anything else means vagueness, doubt, and ultimately drifting into mere speculation and mysticism. Unless a preacher knows by personal experience that Christ is a Saviour from sin, how can he preach salvation? Unless he has had an actual vision of Jesus, one that has translated him from darkness to light, changed the world to him and changed him to the world, how can he preach a gospel which demands a new life, a renewed heart, a transformed character, the forsaking of everything pertaining to sin, and the completion of manhood in Jesus Christ? The reason there is so much uncertainty in our preaching is because we have not had a vision of Christ, we have not stood face to face with him as Paul did on the Damascus highway; we have not met him as consciously as Moses met God on Sinai and Elijah on Horeb. Hence we are often as one that beateth the air, the message we bring is only as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, no mysterious unction accompanies the word. Not having seen or felt the awful reality of spiritual and eternal things, we are unable to make these things real to those who hear us. We may have seen the bush in the wilderness but not the divine flame in which it was enwrapped, nor heard the Voice speaking from the fire. So the sermon is dull and unprofitable.

Paul had a divine call. Of this he speaks when before Agrippa and he refers to it many times in his epistles. With him the ministry was not a profession in which he might exercise his varied gifts, a vocation adapted to his mental resources and acquirements. It was not a position to be sought after or ambitiously desired, but a high, solemn office to which one could only

be called by the direct grace of the Holy Spirit. And he is careful to state that when he was called to this ministry he conferred not with flesh and blood. In this he was wise; eminently so. When a young man, under the influence of God's Spirit, is beginning to feel "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," the less he confers with flesh and blood the more certain he is of entering into and understanding the divine will. For friends, even the best and wisest, are not free from unworthy motive; they are partial, prejudiced, liable to mistake, and will sometimes advise contrary to the purpose of God. Flesh and blood have too much influence in this matter. Because a young man has certain gifts of speech, is fluent, ready, confident, has had some advantages by way of education, shown a measure of ability in church work or the leadership of meetings, because he may have been born in a parsonage, or have blood relationships to a university, it is often assumed that he has been called to the ministry; so he enters it as a business, or a profession, with no assurance of a distinct divine call to that work. What is the result? Having no overwhelming, all-absorbing consciousness that he is rendering the service assigned him by the divine Head of the church, he cannot speak with authority, he cannot announce himself as a man sent from God, he cannot declare that he is a herald bearing a message from the King. Soon, very soon, the people to whom he ministers realize his position. So they listen to him as a lecturer, an essayist, a public speaker, a pulpit entertainer, not as a prophet of the King immortal, eternal, and invisible. After a time, when the vivacity of youth has departed, the fires of early eloquence died down, the poetic phrase worked out into common prose, he becomes tiresome, monotonous, a dead weight upon the church, without energy, without enthusiasm, with no power to awaken a community or arouse men who are dead in trespasses and sins. And then of what use is he? Possibly he may assist in paying off church debts, repairing church property, canvassing for church papers, but as a preacher, a thrilling, mighty, convincing preacher, who makes men think, compels them to hear, startles them from their lethargy, brings the truth with amazing force to their con-

science, and finally leads them to Christ—in all these things he is a failure too deep and serious for human thought to estimate. And more serious still is the effect upon the people. For in many instances they have come to regard the ministry as a profession and the preacher a professional, so they treat him as a hireling; a man who may be hired at a salary to supply the pulpit; just as a sexton may be hired to take care of the church property or an organist to play the organ. Without a divine call, a clear, definite expression of the Holy Ghost, no man can ever hope to be a successful minister of the gospel of the grace of God.

Paul had special preparation. This does not refer to his training in the schools of Tarsus nor to his pupilage at the feet of Gamaliel. So peculiar is the work of the Christian minister, so mysterious are the results he must labor to secure, so far-reaching are the effects of his preaching, and so solemn are the matters over which he has control that, altogether apart from the schools—however high—there must be a special tuition, a distinct preparation, before he takes his place as an accredited ambassador of God. We see this in the case of Moses, for though he was trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians yet he must needs have the revelation of the burning bush to qualify him for leadership. We see it also with Isaiah, who could not enter on his prophetic office until he had seen God in his temple and beheld him high and lifted up. Hence we find Paul, soon after that memorable day on the Damascus road, going, not up to Jerusalem to receive ordination at the hands of the elders, but into the wilderness, to the region known as Arabia, in which stood the holy mount where God gave to men the revelation of his will. Under the shadow of Sinai, wind-swept, fire-scorched, storm-shaken, down whose granite crags the voice of God as a terrible trumpet had sounded, this man sat in awesome silence listening for the echoes of that mysterious day when heaven flashed something of its glories upon earth and when the mountain trembled to its base at the touch of the Almighty. No wonder that he afterward could write of the mountain that was touched with fire and smoke, or of the veil which shrouded the face of Moses when God spoke to him out of

the bending sky. From that desert experience Paul came to men with a supreme reverence for the law of God and an overwhelming sense of the majesty and purity of that law. Nor do we ever once find in him a doubt regarding the obligations of that law or the validity of the evidence on which it rests. He had no trouble as to the authorship of the Pentateuch. He had no apparent concern with the dual writings of Isaiah. The thought of the Book of Job as only a splendid dramatic poem had seemingly not entered his mind. He raised no question respecting the Psalms, and never gave an opinion that would tend to controversy. At no time did he claim for one prophet a larger measure of inspiration than for another. These things he left for men who have a genius for trifles; who would rather dig among Greek and Hebrew roots than eat of the tree of life. He may not have used the daring phrase of Elijah, "Thus saith the Lord," nor always spoken with the splendid vehemence of Isaiah, but there was no faltering, no attempt at parley or compromise. To him the Scriptures were a revelation of God's will. Through them God had spoken to men and so he studied them profoundly. He knew them thoroughly. Their inner and deeper meanings became plain to his mind. He saw in the allegory, the incident, the ceremony, what God intended. The word therefore was to be received without question. It was absolute. It was not a subject of doubt or gainsay, for God at sundry times and in divers manners had spoken unto the fathers by the prophets. Possibly much of the doubt now disturbing the public mind, the uncertainty under which many labor, the latent, if not positive, unbelief regarding the Scriptures, is owing to the lack of special preparation on the part of the preacher. True, he has gone to the schools of Tarsus and can show the parchment with seal and ribbon, and he has also taken a full course under Gamaliel, but has he spent years of deep, earnest study in the word of God—reaching to its inner meanings, absorbing its mysterious spirit, realizing its divine purpose—until there has come into his soul a profound conviction, fixed, firm, immovable, that the law of the Lord is perfect, and that, though the heavens and the earth may pass away, the Word of the Lord abideth forever?

If so, he has had the same preparation as Saint Paul; if not, all his other studies are of little avail.

Paul had a manifest message. His own statement regarding this is clear, and he often alludes to it and in the most positive terms. He says, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord"; "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness"; "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God . . . I have fully preached the gospel of Christ"; and "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel . . . let him be accursed." Saint Paul evidently did not feel called to enter upon a crusade against the Roman government, though as a Jew and a patriot he must have longed for freedom from Roman bondage. And it is equally evident that he was no leader in social reforms, a champion of one class against another, agitating for certain measures that public wrongs might be remedied. He might have done so, and with wonderful effect, for he exercised a strange spell over popular assemblies; the simple motion of his hand at times being sufficient to quell a turbulent mob. And surely there were many instances of injustice, oppression, bribery, misgovernment, which would strongly appeal to such a nature as his. Yet seemingly he takes no part whatever in public affairs, but contents himself everywhere with the simple, earnest preaching of the gospel. Like a messenger chosen to deliver a jewel of priceless value, he allows nothing to interfere with the errand upon which he has been sent. It was not his place to tamper with that stone, to exchange it for one of greater brilliancy or more attractive setting, to put it aside for another of his own selection. His one business was to take the message with which God had honored him and carry it to the people for whom it was intended. We find him, therefore, always engaged in this duty. He might have delivered in Ephesus a brilliant lecture on "Meteoric Stones" and conclusively proved that the gross, misshapen image in the temple of Diana had no claim whatever to reverence. On Mars' Hill he might have given a dissertation on the genius of Phidias as a sculptor, or Socrates as a philosopher, and at once won favor from the Athenians. But

in each case he told the story of Jesus and the resurrection. And this was, after all, the wiser course, for the man who preaches Christ preaches everything else. Just what the sun is in the heavens—the mighty center around which the planets swing, the source of life and light to everything on the earth, the supreme energy in which we live and move and have our being, under whose rays the corn rustles in the harvest field, the fruits mellow in the orchards, the rains fall on the thirsty land, the clouds glide along the sky, the winds rush from their hiding place—so is the gospel of Christ to the thought and conscience of the world. Once get men under the power of that gospel and all other matters will easily adjust themselves. The man who gets right with God will soon get right with his fellow-men. No need to preach to such a man about temperance, or amusements, or on matters of capital and labor; the simple fact that he has accepted Christ and become his disciple includes all other things. Some of us fail to understand this; hence we spend our time on "mint and anise and cummin" and omit the the only matters of abiding value. The preacher's main business is to tell men of Christ, of their obligations to him, what his gospel will accomplish in them and through them; and the more faithfully he does this the more loyal he has been to the message intrusted to his care. This involves sacrifice. It means a stern refusal to pander to the wishes of the multitude, the loss of a tempting popularity, the absence of that public recognition which, with some men, is a coveted possession. But what matter? There are better things than crowds thronging a church to hear tawdry lectures on topics of only passing moment. To convert a sinner from the error of his ways, to quicken a church into a spirit of genuine revival, to lead souls into actual fellowship with Christ, to bring a message from heaven to struggling, burdened hearts is worth infinitely more than columns of newspaper praise, or the plaudits of the largest community.

He had an unprejudiced mind. That a man who had been brought up a Pharisee and of the straitest sect, a member of the tribe of Benjamin, who all his life had conformed rigorously to the rules of his faith, could give himself without reservation

to the Christian Church, and so far forget his Jewish traditions as to become an apostle to the Gentiles, is surely ample proof of an unbiased, unprejudiced mind. And we see this spirit in all of his epistles. Who but a man of his type could have written that famous chapter in which charity is so extolled?—a chapter from which every noble poet and high thinker has since drawn the richest inspiration. Who but a man of his generous soul could have so far broken away from priestly traditions as to declare that it mattered not who preached Christ, or in what spirit, if only Christ was preached? For real independence of thought, superb loyalty to truth, breadth of vision, range of sympathy, no man in all Christian history is a more splendid example. He knew nothing of bigotry, intolerance, narrowmindedness, of slavish dependence on rules and customs, or of fear lest the charge of heresy be brought against him. Wherever he saw truth he gave it instant recognition, and when he knew of churches narrowing themselves into a sect, claiming Cephas, or Apollos, or even himself, as their chosen apostle, he at once disavowed all such restrictions, declaring that the whole range of the apostolate was their possession. It would require a superheated imagination to think of Saint Paul taking any part in the controversies of this day. Just as an eagle with one touch of its mighty wing brushes aside the cobwebs woven across its nest, or as the ocean steamer moves out in supreme strength from the dock unmindful of the ice which has been formed in the night, so would the apostle dispose of the vapidities which now engage the attention of men set apart as ministers of Christ. What short work he would make of apostolic succession! To think of him wasting an hour discussing the mode of baptism is unimaginable. Vestments, orders, forms of service, questions of church government, quibbles in doctrine, hair-splitting distinctions, to him would be a degradation of the ministry, a shameful misuse of the vocation to which God had called him. No man should be so broadminded, so richly tolerant, so generous in his appreciation, so ready to extend the fraternal hand, so eager to recognize goodness in whatever form, so willing to welcome God's light no matter who carries the lanterns, as the one who

ministers in the gospel of the grace of God. Anything by way of priestly assumption, rigid adherence to mere tradition, insistence on spiritual subservience, the surrender of the rights of conscience, is contrary to the genius of real Christianity. Whatever else the preacher is or is not, one thing is imperative: he must have a frank, open, honest, impartial mind, one that will enable him to rise out of the horrible pit of bigotry, out of the miry clay of intolerance and prejudice, and stand on the rock of clear, unbiased thinking, where he can realize something of the largeness and catholicity of the gospel which Jesus gave to the world.

Paul had an independent spirit. Not merely independence in thinking, but in all the essentials of his ministry. Without being in the least autocratic he would brook no interference, and insisted always on working according to his own plans. He differed frankly with Peter, who doubtless desired to exercise some authority over him as one so recently converted. He mapped out his various missionary tours according to his own desires. He selected his companions, invariably taking the leadership and holding it under every circumstance. Though he firmly taught that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and declared that the ox treading out the corn should not be muzzled, yet, rather than be dependent, he worked at his trade as tentmaker. In Rome he dwelt in his own hired house that he might the more conveniently, and with greater freedom, receive those who came to him. Everywhere we find him untrammeled, unrestricted, living out to the full his own independent life, never seemingly influenced by conditions favoring or unfavoring. And he writes in the same way. With an excess of humility he might declare that he "came out with excellency of speech or of wisdom," and that he was at times "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling," but we soon discover that the "trembling" is done by those who read the epistle; the writer proving that his letters are not only "weighty and powerful," "but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." In a phrase, having the sweep and flash of a Damascus blade, he forever silences the Galatian murmurings: "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord

Jesus." Willing, if need be, to be all things to all men, ever giving humility a leading place among Christian virtues, always gentle and courteous in his bearing, yet he is as unyielding as granite when there is the slightest infraction upon his personal rights. He understood the real meaning of meekness: strength in repose. He knew the place where forbearance should stop: when men would take advantage of it. He recognized the claims of everyone and insisted on the same recognition for himself. Hence his ministry was of preëminent manliness. The church felt very decidedly that he was no soft sentimentalist, upon whom they could impose any burden or whom they could humble into meek submission. It may be that conditions have changed, that the simple nomadic life of the apostle is not now possible, that the ministry involves certain social obligations which are not to be ignored, that the government of the church has been placed beyond individual reach, that the preacher is no longer a law unto himself, and that to expect anything of the freedom of Saint Paul is out of all question, but for some reason independence of spirit and life is not regarded with the same favor as in former days. Indeed, the man who dares to act and think for himself is regarded with suspicion. To have the reputation of being really independent almost disqualifies a man for certain positions in the church. Such men are usually spoken of as radical, aggressive, overzealous, positive, with tendencies more or less dangerous. The church authorities are ever on the watch for safe men, men of tact, men who can manage things, who will not provoke opposition, under whose administration the people will enjoy a goodly measure of contentment and peace. This explains possibly why we have no John Wesleys, no George Whitefields, no wide-sweeping revivals, no popular uprisings after the manner of former days. We complain, and justly, of many things lacking in the church life of today, but it may be that much of this is because the preacher has sacrificed his independence. He is afraid of men. He dreads the stigma that may be put upon him. He is sensitive, nervous, easily disturbed, and shrinks from anything that would evoke criticism. So instead of allowing his individuality full play, doing his work

without regard to either penalty or favor, following his convictions no matter where they may lead, acting with the spirit of supreme command as a general at the head of an army, he walks softly, timidly, almost apologetically, fearful lest he be rebuked for assuming any leadership whatever. The preacher ought not to be dogmatic, nor obstinate, nor bent on having his own way, for there are other interests to be considered, and other men have rights, but he ought to be divinely independent and maintain that independence. Saint Paul did so, hence his success.

Paul had an all-conquering faith. At the first glance it might seem as though faith would be a necessity in one so favored, and rise as naturally out of his life as a tree from its roots or the harvest from the earth. But faith is not a by-product. It is not the result of antecedents. Nor is it made up in prescription form—so much hope, so much trust, so much courage. It is a distinct quality; and, though it may embrace other qualities, yet, like the steel framework in a building, it unites and compacts the whole structure. It is easily possible for a man to have courage yet lack faith. Thomas was ready to accompany Jesus to Jerusalem and die if need be, but no one has ever claimed that Thomas was the apostle of faith. Peter with a single sword was ready to attack the guard who came on the errand of arrest, but recklessness is not faith as we soon find in the case of that same apostle. It is easy to say that, given such a marvelous conversion as Saint Paul was favored with, anything but the highest faith would seem almost impossible. What, then, of the men who saw Jesus transfigured, who communed with him after his resurrection, who saw him ascend to heaven in a cloud of glory? But where do we see in Saint Paul's life an hour of discouragement, a time of depression, the slightest foreboding regarding the future? Nothing moved him from his course. Nothing daunted him for a moment. Festus, Agrippa, Nero, howling mobs, unjust judges, scornful Greeks, haughty Romans, determined Jews, false brethren, ungrateful churches, idolatrous cities, hunger, cold, weariness, floggings, all seemed to have no more effect upon his faith than ocean spray upon iron cliffs. Think of a man who could

glory in these things, who could actually rejoice in the privilege of showing in this way his loyalty to Christ! Is it any wonder that he conquered, and that through him the gospel not only had free course, but was glorified? Such a man must succeed. A faith like his is overmastering. Men can but yield under such a tremendous force. It is irresistible. It is all-powerful everywhere. Circumstances, no matter how unfavoring, cannot stay its course. Like the tide, raised by divine energy from the sky, it sweeps on regardless of breakwaters or barriers.

We find, therefore, in every part of Paul's ministry immediate results. Not always, however, what the preacher of this day would regard as success; for at times the most bitter opposition was aroused, men were enraged beyond measure, tumults and riots ensued, and frequently appeal to the civil authorities was necessary. Yet was this not, after all, the highest success? And is not the same ministry needed now? The arm of the Lord is not shortened, his ear is not heavy, the gospel is yet the power of God, the Word remains quick and powerful, the Spirit has not withdrawn his convicting grace, the divine energies under which Saint Paul preached are still within reach. Why, then, are there such meager results? How we bewail the downtown problem, our inability to reach alien populations, the removal of churches from sacred and historic locations, the sparsity of congregations, the inroads of worldliness, the desecration of God's day, the neglect of God's house, and the terrible indifference on the part of multitudes regarding spiritual things! Never was the preacher's faith put to a greater test than now, and never was a more absolute, all-conquering faith so sorely needed; and without such faith all else is of little value. But if the preacher, through faith in God and his gospel, was able to conquer in Ephesus, Corinth, Philippi, why not in Boston, Chicago, New York? If faith is back of the word, as powder is back of the bullet, the result would seem inevitable.

J. Wesley Johnston.

Art. V.—THE PASSION PLAY IN SICILY

It was in Passion week of the year 1904 that my friend (a professor from Chicago), his wife and myself started from Naples for a trip to Sicily—two of us for pleasure and one for duty. At 7:30 P. M. we boarded the beautiful new steamer of the Campagnia Navigazione Italiana, Galileo Galilei, for a night voyage to Palermo. We arrived there at six o'clock the next morning and were met by our Italian pastor, who in his usual way greeted me with a holy kiss on both cheeks. This may be called an un-American method of greeting, but in the environment of Italy it was suggestive of the experiences of Paul the apostle. We spent the forenoon of Thursday in seeing the sights and then, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we started for Messina. After resting there for the night we took the train for Roccalumera, an hour's ride from Messina. There our circuit preacher met us and took us to a carriage that was waiting. We left the beautiful seashore and started for a trip inland, fifteen miles. The route was on the edge of the river and a continual ascent until we had reached an altitude of three thousand feet above the sea. The river bed was almost dry, and being fully a quarter of a mile wide, and in some places even wider, it seemed to casual observers a useless waste of space in an island so limited as Sicily; but if they could see it after a storm and hear the rush of the mountain torrent they would soon change their opinion. When we were about half way on our journey I noticed a wooden shed in the middle of the river bed, and right below us, fully two hundred feet, we saw some men busy planting trees in its stony ground. The proceeding was so singular that I asked our minister what they were doing. He confessed his ignorance, but inquired of a passer-by. Imagine our pleasure when we were told that, tomorrow being Good Friday, "Il Martirio di Cristo" would be performed in the bed of the river. The trees that were being planted were to make up the garden of Gethsemane, while the wooden shed a quarter of a mile away was to be the judgment hall. We found that the play would begin at nine in the morning and close at four in the afternoon.

The next morning found us there about ten o'clock. There was a great company present, fully two thousand of the peasant people. We three were the only Americans; indeed, I suppose that we were the first Americans that had ever visited that inland hamlet. It was a picturesque sight, purely Oriental in its setting. All the colors of the rainbow were seen in the clothing of the natives, and all of a purely Sicilian type: the homespun clothing, the gaily caparisoned corsets that encased the æsthetic-colored waists, the heavy boots of both sexes and quite frequently no shoes at all, the pure white head coverings as well as vari-colored ones, sometimes stiffly starched and presenting a pleasing appearance, or in the form of a light shawl thrown over the head, of the prettiest combinations of color; no bonnets, no twentieth century fashions, or even nineteenth, but a little of the middle ages introduced for our entertainment—a sight never to be forgotten. And surely the whole thing was mediæval in its character. It was the modern theater in embryo, a kindergarten system of teaching the gospel story according to ecclesiastical methods, methods so crude that we do not wonder that the people lost all interest in the story itself and forgot to reverence even the central figure. The procession from the Garden of Gethsemane had just started for the judgment hall when we arrived. All the characters of the play were dressed in the garb of Christ's day. Peter was trying to hide his identity in the crowd—he no longer followed the Master—but his first century clothing made him more conspicuous than ever among the Sicilian beholders. The central figure of the play was taken by a weaver of a neighboring village. He did his part very well. I watched him closely as he walked between the Roman soldiers from the garden to the judgment hall. He had a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance and seemed to understand the important part he was taking. His interpretation was that of a man who felt his case was hopeless; that self-defense was of no use, everybody was against him; let the worst come; he was ready for it. The impression produced upon my mind will not soon fade. Not only in the garden scene but in the judgment hall and on the way to Calvary he maintained the same attitude to a marvelous degree. After he had been clad in white, and the crown of thorns

had been placed upon his head, he stood before the governor in the attitude of one who "as a lamb brought before the shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." It was a pathetic sight to see him as the Roman soldiers bowed mockingly before him and cried 'Bein ti sia, Re de' Giudei!" (Hail, king of the Jews!) And as they smote him on the cheek he received the insult without a flinch. When Pilate led the white-robed man to the front and cried to the gazing multitude, "Ecco il vostro re!" (Behold your king!) it was simply thrilling to note the hopeless passivity of the prisoner, as with hands tied before him and with head drooping he faced the heartless crowd, and I felt my blood running cold as the mob cried out: "Crocifiggilo! crocifiggilo!" (Crucify him! crucify him!) And from every side I heard this cruel shout and observed the indifferent laughing of the multitude. It must have been fearfully similar to the real scene, and I felt a revulsion from the whole thing and almost wished that I had not been present. This passion play is purely a relic of a religious festival. There was no semblance of the religious spirit in this performance.

There was one scene enacted in Pilate's house that was not drawn from the gospel narrative and yet was very impressive. Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus were represented as having a private interview with Pilate. They made strong appeals for the white-robed prisoner (who, however, was not present during the interview), and it was interesting to note the effect of their arguments on the vacillating judge. Then came Annas and Caiaphas also for a private interivew, and by this time the procurator was almost beside himself. Finally he sat down to sign the death warrant, but before he could do so a little page boy brought a letter and handed it to him. He broke the seal and read the message from his wife: "Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream this day because of him." It was pitiful to watch the miserable representative of Roman justice with the conflicting thoughts passing through his mind—a very fine piece of acting. It takes an Italian to throw life into a drama. But Pilate must arrive at some decision, and he has already practically told the people that they shall have their own way. So, in a very dramatic manner, he calls for water and

washes his hands before the multitude, sitting down once more to sign the terrible document. It was interesting to see the wily old priests watching the irate, irresolute judge. Occasionally they smiled knowingly at each other and every now and again Pilate would address them angrily, and they in a most courteous and respectful way would give a response. At last, after several minutes of splendid theatricals, he signed his name and then threw the detested parchment to the ground. The high priest stooped to pick it up, and putting it into the capacious pocket of his loose flowing robe, with a wicked leer at the crowd which told of victory, he passed out. Then came a change, which contradicted the traditions of Pilate's career as to his having reached Switzerland and having committed suicide off Mount Pilatus. Right there and then the remorse of Pilate over his fearful act was seen by the crowd, ending with the Roman drawing his own dagger and with it taking his own life. The scene of the sorrow of Peter followed —a cruel exhibition of a broken heart, which showed very poor taste. This in turn was followed by the remorse of Judas, who, flinging the thirty pieces of silver at the feet of the priests, rushed from their presence and, prostrating himself to the ground, cried with an exceedingly bitter cry. Then came the suicide, followed by another scene which was almost serio-comic and evoked a great deal of laughter. A figure dressed in red, representing, of course, the ruler of the abode of the lost, rushed upon the scene and bore off in triumph the body of the arch betrayer.

This ended the scene on the improvised stage, and at this point—it being about one o'clock—a rest was taken for refreshments. It was interesting right here to see the attitude of the people. They seemed to be perfectly indifferent to their surroundings and had evidently come to have a good time. It was more of a holiday than a holy day. I have no means of knowing what spirit prompted them to reproduce the historic play. There was no doubt a great absence of any devotional spirit, though I like to think that there were a few at least to whom the play had a definite religious meaning in the higher interpretation of the word; but the impression made upon my mind was that the play was enacted because of a traditional interest from time immemorial in

the tragedy, in the same sense that Uncle Tom's Cabin is still listened to by thousands though the issue which it emphasized has been a dead one for over thirty-five years. So it seemed, in far-off Sicily, that the "Martyrdom of Christ" had historic value only.

The dinner over, then came the procession from the judgment hall to Calvary. This was a scene which will live with me as long as I live. The central figure fainted three times under the burden of the cross, and Simon the Cyrenian, coming down from the hill with a bunch of hyssop on his head, was pressed, much against his will, into the service of helping to bear the load. The sorrow of the women on the way to Calvary seemed more real than any other part of the play. It appeared to impress them as real and their cries and groans could be heard above the din of the multitude. The procession stopped two or three times to give my friend an opportunity to photograph the scene, but by this time it had become so real to me that it seemed like sacrilege, and he got so excited that the pictures did not prove a great success.

The road to Calvary was nearly half a mile long, and we succeeded in getting a good position right in front of the cross. The people had crowded around the hill and a bridge just behind us was literally one mass of living beings. All day long the clouds had been gathering and it became a question whether we should escape the threatening rain. Now occurred the most thrilling event of the day. When the figure had been fastened to the cross, and the cross had been placed in position, a bomb was exploded to imitate the earthquake and tumult of the real tragedy. It startled everybody, and all were in the act of running away, when lo! the gathering clouds broke, urged on by the explosion of the bomb, and the rain poured in torrents upon the already much frightened crowd. It was a sight never to be forgotten and fearfully realistic of the event of which this was only a poor copy. The people scattered like chaff before the wind, and in five minutes the holiday-attired sight-seers were all gone into shelter and the play was ended. There were very few who seemed religiously impressed. I think that my two friends and I felt the religious effect of the play more than the others for the simple reason that it was a new thing to us and because we had made that scene on Calvary a real

spiritual fact in our lives. That tragedy on Golgotha had for us more reality than ever; the Christ on the cross for the first century was the Christ on the cross for the twentieth century. Not alone on Calvary did Christ suffer and die, but today in every one of his true followers his life is being lived, his cross is being borne, his agony being endured, his suffering being repeated, and I instinctively thought of the words of Paul: "Till Christ be formed in you" (Gal. 4. 19). After the rain had ceased I made inquiries in reference to this passion play and found that it had been the custom for years to reproduce it in one or another of the adjoining villages. The priests opposed the performance, for reasons best known to themselves, but I saw two or three priests present. There is no doubt that the play has been given there for hundreds of years, and the thoughtless remarks that I heard made by those present indicated very clearly that it was looked upon as a play and nothing more. I had a conversation with some of the performers and found them to be very intelligent young men. In the evening I preached at Roccalumera, in the home of a Sicilian who had been in New Orleans at the time of the Civil War and who showed me his enlistment papers of the Confederate army. A large company gathered to hear the gospel from one who spoke with a foreign accent, like Paul of yore. "Joseph of Arimathæa" and "Nicodemus" were in the audience and listened most attentively to the message of the gospel. Indeed, more than once I saw tears in their eyes as I lifted up Christ. There is a settled socialistic sentiment in the community, and this sentiment is always decidedly anticlerical. The citizens have little use for Churchianity, but they have great respect for Christianity; they sneer at the priests, but they honor Christ.

After all, the mystery play may fail to reach the hearts of the people but the gospel of Jesus Christ can win its way to all hearts. This was the impression produced on my mind as I viewed the presentation of the Passion Play in Sicily.

Frederick B. Wright

Art. VI.—PHILOSOPHY THE UNDERGIRDING OF RELIGION

A delegate to our recent Missionary Convention startled me one morning after prayers by asking how I, a teacher of philosophy, could believe in the Bible. The question reveals an attitude toward philosophy that is not, I fear, uncommon among religious people. It is a suggestive fact that my questioner was the daughter of a successful preacher and was educated in an institution that especially emphasizes the religious life. Yet perhaps his attitude is not so strange. Apparently there is much in the spirit and method of philosophy to disturb one whose interests center in religion and religious dynamics. Philosophy insists on testing all our beliefs and taking nothing on faith except the ultimate presuppositions of knowledge. Everything must submit to the cold scrutiny of reason, and only that is sacred which can give a satisfactory account of itself. Such a procedure is naturally distasteful to the glowing religious consciousness. Religion is primarily an emotion. It manifests itself in a sense of God's nearness and loving guidance, and in the spirit of worship and service. Religion cannot hope for anything from philosophy in the way of emotional uplift; on the contrary, as soon as the searching criticism of philosophy is turned upon religion all the rich emotion seems to shrivel away. God seems to move off to the far end of a chain of syllogisms, out of reach of the human heart hungry for communion.

In view of this apparent opposition, it will be my main purpose, in what I have to say, to point out how philosophy rightly understood is a powerful and much-needed support of religion. It cannot, of course, take the place of religion—though some have thought that it could and have thereby made shipwreck of faith—but it is a helpful undergirding when the tempestuous winds of skepticism and error arise. We can see this in a general way by considering how vital is the connection between dogma and religion. Much is said in certain quarters nowadays about the pernicious effect of dogma. The demand is for a creedless religion.

Instead of formulas, give us life!—so runs the protest; instead of definitions of God we want an experience of his presence. Why haggle about distinctions and speculations when our call is not to question but to enter into service? Creeds but divide the church and weaken it. There is some truth in this contention. When regarded as anything more than a practical basis of coöperation a church creed may become a serious embarrassment. It is then, however, not the creed that is at fault but the effort to reach strict uniformity in its interpretation and enforcement. Strict uniformity is psychologically impossible, whether in creeds or in anything else. As our experience worlds differ, at least in detail, our interpretations necessarily differ; and, however careful the formulators of the symbols may have been to avoid ambiguity, no two believers will understand the words in quite the same way. But those who inveigh against creeds appear to have more than this in mind. They argue against a reflective criticism of our beliefs and such a statement of them as would constitute a creed. It is not hard to see, however, that this position is false. If we take our religion at all seriously, we cannot help thinking about it, just as we think about our other experiences. Life presents to us the problem of finding out what our various experiences mean. Our first crude notions must be revised to meet the requirements of growing insight, and the work of revision does not cease till life is done. Religious experience can be no exception. Indeed, as nothing is more vital to us than religion, or more far-reaching in its effects, there is the greater need of thoroughness in making the intellectual adjustments. Moreover, an experience is religious only as it includes a recognition of its source as divine. Since no experience, considered merely as an emotion, gives any account of its origin, the faith in God which makes an experience distinctively religious is, strictly speaking, an inference, and as such amenable to proof or disproof. What is to assure us that the inference is correct? For multitudes of people this is a disturbing question, especially in view of repeated attempts—some apparently successful—to formulate a naturalistic explanation of religious phenomena. To try to meet the issue by emphasizing the evidential value of unmediated religious experience—experience pure and

simple—is a mistake. It seems a last resort, an effort to make a final stand after all the strategic points have been surrendered. I would not utter a word derogatory to religious experience as the basis of religious belief, but I must protest against the attempt to make it explain itself and do service for a theology. The serious aspect of such an attempt is the ease with which the enemies of the faith can frustrate it. When we would prove the divine origin of our experience we must enter upon a laborious critical study the end of which is something very like a philosophy. This leads me to touch upon what seems to me an important truth, namely, that we must go to philosophy rather than to science for the weapons of defense when our fundamental beliefs are assailed. There is much mistaken anxiety among religious people concerning the results of scientific research. On the one hand, science is often belabored as agnostic or antireligious; on the other hand, a scientist who can propose a working adjustment between scientific theories and a somewhat emasculated conception of religion is hailed as a deliverer. The sciences, however, in their proper character, have little, if anything, to do with religion or the conceptions on which the religious life is built. They are occupied with the task of tracing the uniformities among nature's processes. In contrast, the distinctive function of philosophy is to investigate the efficient causes of these processes. Science culminates in laws and formulas, philosophy in insight into the nature of that which determines the laws and exemplifies the formulas. Religious questions are irrelevant for science, unless, indeed, religious phenomena themselves are made the subject of scientific study, and even then the range of investigation is limited. If the scientist goes on to argue that the religious experience can or cannot have a supernatural origin, he crosses over into the territory of philosophy, and there he generally proves himself a stranger. The fact is, the scientist by his very training is in some measure handicapped for philosophical study. This is strikingly illustrated by the philosophically grotesque deliverances of the eminent naturalist, Ernst Haeckel. He has for so many years confined his attention to physical objects, such as he can weigh and measure, that the power to deal with the intangible, unpicturable conceptions of

philosophy has become largely atrophied. Rarely do we find in the history of thought a man that is eminent both as a natural scientist and as a philosopher. Now, when the distinctive fields of science and philosophy are sharply differentiated by the religious worker, he will in nowise be disturbed by the discoveries or theories that the scientist, as scientist, may bring out; and, while he still goes to science for illustrative material showing how God works in the world, he will see that religious difficulties of an intellectual sort are in every case philosophical and only philosophy can resolve them.

By way of specification it will be in place to consider briefly some of the assumptions that underlie religious faith. Christians will agree that the first of these is the personality of God. But how are we to know that God is a person? The processes of nature seem unheeding in their ceaseless change, and suggest, not a God considerate of his children, but a mechanical force that works by law. Many an earnest thinker has stumbled at this point, and been unable to go further, because the evidence was to him ambiguous and did not necessitate the theistic view. We cannot blame science for not furnishing the needed demonstration, for that is not its business. Nor can we blame science for seeming to be antitheistic; it is unalterably committed to the task of finding explanation of nature's processes without appeal to design. Scientific explanation must, in the nature of the case, be mechanical. Huxley but expressed the typical attitude of the scientific mind when he declared that the progress of science means the "gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity." Where, then, can one who feels the force of these difficulties find help? Again I say, in philosophy. Here the evidence for the personality of the infinite, while it is indirect, is yet so strong in its cumulative force as to amount to a practical demonstration. Whatever the question we take up in philosophy, we come sooner or later to a point where we must either accept the theistic explanation or confess that there is none. The philosopher is not insensible to the unfathomable mystery in such a conception, but he can show how this mystery explains all others, while no other ultimate conception explains anything. But, someone will

say, philosophy has not always been theistic. True. Hence we must make a distinction between individual attempts at system building—often on the basis of an inadequate principle—and philosophy as a slowly accumulating body of doctrine in which the combined insights of all the ages are incorporated. We at present stand upon vantage ground where those systems that fail to reach the theistic view are seen to be defective. They are simply so many halting places in the movement of thought toward its ultimate goal.

Moreover, it is a significant fact that, in every age when a materialistic or agnostic philosophy has prevailed, religion has had comparatively little power over the leaders of thought. Nothing suffers so much from a superficial and antitheistic philosophy as religion—unless it be morals. History offers many illustrations of this truth. One of the most striking is the lamentable condition of morals and religion in England and on the Continent during the eighteenth century—the self-styled Age of Enlightenment. Hume's agnosticism had had time to work itself out into life, and the result was a carnival of license and unbelief. France suffered most, and there a crude form of materialism held the field. Germany, the land of thinkers, was perhaps least affected. The reason may be found, in part at least, in the fact that the idealism of Leibnitz continued well into the century to dominate the thinking of his countrymen, and in the further fact that long before the century's close the transforming influence of Kant's philosophy began to be felt. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, a repetition of these conditions was threatened. Hegelianism as a system had been cast aside, and scientific evolution had proved its marvelous suggestiveness. Certain able writers began to advocate a materialism in many respects as crude and superficial as that which had gained currency a century before. But they were met by those who had learned a profounder philosophy. The emptiness of all forms of materialism was thoroughly exposed. Yet the baneful effects of that temporary recrudescence of materialism are still felt and doubtless will be for a long time to come.

The second fundamental presupposition of the religious life is the reality of the human spirit. The most subtle attacks upon

this doctrine have repeatedly been made by the empirical psychologists. They think they have succeeded in resolving the soul into a succession of mental states. One of them, who voices the conviction of many, declares that the hypothesis of a soul is of no more value to the psychologist than is the hypothesis of a fluid to an electrician. Many psychologists go even further than this. Professor Münsterberg—who, by the way, belongs to that rare class of scientists who are also philosophers—declares that the real facts of the mental life, as revealed in consciousness, must be put aside by the scientific psychologist, and in their place a symbolic construction set up that is throughout mechanical. From the scientific point of view he can make nothing of personality and freedom, though he recognizes that both are implied in the very possibility of psychology. I am not here to criticize this dictum. The scientist knows his business. But evidently, if he finds that he can get on without the hypothesis of a soul, or that he can resolve the soul into a series of mental happenings, his influence will count decidedly against belief in the reality of the soul as distinct from the physical processes. What then? If science analyzes and legislates the soul and spontaneity out of existence, shall we denounce science and take refuge in our ineradicable convictions and live by faith? Convictions are good in their place, but few of them can withstand the undermining of a scientific analysis. It is fortunate, therefore, that the larger and more thoroughgoing treatment undertaken by philosophy not only establishes the threatened convictions regarding the reality of the soul and of freedom, but makes this reality the all-explaining principle. Philosophy shows with entire conclusiveness, it seems to me, that all knowledge, of whatever sort, presupposes personality and freedom. A scientific psychologist such as G. Stanley Hall may therefore well look askance at philosophy, and declare that psychology has suffered more from epistemology than from any other source.

I am tempted to dwell a little longer on this general attitude of philosophy toward the doctrine of the soul. It is evident that philosophy occupies the opposite point of view from that of science. The latter studies the external world in complete indifference to the mental activity involved; even when it would concern itself

with the mental life it strives to transform that life into something analogous to the world without. Philosophy, on the other hand, takes its position at the center and source of knowledge—the knowing subject. It asks the back-lying questions, How do we come to know? What is implied in the assumption that we can know? and, What conception must we form of nature in view of the fact that reality as known is a mental construct? In occupying this central position philosophy not only acknowledges the existence of the soul but is constrained to recognize the soul's right to satisfy all its fundamental needs—a face of prime importance to us in considering the relation of philosophy to religion. The soul, in its masterful way, assumes that we can know the world in which we live, and in the interest of knowledge keeps working over its conceptions of things till it is satisfied with the result. This is because as cognitive beings we need knowledge. The case is the same as regards the moral life. The soul that knows itself can never deny the reality of the moral law nor of a supreme lawgiver, for only such an assumption can meet the needs of its moral nature.

A third presupposition of religion is that man is accountable to God both for his deeds and for his purposes. This accountability follows from the very conception of God as the author of all, and of man as a free intelligence capable of realizing purposes and developing a character thereby. Philosophy enforces this conclusion with great emphasis and cogency. As is well known, philosophy is so much in sympathy with the basal doctrine of divine immanence, that it is often in danger of forgetting the correlative doctrine and lapsing into pantheism. In showing that nothing can intervene between man and God philosophy brings the two face to face. It yields the insight that nature, with its myriad forces and its system of laws, is but the expression of God's unmediated activity upon the soul of man, and has no other existence. When man comes into contact with nature, for good or ill, he is touching divine power and purpose. Hence, from the philosophical point of view, man renders account to God moment by moment through life; the record is written in his physical being and in his character.

This suggests a further reflection. Evidently the three pre-

suppositions already noted are fundamental, and all others are in a sense derivative; yet the doctrine of a future life is so closely bound up with our religious consciousness that it seems of primal significance. Has philosophy anything that will help us here? Can it speak an encouraging word? I believe the result of a study of philosophy is very greatly to strengthen our hold upon this doctrine. To begin with, philosophy brings the conception of the existence of the self out of the hazy indefiniteness and uncertainty of ordinary thought and establishes the truth of the conception beyond a peradventure. This continuous emphasis upon personality as the ultimate fact in all experience tends to fix on the soul an absolute value; that is, tends to show that the soul has value as an end in itself and not merely as a means. Further, philosophy, in making clear this conception of the soul as of unconditional value, shows that the soul's perfection is the only worthy final purpose for the universe as a whole. Thus it establishes an inherent probability that the soul survives the body and lives on through all the future. This probability is reinforced by the idealistic conclusion that the world of matter is only phenomenal, the vesture of the soul. But that the good actually do live in ever-growing enjoyment of what God has in store for them, and evil-minded also live the unending life of degradation and suffering, philosophy of course cannot prove. Its last word on the subject is, whatever God wills will be.

And now, to bring our subject more closely home, what has the study of philosophy for the preacher? Two points only I will mention. In the first place, it helps to keep the well-springs of originality open. The man learns to do his own thinking and dares to draw his own conclusions. Not that the minister should carry the methods of his study into the pulpit, and there display his critical acumen, but his sermon, as a finished product, should bear abundant evidence that it is a message which he has worked out for himself. Preachers are sometimes a little too fearful of seeming to be argumentative and heavily intellectual. But I suspect that nowadays there is more danger in the other direction. We are all prone to fall into easy-going intellectual ways. I need not dwell on the corroding effect of such laxity; it is only too

familiar—the waning interest in the deeper questionings that disturb men's minds, the willingness to lean heavily on authority, to appropriate homiletical helps, to trust in a picturesque vocabulary, elaborate illustrations, and great show of proof in demonstrating what no one questions. "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed." The study of philosophy ought to make strongly against such preaching, for it keeps the mind close to the undercurrents of life: it is ever flashing on the mind new and inspiring insights. Thus it helps to make the minister a quickening spirit. His words are with power, and what does the preacher in his dealings with men crave more?—power to lift men out of their groveling selfishness and low-vaulted conceptions of the truth. In the second place, philosophy can be of service to the preacher in enabling him the better to deal with doubts and questionings. It is a well-known fact that, given the requisite endowments and zeal, a preacher can attain to a considerable measure of success though he mix not a little superstition and error with his teaching; but if the time ever comes when he is made to see the difficulties that beset any of his peculiar beliefs, he faces a crisis for which he is poorly prepared. He must spend many a day and night in agonizing thought if he would win for himself intellectual peace and that assurance without which his words are vain. It is when the obstinate questionings will not down, and the man is all adrift, that philosophy can do its greatest work for him. But may not a preacher escape these questionings? May he not get such a grip on the truths taught in the Bible as to have no occasion to doubt or hesitate? I do not see how he can if he seriously undertakes to keep in touch with modern life. Of necessity he must live in the atmosphere of questioning—or take to the cloister. But the preacher must not only himself be established in the faith; he must be ready to help another who may be groping in the midst of doubts and uncertainties. With scientific study unsettling the faith of many young people, with charges of heresy calling for adjudication, with Christian Science and the "New Thought" infecting almost every community, it seems impossible for one who essays to be a leader of men in things of the spirit to escape the necessity of thinking his way through the vital issues of philosophy.

In closing I should like to give a single illustration. A certain friend of mine in the theological school found no time for the study of philosophy. He was popular and in demand, so that it became difficult for him to avoid a multiplicity of engagements both social and ministerial. When urged to improve his exceptional opportunities for philosophical study he treated the matter lightly. He was too busy. After graduation, when he went out into the work, success still attended him. His winsome personality and manifold accomplishments attracted a large and devoted following. And he was genuinely helpful. The spirit of Christ shone in his ministrations. Among those who especially enjoyed him was a young scientific student, who in time became a regular attendant upon the church services. As his interest grew he felt a desire to have a talk with the preacher on some of the doubts that were troubling him. Accordingly he called, and in the course of the conversation he introduced the subject of his intellectual difficulties with the Christian faith—difficulties growing out of his reading in Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and their like. The pastor exhorted him, pointed him to his Bible, urged him to be more faithful in his religious duties, but proved quite unequal to the task of meeting those difficulties on the intellectual plane where alone they could be effectually overcome. The young man went away disappointed. Not only had his pastor failed in the hour of testing, but the Christian religion had been made to appear something divorced from reason and the intellectual ideals of the soul. The minister himself then began to get glimpses of the yawning depths of doubt. His beliefs seemed in peril, and not knowing how to defend them he did not dare to face the issue squarely.

From such a pitiable situation, philosophy could have rescued him. It would have enabled him correctly to diagnose the young man's case and then to lead him step by step out into the light and peace of a well-grounded faith. One such triumph is worth all that the mastery of philosophy may cost.

Geo. A. Wilson.

Art. VII.—CONVENT LIFE IN OLD MANILA

There are not many places in the world where the twentieth century is separated from the sixteenth by a single wall of mud and mortar. The convents of Manila furnish such a spot, and the visitor with a little historical imagination may step into the life of the mediæval monastery with all the sights and sounds of the age of Calvin and Knox. Within the Walled City the five larger convents of the Jesuit, Recoletos, Franciscan, Dominican, and Augustinian orders occupy several acres of ground, and their exteriors present a bare and uninteresting aspect that gives little hint of the treasures to be found within. Many Americans pass these buildings daily with no thought of their value to the antiquarian. There is no more valuable introduction to the study of the monasticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than a visit to these institutions, exhibiting today the life of the age of the renaissance. The convents of Manila represent the architecture of three hundred years ago; they contain the books, the paintings, the bells, the furniture, and retain the mode of dress and the habits of life of an age that was in full vigor when Columbus discovered America, and that has elsewhere given place to modern habits of life and thought. To drop back into the past and find it living, and maintaining its daily progression of duties prescribed five hundred years ago, is an experience not to be neglected, and is worth coming some distance to find. The first impression of a visit to one of these monasteries is of surprise and pleasure at the beauty and comfort of the inner cloisters and courts as contrasted with the somber exteriors. The monastic life is turned inward, and the houses were built to shut out the world. The rumble of traffic and the strife of the street never penetrate these shaded paths by the quiet fountains, and if houses made with hands could be so built as to shelter their pilgrims with peace, these eight-foot walls should serve their purpose well. A little monastery life would be an excellent antidote for some of the ills peculiar to the twentieth century. No feverish unrest finds lodgment there. No nervous prostration is written on the faces

of those robed and gowned padres who complacently look out from the upper *ventanas* at sunset. Here the untroubled and incipient saints could meditate on holy things and plan political coups by which to accumulate property to sell to rich Uncle Sam. Some shrewd doctor will some time recommend convent life as a new form of rest-cure; and then we will spend our vacations going about with bare feet and white robes, which is perhaps as near to an angelic appearance as most of us may hope to come. If, however, we could lengthen our belts to match those of the padres we might be in part compensated.

The visitor is always met at the entrance by the doorkeeper of the order, who in some cases is a lay brother though he looks like a "religious." In fact they all look alike. The individual is hard to separate from the order. He wears the face of a graven image and seems as imperturbable as the Rocky Mountains, but he is a very peaceful and placid sort of man, is well fed and good natured, and gives the visitor an impression of having finished his religion early in the day. There are always men who will go to no end of personal trouble to show the visitor the things that he wants to see—provided, of course, that they are on the list of the things that are to be shown. For there's the rub! The paintings, the cloisters, the bells, the books, the carvings, the organs, and the altars are all full of interest and beauty, and are to be seen for the asking, but back of these things that are seen are the unseen things of the inner life and spirit of the church and the order, and this the casual visitor cannot see; never will they be shown. The inner courts and cloisters are much alike. Some are wider and some are higher and some are cleaner, but all have the Roman arch, all show the fine perspective of retreating colonnades, and all are hung with old paintings of saints and martyrs. The paintings are a various lot. The oldest of them are almost completely obliterated by the scars of time, tropical heat and moisture being very destructive of pigment and canvas. Colors are faded to an indistinguishable brown, and, as for dates, there are none. No brother knows how old they may be, and none ever thought to inquire. Sufficient unto the day is the statement that they represent the great souls that have served the order. Some of the

subjects are not good to look upon just before bedtime, though that would probably make little difference to a nerveless monk with his two hundred and forty pounds of avoirdupois. Before these halls are turned into rest-cures some of these paintings will have to be turned to the wall. The sight of twenty martyrs crucified in a row is not soothing; the spectacle of a man impaled upon a stake, or of a bishop with his head half cut off smiling down upon the streaming blood, is bad for the nerves.

The Augustinian convent is the most extensive and complete of any in the Philippines. Behind a bare exterior stands a group of magnificent buildings containing quarters for hundreds of monks. The inner courts are beautiful with verdure, and so far from the street that the perfect quiet is unbroken by any hint of strife from the world without. The cloisters are broad and roomy and a sense of great comfort pervades the buildings. The refectory is a splendid old hall, with seats for a hundred and fifty at the tables, and with its raised dais and lifesize crucifix takes the visitor back to the days of yore with the sudden completeness that makes such an experience so refreshing. The architecture of the pile is in striking resemblance to the Spanish Escurial, and the careless visitor may become lost in the maze of courts and cloisters. The old building is connected with the fine new structure across the street by a covered passageway over the thoroughfare, and one may wander all over two city blocks without leaving the building. The library is the finest in the islands and contains a range of five centuries and twenty languages. It is open to visitors on special occasions only, and there is little evidence that any practical use is made of its treasures by the inhabitants of the convent. The recreation hall in the third story, overlooking the bay, is two hundred and twenty feet long and is a treasure for the relic hunter. The old padres were no believers in "all work and no play" for Jack or his father confessor, and every convent contains its rest hall. The scene in one of these halls with its massive beams, and its aged inmates puzzling their shaggy brows over a game of chess, would furnish a subject for a Rubens, or a Titian.

To the booklover the libraries are veritable treasure houses that put a severe strain on the tenth commandment, if not on the

sixth. Musty volumes that left the press three hundred and fifty years ago stand beside modern books that are worthless. Paper so fine and strong that it may last for a thousand years, and press work old and beautiful after its kind, are bound in the indestructible *pergamino* (rawhide) that neither moth nor rust has been able yet to destroy. The materials and workmanship of these old books quite put to shame the modern cheap productions. Some of the work is done in two colors, and shows a painstaking care that has been rewarded by results that have stood for three and a half centuries. What would a bibliomanic do in these libraries if for an hour there were no guardian? What would we not pay for one of these priceless volumes? If only—but what's the use? If they were for sale, they would not be here; and if they were not here, they would be very high priced; and if they were high priced, they would be made to order at whatever the traffic would bear. If we are to have the genuine thing, we will have to pay the price of finding it at original sources, and look with guarded eyes upon relics, any one of which would be the prized treasure of an American library. The range of languages is not wide. The Augustinian collection includes Hebrew, Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, English, Chinese, Japanese, and all of the leading Malay and Philippine dialects. The subjects are much the same in all the libraries. The works of the fathers are well represented, the bulls of the Popes are kept, with a general list that runs through the history and theology of the church as well as the sciences of the old age. It is a little surprising that there are not more works purely Philippine; but the friars were no exception to the rule that no time seems great while passing, and there is plenty of data for research if sufficient time is spent in the finding it. It is evident that the collections are kept exclusively for the use of the priests and that they are but little used at any time. It is not strange that the monks have no idea of the antiquarian values of their treasure. Their education has not fitted them to appreciate other than ecclesiastical values, and the whole atmosphere of the place is that of a museum rather than a workshop. Most of the libraries are closed except at certain rare intervals, and the guardian of one of the doorways informed the

visitors that it was impossible for any but the priests to see the books, and that even then they were to be read only under closely-guarded conditions.

The individual quarters of the priests are nearly all single rooms, built in long rows, with all the doors opening into the cloister of the inner court. They are bare of decoration but comfortably furnished, with easy chairs and good beds. There are servants in profusion everywhere, for the priest is not in the habit of doing anything for himself that he can get anyone else to do for him. Every convent has on the second floor a large room with a doorway to the choir of the church. Here in the afternoon the padres congregate to pray, and they pray so audibly that the big sanctuaries echo with the resounding roll of their chanting. The furniture of most of the convents is very plain, and was built rather for strength than for ornament. The libraries are walled with rough shelving, and the tables are usually covered with a dust that shows no signs of recent disturbance. The empty shelves of the Recoletos bear witness to the fact that many books were sent for safe keeping to Spain in the troublous times of the insurrection. Now comes a disappointment to some fair reader, but the truth must be told: all of these interesting things are inaccessible to half of the visitors, for no woman is ever allowed beyond the doorway of any convent. She may enter the church—with covered head—but thus far and no further. She will have to be content with hearing the men describe what they have seen and heard. It is a pity that it is so, but so it is.

The convents and their contents are fascinating, and the padres are both interesting and picturesque, but after much time spent in seeing things the visitor at last leaves with a feeling that he has seen only the outer shell of something that he can never fathom from without nor understand by sightseeing methods. The mills of the great church grind slowly, but they grind some strange grists—which is no concern of this paper.

George A. Miller.

Art. VIII.—CHURCH UNITY

Every year the religious statistics are forthcoming. Then we are duly admonished that there are one hundred and fifty and more religious sects and denominations in our country. Many excellent persons believe this to be a deplorable fact, an evidence of the great weakness of Christianity, and they make it the theme for a frequent lament. "Surely this was not the purpose of the divine Founder," they say. "When Saint Paul called the church the bride of Christ it was not a harem he had in mind." Deplorable or not, we know that this fact of the apparently divided condition of Christ's cause in the world is made the occasion of much criticism from those who stand outside the churches. With many church unity is a favorite subject of discussion. New interest in it has been awakened of late by the broad fraternal spirit recently manifested in the governing bodies of Wesleyan and Canadian Methodism and by the Disciples of Christ. And perhaps the most noteworthy event of recent years bearing on church unity was the great Church Federation Conference of a year ago in New York city, where thirty of the largest Christian bodies got together by delegations and discussed, not how they could fuse their separate organizations into one body, but how they could better cultivate a unity in sympathy and in Christian service; a unity in effort for realizing more perfectly the great purposes of Christ's kingdom here and now. Now, in discussing the apparently divided condition of Christianity and the prospects for church unity we shall find much aid and comfort in clear and worthy conceptions of "church" and "unity." These words by any means have not one fixed and constant meaning. The word "church" has two meanings in the New Testament, the latter implying far more of ecclesiastical organization and polity than the earlier, and in modern speech at least three or four meanings are distinguished. Church unity discussion in which the use of the word "church" is shifted from one meaning to another is a great source of confusion, and is one of the unfruitful works of darkness with which much newspaper and magazine discussion of religious subjects abounds.

The truth is that the best of us are often victimized by the terms we employ. We fall a prey to what an old writer has called "the exceeding imposture and deceit of words." Language is relative, and we need constantly to beware of the confusion in which its imperfect nature is apt to involve us. The value of words is not like the value of coins, fixed by law and always the same. We often need to "focus" the terms of a discussion, especially in the realm of morals and religion, and appeals to the dictionary do not suffice. Etymologies are not always the pathway to truth. Theology, for instance, has suffered grievous things at the hands of the wooden literalists and the orthodox sticklers for the *ipsissima verba*. These people think in perpetual bondage to mere words and figures of speech, and usually miss the truth of which the human word and rhetorical figure are the imperfect vehicle. Their method has a marvelous show of rigor but has produced no end of confusion, dogmatism, and pugnacity. No; etymology settles few things, and fruitful exegesis needs more of an equipment than a grammar and a dictionary. Some words are altogether too great for the dictionary; if we would find an adequate definition, we must turn to the book of human life. If, then, we attempt to discuss church unity it will be quite in order to ask just what we mean by the church and in what the unity is to consist.

A recent writer in a church paper spoke of "the church founded by our blessed Lord and existing, an unbroken organism, from the days of the holy apostles until now." A moment's reflection convinces us that this is not full of meaning. We recall the long list of Christian communions each claiming to be just as truly the church as the others. We can find no valid cause, from reason or history, why we should acknowledge the claims of only one (or two) of these to be the "unbroken organism." Conscious of imperfection in these variously named churches, and having heard perhaps the ecclesiastical machinery creak with friction, we crave a higher ideal and possibly take refuge in the notion of the true and perfected Church of Christ on earth, an unblemished organism existing back of the visible organizations. But alas for this notion, so fondly cherished by many Protestant churchmen of all denominations, that there is really nothing on earth to correspond to it.

An ideal may, indeed, exist apart from mere physical or material embodiment, but the ideal church must be an affair having to do with men, not glorified spirits. For however we may seek to idealize the church, we must not forget that it is really an institution in human society existing for men and made up of men. It is the church militant, the church here and now, that we mean when we begin to talk about church unity. What, then, shall we understand by the "church"? Verbal definitions are apt to be pitfalls. We had better not define the church. But we can turn to the New Testament, and especially to Jesus's teaching, to find out what conception he had of the church he said he would build. The burden of Jesus's message was the kingdom of God. For the elucidation of this great spiritual ideal nearly all his parables were uttered. Not until late in his ministry, however, did Jesus speak of a separate communion of his followers. But one day he did speak of his "church": . . . "I will build my church; and the kingdom of Satan shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16. 18). What word did Jesus use? He probably was not speaking Greek, and so the word *εκκλησία*, used by the gospel historian, was not the actual word that fell from his lips. Jesus was doubtless speaking his native Aramaic and used a word which was equivalent in meaning to the Greek *εκκλησία* or the Hebrew Kahal. Both of these mean "a company of people who have been called out." According to Matthew, Jesus used this expression in his counsels concerning the settling of disputes among believers (Matt. 18. 17). In these two cases only is Jesus reported as speaking of any separate company of his followers. But that such separate bodies were intended, and that organization was foreseen by Jesus, is clear from Matt. 16. 18, and he ordained the Eucharistic Supper as the distinctive sign and bond of his followers' fellowship. But beyond the establishment of this simple rite Jesus made no provision whatever for the organization, doctrine, or polity of his church. In the teaching of Jesus, therefore, "church" means the number of those who have been called out from the world into spiritual fellowship with himself. But we know how this simple calling together in one body of the followers of Jesus developed into clearly defined religious organizations within a generation

after his resurrection. These churches, the result of the missionary activities of the apostles, especially Paul, became the organized embodiment of the great spiritual world-movement founded by Christ. And this is what the church is as we know it today—the organized embodiment in human society of the great spiritual world-movement which Christ founded and which he called the kingdom of God. Wherever are gathered together in human organization those who have entered this kingdom through the experience of faith in Christ there is a part of that church which he said he would found. Thus it will be seen that, as an institution in human life, the church is organic to the divine life of its Founder. But, like all organisms, its nature is not exhausted by what it appears to be at any particular point in its history. Its real nature is to be found in the end or purpose for which it exists. And the great purpose of the church is to nurture the divine life in men. It is most truly in accord with the aims of the divine Founder when it best fulfills this purpose of its existence. If we look at the church in this broader way, as an institution in human society existing in and for a great divine purpose in the world, we begin to be able to lift our conception of it above differences in outward form. The true Church of Christ is not, as we sometimes hear, the kingdom of God on earth, but rather a divinely ordained institution in human life for realizing the kingdom of God on earth. The church is indeed a divine institution, but we must look for its divinity, not in its history, nor in the complex organization it has developed, but rather in the great divine end for which it was founded. Thus the church is instrumental to the purpose of its Founder. It is a means to an end—the greatest end for which any human means could be employed. This view of the church is very different from that of the churchman to whom the church is an end in itself as well as a means to an end. And so the churchman tries to find the divinity of the church in its outward features: history, traditions, liturgies, and polity. Now, this broader conception of the church is really the only one that makes it worth while to talk about church unity. One fails to grasp the true nature of Christ's church when it is supposed that unity must be a unity in the outward, visible forms of the

religious life. One hundred and fifty leaden bullets are not united by dumping them into the same bag. Without going into a metaphysical analysis of what unity may mean, it is difficult to see that the unity desired by the churchman would be anything more than the unity of the bullets in the bag—a unity in name and outward forms. The merging of denominations now separated by unimportant differences or by issues now dead is to be earnestly hoped for. And there are many signs which encourage the belief that the number of separate communions is to be materially reduced. But that the churchman's fond dream of one church organization is soon to be realized no one can hope who understands the history of religious beliefs. So long as men continue to differ in their mental and moral capacities, and in their tastes and training, varieties in creed, forms of worship, and plans of church administration may be looked for. But, after all, is this obliteration of denominational differences, so longed for by many, vitally necessary to the effecting of church unity? Here again the meaning we attach to unity will govern the answer. We have seen that if we would grasp the true nature of Christ's church we must think not in terms of outward economy but of inward life; not of creeds and polities, but of the great divine end for which the church was founded and exists today. With this conception of the church clearly grasped I think we shall be led to see the truth that the only unity which means anything important, and is worth talking about today, is community of spiritual life; a oneness in sympathy, purpose, and aims among Christ's followers; a unity in effort toward that great end to which the church is instrumental. The only conception of unity which will stand critical analysis is not the unity in the realm of the material and impersonal, but unity in the realm of the personal—spiritual unity; not unity in things, but in thoughts and purposes. No sameness in name, no similarity in dogmatic standards, no identity of liturgical forms has significance in the absence of community of purposes and fellowship in service toward the great common end. And with community of purposes and fellowship in service realized, sameness of name, creed, and forms of worship becomes a matter of minor importance. Indeed there are some of us who

believe that, with spiritual unity realized, the oft-deplored divisions are, on the whole, really for the best.

In conclusion let us remind ourselves of some evidences that indicate that we are beginning to realize a genuine spiritual unity among the churches. The old-time dogmatic battles are pretty well over. The smoke of theological controversy is clearing away and out of it is coming clearer insight and larger charity. As an illustration let us take the traditional debate between the Calvinist and the Arminian. We now see it was largely a battle of words and formal logic. A failure to recognize the imperfect and relative nature of language gave rise to two extremes in thought which admitted of no formal reconciliation. But we have learned that the deeper truths are not always capable of logical demonstration. The history of thought seems to indicate that a certain amount of logical bushwhacking is necessary to bring every great truth out from under the domain of formal logic into the larger light of its practical value for life. The truth has emerged concerning divine sovereignty versus human freedom. Nor has it been found by cautious steering between the two contending factions, but by a recognition of the truth on both sides. God is sovereign over free men; a dark saying on the basis of formal logic and mere verbal exegesis, but one found to correspond to the facts of life nevertheless. We must not understand God's sovereignty in any absolute way so as to abrogate human freedom, for freedom is fundamental to the moral life. Nor must we understand freedom as the unrestrained liberty of choice we imagined it to be, for what we know of the influence of heredity and environment shows us that a kind of natural predestination is wrought out in each life. Freedom remains, and God is supreme. The practical outcome of this laying aside of a time-honored debate has been cordiality between the so-called Calvinistic and free-will churches, once hostile or indifferent to each other. Indeed, these distinctions are faded out, and the very names smack of the days now gone by. How freely the members now pass from one communion to another without any thought of Calvinism! During the past few years many men trained in Methodist faith and practice have entered prominent fields of labor in what used to be called Calvinistic

churches; and what has happened in the case of this old debate, once so rife, has happened or is happening in the case of other old theological disputes; and with the fading of many dogmatic differences a new emphasis is coming to be placed, in all Christian communions, upon the few but very precious fundamentals of our faith and a new community of spiritual life is beginning to be realized. The recognition by enlightened Baptists of the validity of other sacraments than their own; the recognition by enlightened Methodists of the need of abandoning hard-and-fast forms for Christian experience and of exalting those agencies which make for Christian nurture; the catching of the evangelistic spirit by not a few workers in the Episcopal communion; and the recognition by all that the "sect of the Good Samaritans" are close followers of the divine Master—these are some of the encouraging signs which indicate a growing unity, in sympathy, purposes, and efforts among all Christ's followers. Far more important than organic unity is this community of spiritual life. And it is being realized. Foreign missions and city evangelization have shown the imperative necessity of Christ's followers working shoulder to shoulder in the great battle against sin and darkness. The new century is to witness the most splendid triumphs for the cross of Christ; and one of these will be the great strengthening of those mystic ties of love and loyalty to the common Lord which bind together in spiritual fellowship all who love and follow him.

Francis L. Strickland

Art. IX.—THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT IN WORDSWORTH

The great difficulty in the discussion of this subject is to determine the meaning of the term "romanticism." There have been innumerable definitions offered, and many disputes over the question, but it seems to be as far from settled as ever. One view, that of Heine, also upheld by Professor Beers, has attained considerable prominence: the romantic movement was a return to the Middle Ages for the inspiration and sources of poetry, or "die Wiedererweckung der Poesie des Mittelalters." Professor Beers quotes Heine as saying: "All the poetry of the Middle Ages has a certain definite character, through which it differs from the poetry of the Greeks and Romans. In reference to this difference the former is called romantic, the latter classic. These names, however, are misleading, and have hitherto caused the most vexatious confusion." This is a first-class definition for purely scientific investigation, where an exact standard must be laid down and everything measured by that; but it is too narrow for the subject in hand. General considerations are preferable, and we turn to Walter Pater's discussion of this term as quoted by Professor Phelps: "The essential classical element is that quality of order in beauty. . . . It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art. . . . It is the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. . . . The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is as the accidental effects of these qualities only that it seeks the middle age." This is not an exact definition of the subject matter of romantic poetry, as was the other, but rather indicates the romantic "mood." Romanticism and classicism are not schools of poetry, but "spirits" present to a greater or less degree in all poetry. We may consider together with this the idea of Dr. F. H. Hedge, as given by Professor Phelps: "The essence of romance is mystery. . . . It is the essence of something hidden, of imperfect revelation. . . . The peculiarity of the classic style

is reserve, self-suppression of the writer. . . . The romantic is self-reflecting. . . . To the Greeks the world was a fact, to us it is a problem. . . . Byron is simply and wholly romantic, with no tincture of classicism in his nature or works." Just one more hint along the same line. Mr. Saintsbury says: "The terms 'classic' and 'romantic' apply to treatment, not to subject, and the difference is that the treatment is classic when the idea is represented as directly and with as exact an adaptation of form as possible, while it is romantic when the idea is left to the reader's faculty of divination assisted only by suggestion and symbol." It is the general idea of the writers last quoted which reaches best the heart of romanticism. The mood of the author, the spirit in which he writes, and hence the manner in which he deals with his subject, these are the tests. Classicism is objective, restrained, complete; romanticism is subjective, free, constantly aspiring, and suggestive. These spirits manifest themselves in an author's choice of subjects, his style, and especially in his method of treatment. It is by studying these that conclusions are reached as to the romantic elements in a poet.

Wordsworth is a tremendous spirit: independent, solitary, forceful, full of inquiry, and of great strength. He is essentially revolutionary in character. He is the first conscious poet of nature for nature's sake, and is the leader of the reaction against the school of Pope and Dryden. This very fact, that he took such a prominent part in the overthrow of the classical school, shows that there is something essentially romantic in his make-up. Yet there exists, as there must in such a sturdy spirit, a classic tendency, something which we do not find in the extreme romanticists of his age; or, to put it the other way, we find in Coleridge and Keats and Shelley, in a marked degree, a trait which is scarcely observable in Wordsworth. That wild, weird cry of Shelley, that extravagant delicate sensuousness of Keats, that varied and strange beauty of Coleridge, Wordsworth does not possess, but he does possess that which stamps him as essentially romantic and makes him the greatest poet of his age: deep, meditative, inquiring spirit; that inner eye which perceived the deeper meaning of all his subjects and was a true interpreter of realms before unknown

to man. The classical element in his poetry, which prevents his going to the extremes of his contemporaries and which aids remarkably that wonderful insight in its search after the truths of life, is self-restraint. "There is a volition and self-government in every line of his poetry, and his best thoughts come from his steady resistance to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all despondent and indolent humors, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate and wasteful joy." Thus Wordsworth is essentially romantic in possessing a deep, spiritual, inquiring and aspiring temperament rather than the superficial, cold, matter-of-fact, complete sense of the classic, yet one of his chief characteristics is self-control, as opposed to the free wild spirit of the pure romanticist. In this combination of the strongest element of the classic with the spiritual insight of the romantic lies the force which places Wordsworth in the front rank of poets. Tracing these elements of romanticism and classicism in Wordsworth's mind, they express themselves in (1) his treatment, (2) subject-matter, and (3) style; they come into conflict or they support each other; they vary in strength, and they rise or fall in quality—the meditative inquiry sinking into metaphysics and the self-restraint into stubbornness.

First, with regard to the treatment. In the author's method of treating a subject lies the individuality that makes him what he is. The subject-matter and style are largely the result of environment, circumstances, and training, but the treatment portrays the spirit of the man. So it is with Wordsworth. He is always inquiring as deeply as possible into his theme; his treatment is subjective. He is satisfied with no superficial glance at nature or human life. His view is certainly not objective. He considers everything with regard to the spirit within it. Nature is to him not merely a collection of objects, of scenes, of views; but a universal spirit:

> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
> And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth goes to the bottom of whatever he touches. All poets

before him had simply used nature as a background, as Shakespeare or Milton, or described some one scene, as Burns. Wordsworth taxes nature and describes her, and then tries to interpret her; to get behind the visible and to discover the meaning of it all and of what nature is the manifestation. When he turns to tell of his own life it is no mere narrative, but an interpretation of the growth of his spirit. His childhood is full of the deepest meaning. He sees how in every game of sport, in every experience he was absorbing nature, and how, step by step, he became conscious of his love for her. Then came his travels abroad and the effect of the French Revolution upon his spirit, his great hope in that cause, the utter despair resulting from the failure of the movement, in which his heart had been wholly centered, and then his interest in and study of nature, as aroused by his sister, which lifted him from his despondency. We can see here that his mind is absolutely subjective and can note its marvelous penetrating power. In one of his first poems, "Written In Very Early Youth," composed when he was sixteen years of age, we find:

> Now, in this blank of things, a harmony
> Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
> That Grief for which the senses still supply
> Fresh food; for only then, when memory
> Is hushed, am I at rest.

He begins immediately to read the true meaning of a mood of nature and its effect upon his spirit. And so he continues, perhaps not in so many words revealing the inner meaning of his theme, but at least describing it so that it may reveal itself. Even in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," which would most of all be a poem of action, this moral element enters, and the best stanza is:

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Is not this attitude toward his theme essentially romantic? It is contrary to the superficial manner of Pope. Can we not say that the man who wrote the "Intimations of Immortality," with all its deep thoughts, its spirituality, its aspiration, its hopes and long-

ings, was a true romanticist? Yet there is a classic element present here. It is that saneness of treatment. He refuses to be carried away by the whirlwind of emotion which his subjectivity arouses in him. He is the exact opposite of Shelley in this particular. That poet can feel the deeper spirit of nature and is borne into a world of unutterable longing and idealism; he makes no move to stop his headlong career. Wordsworth, on the other hand, though he realizes nature as fully as Shelley, yet combats these tendencies and holds himself in check, refusing to be carried away by melancholy, as Shelley, or by ecstatic joy, as Keats. Wordsworth has ballast; the other two lack it. Mr. Hutton, in his essay on "The Genius of Wordsworth," illustrates this point most forcibly. He puts side by side two poems on the same subject, "The Fountain," one by Tennyson, the other by Wordsworth, and brings out the characteristics of Wordsworth's treatment of the subject by comparison. He shows how Tennyson is cast into a mood of reflection on the past by the fountain and remains there through the entire poem; a melancholy strain. Wordsworth is at first thrown into the same emotion, but, recovering himself, he refuses to be thus bound and turns to treat of the matter sanely and naturally. This sane method is also shown in the "Liberty Sonnets." He will not wander along, ranting on some hobby, but looks honestly and openly at the entire field and restrains whatever wild impulses he may have. You feel the power and masterful self-control of the mind behind the sonnets as you do not when Coleridge expresses himself freely and extravagantly. In this self-restraint Wordsworth resembles the classic school. Pope was entirely sane and matter-of-fact. His poetry lacked Wordworth's insight and subjectivity, but he prided himself upon his absolute refusal to soar, and condemned utterly those who did. Thus we have the two determining factors in Wordsworth's treatment of his theme—subjectivity and self-restraint; the former romantic, the latter classic. These two are constantly present but in varying degree, the one contending against the other. The interpretative sense raising a tumult in his mind, which is ever seeking after expression and gives us those beautiful passages so apt and so often quoted, the restraint holding this tumult in check, now mastering

it and then again being swept aside by some burst of feeling. With age the one stiffened from a conscious intelligent delight in the subjective sense into a strong moralizing element, the other from a light check to a tight rein, an effectual damper. The tendency to philosophize changes often to mere metaphysical speculation, and the self-restraint becomes stubbornness which absolutely refuses to allow the imagination to play; and so we get the immense volume of matter which can scarcely be called poetry. This is the case to a certain extent in the Prelude, but chiefly in the Excursion and in most of Wordsworth's later poems. Then, again, the former element becomes a sensitive, beautiful perception and imagination, and the later element controls this that it may not go too far, but express itself to the best advantage and with the most power; and it is when this occurs that we get such wonderfully beautiful, strong, ennobling poems as "The Intimations of Immortality," "The Highland Reaper," "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," etc. When we turn to consider the subjects about which he chose to write, and the subject-matter or material which he chose to use in expounding or presenting those subjects, there is by no means such a chance to catch his romantic or classic element as there was in the case of his treatment of them, yet even here a little investigation discovers at least very prominent tendencies in the two directions. Wordsworth in his choice of subjects also was a revolutionist. He leaves the school of Pope and Dryden, discards wit and satire as rubbish utterly unworthy of him; following in the steps of Burns as far as they lead, he then sets out for himself and, traversing regions which his predecessor had not explored, he finds for himself a new field, before untouched, and cultivates that thoroughly. Chaucer and Spenser, especially, treated of objects in nature—the daffodil, the daisy, etc.—as did innumerable other lyric poets in the centuries before Wordsworth. Even Pope has his nature sketches, but he peoples Windsor forest with fauns and satyrs. But did any of them write of nature the entity, the manifestations of a universal, the teacher of man? Did they devote themselves to that field and consider even the most insignificant objects therein? Wordsworth, however, did not want a new subject merely because it was new. He must have a subject

worthy of the most profound thought. What subject could he have chosen better suited to this purpose than nature, and nature in her relation to man? Pope has his "Essay on Man"; Wordsworth his immortality ode. So intense is his interest in the greatest matters of life that he leaves his particular field and writes on "liberty," and we have the wonderful "Liberty Sonnets."

His was a profoundly inquiring spirit. Yet he does not in any considerable degree write of nature in her wilder moods. The mountains and the sea are conspicuously absent from his poetry. We see but little of the storm. It is the cloud of a summer day, not the heavy, black rain cloud. It would seem that here is another indication of self-restraint. He refrains from nature as expressed in her extravagant moods. He loves simplicity. These factors are shown in his refusal to use supernatural machinery. He scorns as unworthy of thought the superficial gnomes and fairies of Pope, those delicate creatures which come and go in their own way quite naturally; nor will he use the weird, terrible spirits of Coleridge or the wildly pleasing creations of Keats. We can explain Peter Bell in the same way. In this field his love for the simple goes to the extreme; and he chooses Peter Bell and the ass for his characters. He treats them in his subjective way, and not giving sufficient grounds for the emotion appealed to produces a most ludicrous effect.

In choice of subject, then, as in treatment, Wordsworth exhibits certain definite romantic and classical elements. How is it in regard to style? He was a master of language, and made it bend to his will and serve his purpose, and so we should find that his style, meaning thereby his art and style in the broadest significance of those terms, simply follows his treatment, and that practically the same elements are present in both. In the first place Wordsworth utterly discards the stiff, conventional heroic couplet and that stilted, unnatural style known as poetic diction. He framed his own theory of poetic diction and took up the position that poetry must be practically prose in meter. For the heroic couplet Wordsworth substitutes the sonnet—that typically romantic form—the ballad, with whose growth the romantic movement was definitely connected, and blank verse; but most of all a verse

form of his own invention, based on a combination of three or four tetrameters and one trimeter. He will not be bound by the classicists, but with the true romantic spirit leaves their superficial, high-flown figures and style and their restricted heroic couplet for a natural expression and a free, unhampered verse form. He has not ordinary, complete thoughts to express, but profound and intangible ones. One quality which Wordsworth lacks almost completely, which, indeed, most English writers possess only to a very limited extent but which the true classicists among the ancients had to a very considerable degree, is that sense of form, that perception which shows the poet what is truly needed in his work, which makes his poem definite evolutions, perfect pieces, complete wholes; "so that if you cut them, they will bleed." Gray possessed this. His odes, in particular, have a very definite progress. But this quality is not found in Wordsworth. He lacks in general the classic sense of completeness and proportion. Yet his style has always stood for purity. It is free from all faults of grammar and rhetoric, and his theme speaks for itself without the poet interposing. In Keats's poetry you feel his personality and look at nature through his eyes, and it is the same with Shelley. Not so, however, with Wordsworth. He presents the picture as it is, with no allusions or superfluous images. Is not this another indication of this master mind striving to suppress itself that it may express nature real and actual? It is self-restraint. So with his music. This feature of Wordsworth's poetry is abundant and beautiful; he is not bound down as are the classicists. His music is a beautiful harmony, an accompaniment to his song. It does not push itself forward and call the attention of the reader from the song as with Coleridge, particularly in Christabel; it may have variations, but no one wild or extravagant appeal, as with Shelley, Keats, Byron, or Scott.

Let us compare the first stanzas of Shelley's and Wordsworth's "Skylark." Shelley's:

> Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
> Bird thou never wert,
> That from heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

And Wordsworth's:

> Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,
> Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
> Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
> Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
> Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will—
> Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

The first is joyous, bounding, happy, free; Shelley is up with the lark and delights in and loves the bird. His music expresses this fully. Wordsworth has no less love, but it is of a more meditative cast. It is subjective. Yet it is aspiring, mysterious. Wordsworth holds himself in check; he looks at the bird from the ground, he presents it as it appears from a deeply emotional yet sane standpoint; and his music is calm and even and beautiful. Taking into account these elements of style will greatly assist in accounting for Wordsworth's great defect—baldness or barrenness. With no sense of form to guide him he writes and writes and writes, and with a romanticist's egotism considers it all poetry; and with a check constantly upon his style, and not even classic figures to brighten the way, he naturally falls into the most prosy flatness. But in his best poetry Wordsworth displays sense of form, that saving trait, and this added to a warm imaginative style, made the stronger by purity and charming music, gives us many of those wonderful poems of which the classical "Laodamia" is typical.

We have now seen that Wordsworth, tempered and restrained by classicism, is, nevertheless, essentially romantic in subjectivity, imagination, and spirituality; and we have traced these elements in his treatment, subject-matter, and style. This combination in one man of the noblest qualities of romanticism and classicism produced the greatest poet of his age of poets—William Wordsworth.

Don C. Bridgman.

Art. X.—BIOLOGY AS A SOURCE OF PULPIT ILLUSTRATION

An open, receptive mind is necessary as never at any previous time in the world, because the men who are working on scholastic problems are better trained and have the best facilities ever afforded, with the result that an enormous number of facts new to science is continually being published, the accumulation of which may mean a different, or even a new, interpretation of the present generalizations. In discussing the manner in which biology serves as a source of pulpit illustration I shall enumerate a few fundamental generalizations with some practical esthetic and ethical phases.

Biology deals with matter in the living state. When a bird or butterfly is killed, it does not lose any weight and the elements which compose the body of the bird or butterfly are always found in nature. If a chemical analysis is made, no new elements are discovered. So we are accustomed to speak of matter in the living state, the study of which is the peculiar province of biology, as contrasted with matter in the nonliving state, the study of which is given over to chemistry and physics. Concerning what constitutes or renders matter living it can be said that, thus far in the observations of men, no one has ever created matter or seen it change from the nonliving state to the living except through the influence of preëxisting living matter. Living matter, as such, can do a number of things that are peculiar to it alone. For example, living matter grows by transforming nonliving matter into the living state, during which transformation certain complicated chemical changes occur which are only known to take place under the influence of living matter. It has been reported that Professor Burke has been able to cause matter to change from the nonliving to the living state through the influence of radium. The results of his studies as reported are as follows: through the action of radium on a substance known as gelatine very small bodies are produced which, he believes, grow and, when they reach a certain size, divide into two equal and equivalent bodies in the same man-

ner as many of our simpler plants and animals. These bodies, formed under the influence of radium, are termed radiobes. They dissolve in warm water, become diffused in sunlight, but return again after being placed in the dark for a few hours, and when injected into another gelatine mass do not give rise to more bodies. Each of these three characteristics distinguishes radiobes from living matter. Living matter acts just oppositely when subjected to the above tests; so that we are in all probability dealing with an unstable chemical compound, and the generalization that the living state can only be produced under the influence of living matter has again been tried and found true. One of the most fundamental of these laws is that matter never assumed the living state or gives rise to a new living individual except through the immediate influence of already existing life. In the plant and the animal kingdoms there are some organisms which retain their individuality but a few hours, after which their whole body becomes divided into two equal and equivalent parts and the individuality of the parent merges into these halves. The parent does not die, but as a result of the division there are now two individuals where before there was one. There is always this continuity between parent and offspring whenever in nature a new individual comes into being, whether the plant or animal be simple or complex. The second generalization is associated with the unit of structure. The chemist accepts the atom as his ultimate analysis of matter, while the physicist uses the molecule and ion. Living matter can be analyzed into molecules and atoms if desired, but in so doing the characteristic which we recognize as living disappears; so that the biological unit can only concern itself with the smallest bit of living matter that can exist by itself, namely, the cell. The term "cell" was first used in 1665 to describe cork, as made up of "little boxes, or cells, distinct from one another," and had no particular reference to living matter. From this date on for one hundred and seventy-five years desultory investigations only were made. In 1838, a year memorable in biology, two Germans, Schleiden and Schwann, one a zoölogist, the other a botanist, showed as the result of their investigations that all living things were composed of living units. In the case of the simplest plants and animals but

one unit is found while in the higher many are united; for example, in man there are almost countless millions of cells and there is no part of our bodies that on analysis cannot be resolved into cells. In the examination of a microscopic preparation of muscle, brain, or liver, one would experience no difficulty in distinguishing their cellular structure, and also that each possessed cells of different shapes. The same is true of the remaining parts of the body. You can readily see that the cell, therefore, furnishes a common basis for the discussion of all aspects of biology. Although there are several other well-recognized generalizations in biology I will present but one more and then pass to another phase of the subject, that one is the interesting interdependence existing between plants and animals. This is so fundamental in character as to be frequently overlooked. When we study the trees growing close together in the woods many dead branches are present among the lower limbs, because the dense shade above has cut off the sunlight from the leaves that would otherwise have grown on these branches. Just as soon as the leaves cease to grow the limbs die. Some of the eastern states have appropriated many thousand dollars the past year for the annihilation of the gypsy and brown-tailed moths. These moths are so abundant as to threaten the destruction of the trees in a large part of Massachusetts because they eat the leaves. If the leaves are so important and essential to the life of the plants, then something interesting must take place in them. The green plant placed near the window soon turns its leaves so as to expose them to the most light. In these leaves there are numerous green-colored bodies which are doing a wonderfully interesting work, and when carbon dioxide comes under the influence of the green coloring matter and sunlight a new product results, namely, starch, which is now food for the plant and animal. During this starch-making process oxygen is set free which is used by the animal in respiration and the carbon dioxide is a product of animal activity. The further phase of this close relationship is the fact that, no matter how abundantly the animal is supplied with the raw elements, it cannot construct them into food. The length of time that animal life could continue to exist would be very short were all plant life to be destroyed. One has

well said that "the plant is the chemical laboratory in which is prepared the food of the world." The results of the practical application of biological generalizations are so manifold that we must confine this discussion to one illustration. With the advent of the cell theory and its application to man the study of medicine received an ever-inspiring stimulus which was for all time to place it on a scientific basis. Previous to this time demons, witchery, and the like, were accepted by physicians and patients as the cause of disease; and there are no more fascinating pages written than the biographies of such men as Pasteur, Jenner, Lister, and many others, as they fought against the dogmas of the church and the superstitions of the people in establishing the cause of all infectious diseases as due to the presence of some definite tangible organism. Today it is a well-accepted fact that what are known as infectious and contagious diseases (scarlet fever, consumption, grip, measles) are to be considered apart from such disorders as melancholia, dropsy, rheumatism, and the like, the exact cause of these latter being as yet not well understood. If medicine is prescribed for the infectious disease, a knowledge of the conditions of the individual cells comprising the diseased organ is now necessary, and the medicines prescribed are given with the purpose of producing a definite reaction in these same cells. This means scientific medicine, which before was impossible.

When the disease-causing, or pathogenic, bacteria invade our bodies they produce by their presence a derangement of certain definite cells. These become inhibited from doing their normal work, or are even destroyed, because of the presence of certain poisons, known as toxines, which are the product of the bacterial growth. The modern physician aims to neutralize the toxines and build up the body, letting nature destroy the germs. This brings us to the interesting question of immunity. A few people seem to be proof against all infectious ailments while the most of us are subject to certain definite diseases and a few take everything that comes along. Again, at one time we do not take a given disease and at another time are very ill with it. The researches of the past twenty years indicate that the white blood corpuscles literally devour the invading bacteria, so that in most instances we are not

aware of the presence of such pathogenic bacteria as happen to have gained access to our bodies; but, when we do have the disease, it is thought that the white blood corpuscles are unable to cope with the germs and the toxines produced make us aware of their presence. How does it happen that we get well? This further fact is known: that certain cells of the body have the power to produce a substance which neutralizes the toxine of the bacteria and it is therefore called an antitoxine. This antitoxine, because it neutralizes the toxines, enables the cells of the body to do their normal work and we recover. The application of this principle is at the basis of all of the artificial antitoxines used today. In view of what has just been said it is evident that the sanitary regulations of our country are aimed to destroy the causes of infectious disease, and when we stop to reflect on the value of these sanitary laws, the reasons for observing them, and the resulting saving of life, it is one of the most magnificent signs of progress of our day. For "these laws express the highest level of intelligent public knowledge and opinion"; or, to put it in another way, these laws stand for the relative stage of advancement in civilization; and from a comparison of the sanitary laws of one nation with another nation, one city with another city, we have a fairly correct estimate of the state of civilization in that nation or city.

Some esthetic phases: The beautiful in nature always appeals in one way or another to what has been termed our esthetic sense; we all recognize this relation but find it hard to define. We frequently meet people who impress us with peculiarly noble, broad-minded ideas. The quality of their knowledge reveals to us at once that only the noblest and best thoughts find a place in their minds, and when we are permitted to know them we discover an element of the beautiful which feeds and tempers the quality of their ideas. To one it is music, to another it is art, or poetry, or nature, "that quickens the being and makes the sorrows more sorrowful; the joys more joyful; the whole life more vivid." A few years ago botany recognized but sixteen varieties of violets; now there are over forty. Many new names have been introduced, and some of the old ones changed, but the same violets still grow in that low meadow or springy spot or shady nook where I went to find the

yellow, the white, the blue, or the long-spurred varieties. But this is not all, for I am something more than I was before I knew these beautiful violets in their own homes, and their simple beauty to me is like the glory of some departed sunset.

Some ethical aspects: Since the time of Descartes philosophical thinkers have gravitated to the two extremes in their interpretations of animal intelligence. One would look upon the animal as a mere automaton controlled by blind, or rather unchanging, instincts, with no power of intellectual correlation, while others would regard the animal as the prototype of all mental characteristics found in man. The first class of writers designates the mental qualities, then, of the animal as analogous to those found in man; the second class would use the term "homology," thereby implying that in origin they were identical. A study of the activities of human beings reveals to us much of their ethical standard. The treatment meted out to the Jews and peasants by the Russian nation stands in suggestive contrast with the attitude of England and America toward the same classes, and shows by how much the former nation has failed to recognize the inalienable rights of her people, which means that a lower ethical standard prevails there than in the latter nations. During the recent war in the East our nation insisted upon limiting the area of warfare and demanding certain rights, hitherto not permitted for non-combatants, which gave to the world a loftier conception of the rights of individuals and nations. This implies that our conception of ethics is changing, and if progressive civilization is our motto and the Christianizing of the world our hope, then our conception of ethics must be different tomorrow from what it is today. It is the approximation of the ethical standard as revealed in Christ's teaching which is ever leading civilization. In a similar way we can speak of the ethics of animals which is revealed by a study of their activities, but as to whether this is to be interpreted as analogous or homologous to human ethics we find again a difference of opinion. This much, however, can be said: that we do not find the ethics of animals improving with time. The habits and attitude of the wolf or tribe of wolves are practically identical today with the same habits in a wolf or a tribe of wolves of a

hundred or a thousand years ago, and the civilizing influence of man is not able to effect a material change in them. So we may say that the conception of animal ethics is stationary as contrasted with the progressive conception of ethics in man. We can see in the perpetuation of the manifold varieties of living things interesting examples of the subservience of certain definite structures in order that others may increase and do what is recognized as a greater work. Attention has already been directed to the manner of reproduction in simple plants and animals, where the whole organism divides into two equal parts. As we pass from the lower to the more complex individual we note the apparent care taken that the cells which are to continue the race shall be in sufficient numbers to warrant that some at least shall mature. In most organisms there are produced thousands of cells where but one develops, the production of which requires a vast amount of energy —sometimes involving the whole life of the parent. In the lower animals this is not unusual, and while in the higher but frequently considered yet almost as true. Two illustrations will make this clearer. In the colony of the honey bee there are three individuals; the queen, who presides over the colony and lays all of the eggs; the workers, who gather the pollen and nectar, and the drones. The queen mates but once during life and with a single drone. As a result of the mating the drone dies, so that for every colony of bees a drone has given his life. The various species of salmon were probably once inhabitants of our fresh waters but now spend all but the breeding season in the ocean. As this time approaches, while swimming about near the shore they come into the cooler fresh water, which seems to attract them, and they follow the stream inland often several hundred miles, leaping falls, and become exhausted in attempting to reach the cool head waters which, once found, receive their eggs and milt. The parents die after having undergone this magnificent struggle. But in certain parasites the sacrifice of the parts of the body is occasionally carried so far that extreme degeneration results. In one of the marine crabs there is found a very strange parasite. It does not possess any appendages, sense organs, digestive tube, or structures, the possession of which seems necessary to make life worth living

to an animal. Its shapeless masses like roots grow all through the body of the crab. The most of this parasite is composed of reproductive tissue nourished directly by the juices of the crab. When the eggs develop the resulting larva has sense organs, a nervous and digestive system, and locomotory organs. This free swimming individual bores its way into the body of the crab and leaves these organs on the outside to drop off and disappear. In the study of a simple plant or animal we are impressed by the large number of things that it can do, such as securing food, protecting itself, responding to changes in its environment, reproducing its kind, and all of this without possessing any special structures to do the one or the other of these necessary functions. If we take an organism of a slightly more complex type the first characteristic that attracts our notice is that there are definite structures which have a given work. If a tree is examined, it is found that there are roots, a stem, branches, and leaves, and so specialized has become the work of each that the tree dies if deprived of any one set of organs, nor can these be interchanged. When the dead leaf is studied the veins are found to be hard and acting as a support to the delicate structure of the leaf. The stem and roots are mostly hard and woody tissue. Now, if we examine the growing end of the root or stem, it is soft and generalized in character, but as soon as it becomes hard certain definite tissues are evident. In this change there has occurred an interesting transformation. The growing tip was nearly all composed of living cells, the old hard stem or root is nearly all composed of dead cells. In order that the tree may have strength to withstand the storm and wind many cells become transformed into wood, and in so doing are no longer living. They give up their individuality, or living identity, for the good of the whole tree. This fact becomes more apparent when a cross section of a tree is examined and we realize that only the narrow layer just under the bark is alive.

The human body is to be considered as a unit and there is a marvelous perfection in each set of organs with their respective functions. How did it happen? It is an easy matter to show how the muscles and bones have developed from generalized cells.

These are the two mechanical tissues. The bones simply give shape and protection while the muscles enable us to move. Certainly humble duties are these—yet how necessary. The digestive system, which so transforms the food that it can be taken into the body by the circulating structures, does work absolutely necessary but humble in the eyes of the world. But there is a conspicuous tissue in our bodies which coördinates and presides over all the others. Should the nerves governing the digestive tract be severed no work could be done by these organs. We would not know when we were hungry, and we would, consequently, starve. A little blow on the head, resulting in the accumulation of a clot of blood on the brain, and we may be burned or have a leg amputated without feeling the process. The nerve cells are the structures with which all of the attributes of the mind are associated, yet in their development in any animal there is a time when muscle, bone, and nerve cell are indistinguishable. In the adult all of the organs are subservient to the nerve cells. The simple work of each of these organs makes possible the magnificent work of the whole organism. In some mysterious fashion the sensitiveness to the beautiful, the longings of the soul and the hope of immortality are present in these nerve cells—the possibilities for great wrong or infinite good are associated with their activities; and it is a sad commentary that the things that most inhibit the fullest activity of these marvelous cells are a product of civilization. On the other hand, many men are so caring for and training these same cells that they are able to do a greater and more varied work than ever before in the history of the world.

The living universe is made possible by the presence of an indefinable force which many biologists regard as of divine origin. The study of biology, therefore, must necessarily give a more sympathetic attitude toward God; and a full, or even a partial knowledge of the various ways in which organisms live should enlarge the ability to solve the problems, of God in nature and God in man; for each explains the other and the two are in perfect harmony.

W. M. Smallwood

Art. XI.—GROWTH OF SUFFRAGE

With the admission of the Territory of Oklahoma to statehood a critical survey of the rise of the privilege of suffrage in the United States is especially fitting. Suffrage is the participation of the people in representative government. The elective franchise is not a natural right, but an adventitious, alienable privilege whose basis rests in the right of the people to *the* voice in the government. Suffrage is representative: the family, not the individual, is the unit of society. Its end and limitation are the welfare and safety of the state. It is a safe rule to raise the would-be voter rather than to lower the elective franchise. The state, too, has rights.

The English colonists who settled at Jamestown and Plymouth came with the rights of Englishmen. Suffrage was then very limited in England. When occasion offered they instituted just such a government as Englishmen of the seventeenth century would naturally create out of past experience and present necessity, of and for themselves. Freed from ultraconservatism, the colonists widened the franchise but stopped far short of modern democratic ideas. However, there were popular elections of some sort in each of the colonies from the earliest date down to the Revolution. Virginia led in this representative government—her first "House of Burgesses" assembled July 30, 1619. All were Englishmen. The qualifications for electors were varied and indefinite. There were peculiar tests for each colony. Changes in the requirements were frequent. During this epoch seven qualifications for voters are met with. Following English precedent, property was the weightiest test, with religion a close second. Residence was more important than citizenship. After 1700 race qualifications appeared among the southern colonies. Virginia alone mentioned sex. The age test was finally fixed at twenty-one years. There were no efforts at uniformity. In New England the chief qualification was religious, elsewhere property. With separation from England came little change for the colonies severally. The central government under the "Articles of Con-

federation" interfered with the commonwealths as little as possible—which was not at all. Article V provided that delegates should be "appointed in such manner as the legislatures of each state [commonwealth] should direct." When the Constitution was framed each commonwealth had the right to regulate suffrage. During the "Constitutional Convention" a national suffrage plan received the vote of but one commonwealth (Delaware). Hence the Constitution declares that the franchise for the election of the members of the House of Representatives shall in every commonwealth be the same as for the "most numerous branch of the state [commonwealth] legislature" (Art. I, Sec. 2). Only in the last amendment does the Constitution trench on the commonwealth right to regulate suffrage. The term "citizen" was chosen in 1787 because it was vague. No definition was attempted. Until the XIVth Amendment one was *first* a citizen of a commonwealth. One thing was certain: the privilege of suffrage was not coextensive with citizenship. During this formative period of the nation few changes were made in the qualifications for electors. Property continued to be the chief test, while that of religion became obsolete—though such a qualification was still required for office in eleven commonwealths. Citizenship was not mentioned. Except in New Hampshire, where nonresident property holders voted, a definite period of residence was required. Race feeling was not acute, for negroes voted. Generally only males were electors, though a few women "inhabitants" voted in New Jersey. On the whole the privilege of suffrage was very limited—less than one in thirty were electors. "Property, not men, voted." After the War of 1812 was the birth of national consciousness reflected in the citizenship test for suffrage. Thereafter the electorate was widened very materially, but the negro was persistently kept from the franchise. While the XIVth Amendment made the nation truly federal—defining a citizen as one "born or naturalized" in the United States—it failed signally to secure to the negro the privilege of suffrage. The "right" of women to vote and the menace of the foreign elector claimed little attention, although by 1850 there was systematic agitation for woman suffrage and a fast rising tide of immigration.

The double movement in the qualifications for the electorate was not sectional, there was unusual uniformity: widening to admit all whites, native or foreign, narrowing to exclude the negro. By 1867 the qualifications for suffrage became very greatly altered. Twenty commonwealths required that the voter be a citizen of the United States and eight that he "declare his intent" to become a citizen. Only New Hampshire failed to fix a definite term of residence for electors, but under the stress of immigration and abolitionism the term was growing shorter in the North and longer in the South. A property qualification was not required in twenty-eight commonwealths and in six others it had dwindled to a tax test. No woman had voted since 1807. The negro was denied the privilege of suffrage in all but six commonwealths and discriminated against in one of these; in but two (New Hampshire and Massachusetts) would public opinion permit him to vote. The foreign vote was becoming formidable—especially in the cities. Slavery had kept immigrants out of the South. While the XIVth Amendment discouraged the unjust disfranchisement of citizens, the XVth declared that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." But suffrage was still a commonwealth matter: the United States could take cognizance only when one of the above amendments was violated. Yet the negro could and did vote. But he was soon divorced from the unfamiliar privilege. Meanwhile two other suffrage questions claimed attention. In 1869 the territory of Wyoming granted full suffrage to women and at that time the influx of aliens became startling. Thus three problems confront the publicist: the negro, the foreigner, and the woman. During the last quarter of the past century significant changes have been made in the qualifications for electors, mirroring clearly these suffrage questions. The XVth Amendment forced the word "white" out of thirty-seven commonwealth constitutions; but recently ten southern commonwealths have revived the property test, and have exempted the impecunious whites, so that the negro alone is affected. There are no real property qualifications elsewhere. Thirty-one commonwealths require the voter to be a citizen, and

in ten he can vote upon "declaration of intent." The term of residence required of electors has become longer in the South, shorter in the North, and still shorter in the West. In four western commonwealths women vote at all elections, while in twenty-one they enjoy "school suffrage," and in six a sort of "municipal suffrage." Eleven commonwealths require an educational qualification; unfortunately six of these are in the South where the negro alone has to meet the test; ignorant whites are skillfully excepted. Thus the newest as well as the oldest qualification for the elective franchise is made to serve the ends of partisan politics. The age test (twenty-one years) has never been changed.

A glance at the Twelfth Census discloses some startling facts. Out of 75,994,575 of population, 10,341,276 are foreigners and 8,833,994 negroes; out of 21,134,299 possible voters, 2,288,470 are illiterate. Also in the extreme West, with a population of 4,091,349, the males outnumber the females by 504,115. Thus, while the presence of the foreigner and the negro has created suffrage problems in the North and South respectively, the *absence* of woman has done as much for the West of high altitudes. The three sections are solving their problems: the North is raising the qualification of citizenship, the South is disfranchising the negro by property and educational tests that bear upon him alone, the West has begun to extend full suffrage to women. The hindrances are: the foreigner's habit of colonizing in the large cities, the negro's moral obliquity, and the woman's indifference. The electorate has grown from 150,000 to over 21,000,000. Suffrage from a feeble beginning has come to be *the* problem of the republic. Everything depends on the bond uniting state and government. In recalling the two and one quarter million illiterate voters it is well to remember that a stream cannot rise above its source. While much can be accomplished through impartial and stringent suffrage and election laws the education of the electorate is the nation's best safeguard.

Albert J. McCulloch,

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

THE CONSUMMATE FLOWER OF ÆSTHETICISM

ÆSTHETICISM is a doctrine of some philosophies, a theory of art now dominant in artistic circles, a practical cult followed intentionally by a cultivated few and unintelligently by a miscellaneous multitude. It is a modern Epicureanism having for its cardinal and comprehensive postulate that pleasure is the supreme good. Its prescription for the improvement of mankind is the cultivation of taste and the development of æsthetic sensibility. It maintains the pagan doctrine that the purifying influence in life (the Aristotelian *καθαρσις*) is æsthetic rather than moral, and that the hand of Art is competent to sprinkle humanity with lustral water, making it clean and sweet and beautiful. The two fatal errors that damn this pagan doctrine are its repudiation of morals and its extravagant glorification of the physical senses. Æstheticism has gradually assumed such dogmatic definiteness, bold aggressiveness, and shameless indecency as to startle, horrify, and exasperate a not-over-sensitive public, provoking a justly furious storm of indignation. Culminating in such shocking examples as Oscar Wilde and Stanford White, it has exposed its real nature so glaringly as to make the civilized world stand aghast. But the world will lose the lesson of those horrible examples unless it perceives that they are the natural fruit, the logical and legitimate result of the doctrine and practice of æstheticism. Repudiate morals and glorify the senses, and nothing more is needed to insure rottenness and ruin.

For twenty years Oscar Wilde posed as the prince of æsthetes in England, afterward spent two years in prison as punishment for loathsome crimes, and died a dozen years ago in squalor and misery

in the Latin Quarter of Paris, as friendless as he was frivolous, as deserted and destitute as he was degraded, shunned by all mankind excepting Robert Ross, his literary executor, and Lord Alfred Douglas, who paid the expenses of Wilde's burial. Ten years after the forlorn ending of the chief æsthete's career, the patience of the decent portion of mankind has been sorely tried by an effort on the part of certain intrepid champions of æstheticism to restore Oscar Wilde to public tolerance and even to favorable regard. In pursuance of this effort Robert Ross published a small prose volume entitled De Profundis, written by Wilde during his incarceration, and a string of verses entitled The Ballad of Reading Gaol, written after his release. These volumes, it is claimed, contain a confession, an apology, a self-vindication, a reparation. Upon the basis of these two very peculiar documents, left by a fatally perverted nature, one man has written of "Oscar Wilde's Atonement," claiming that by what is therein contained the prisoner of Reading Gaol has fully atoned for the egregious folly and the horrible evil of his life. But in those documents we can discover not even a faint desire to offer any apology for himself and his abominable crimes. Another advocate of æstheticism wrote exultantly of "The Rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde." But the effort for such restoration proves as futile as an attempt to rehabilitate an addled egg. Worst of all among the rehabilitators, considering his position, is Professor Hugh Walker of Saint David's College, Lampeter, England, who published in the Hibbert Journal an article entitled "The Birth of a Soul," the gist of which was that the two documents referred to prove that their unhappy author became, while in prison, a new man by experiencing "a second birth in a sense far deeper than that which is usually attached to the glibly-repeated phrases of traditional theology." (A professor who pleads the cause of Oscar Wilde is likely to indulge in flings at traditional theology.) Neither in De Profundis nor in The Ballad of Reading Gaol is there adequate proof of any real transformation of character. The core of Professor Walker's article is in this sentence: "The change worked in Wilde while in prison is so enormous that it may fairly be described as the birth of a soul. The new soul was begotten by sin and born of agony." Evidently this professor does not understand the method of spiritual regeneration nor the signs and evidences of a new birth. A new soul is begotten not by sin but by the Holy Spirit convincing of sin, and is born not of mere suffering but of sincere renunciation of sin and repentance unto good works. That

the miserable convict of Reading Gaol ever approached or desired such a state of mind there is no proof. So absurd is Professor Walker's ethically shallow article that we cannot wonder at Andrew Lang's comment when he read the account of the birth of a soul, in which the professor describes the author of Salome as being as "beautiful as a floating bubble played upon by the sunlight, sporting upon the surface of life." "How innocent some of the clergy are! Anything but a beautiful bubble was Dr. Walker's hero," remarks Mr. Lang. And when he reads further the professor's opinion that it may have been worth while for his "beautiful bubble" to sin as deeply as he did, inasmuch as it helped him to write about it as he did, Mr. Lang exclaims: "Here is quite the newest morality. One reads with incredulous laughter; but the stuff is in print in the Hibbert Journal! In the name of the prophet—Bosh!" Not with laughter are we able to read such dangerously superficial and demoralizingly sentimental "stuff." It is necessary to protest against the blurring and muddling of the moralities in literary and artistic and even theological circles. It is a duty to insist on the awful moral lessons which drip from the fate of Oscar Wilde like drops of blood from a sharp chisel's edge. Vastly instructive and impressive is it that these tragic ethical lessons are found bleeding down in a realm the rulers of which undertake to exclude ethics altogether—the world of æsthetics. Out from the career of this apostle of æstheticism sounds what Dr. Olin A. Curtis calls "the moral outcry, the serious warning for sinful men."

Wilde's case affords opportunity to study æstheticism in full bloom, since he was in doctrine its most insistent and in conduct its most consistent apostle in modern times. He had the courage or the impudence of his principles and lived down to them without reserve or hesitation, daringly desecrating his life to the unmitigated practice of his luxurious philosophy. The normal ultimate development of æstheticism is sheer abandoned sensualism. Its full evolution is usually repressed either by a decent regard for the opinions of mankind or by fear of the police. But this leader of æsthetes developed shamelessly and fearlessly to the full. Thus he came to be the typical æsthete of his day. We call him the consummate flower of æstheticism, a most noxious, mephitic, and poisonous bloom. He tells us how in his college days he started on the course which made him the chief of æsthetes and finally put him in prison: "I remember when I was at Oxford saying to one of my friends as we were strolling round Magdalen College's narrow bird-haunted walks one morn-

ing in the year before I took my degree, that I wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world, and that I was going out into the world with that passion in my soul. And so, indeed, I went out, and so I lived." And so, indeed, he did, heedless of moral prohibitions or injunctions and regaling himself with whatever forbidden fruits his rampantly rebellious nature chanced to crave. Unlimited indulgence of all tastes and appetites was his program from the outset. Boundless lilies and languors, roses and raptures he reveled in, reckless of right or wrong, wisdom or folly. So purposing this elegant Oxford exquisite went out. How he fulfilled his purpose and what came of it he tells us: "I lived for pleasure to the full. There was no pleasure I did not experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honeycomb. . . . I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I surrounded myself with the smaller and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went into the depths in the search for new sensations. Desire at the end became a malady or a madness or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure wherever it pleased me and passed on. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. . . . No man ever fell so ignobly as I did." Even Michael Monahan, one of his perverse admirers, who wrote of "Oscar Wilde's Atonement," admits that Wilde went to his prison with the burden of such shame and reprobation as was never laid upon a literary man of equal eminence; that not a voice was raised for him, the starkness of his guilt silencing even his closest friends and warmest admirers; that the world at large approved his punishment; that even the people who dislike to see the suffering of any sinner were so revolted by the nature of his offense that they turned away shocked and silent; that the sin of Oscar Wilde was so gross and inexcusable as to deserve no charity and permit of no discussion; that while, if his crime had been mere murder, his genius and his fame would have raised up defenders; as it was, all mouths were stopped and all faces were averted in disgust as the forlorn wretch went friendless to his inevitable doom. That is the sort of criminal who is declared to have made, in a couple of pieces of fine writing, such an atonement as demands from mankind a forgiveness

for his sins and a restoration to its favor; and this is the offender for whom Professor Walker of Saint Davids endeavored to prove in a dozen pages of the Hibbert Journal that sin and sorrow so transformed him while in prison that he came out a new-born soul. The alleged regeneration is most unsatisfactory, and entirely unconfirmed. That the vilest prodigal may return, if he will, from the company of harlots and of swine to the pardon, and purity, and peace of the Father's house, there to abide forevermore, is cardinal Christian doctrine. But that this particularly riotous æsthetic prodigal ever really renounced the error of his abominable ways—of this no proof has been furnished.

Nobody in our time disputes with Oscar Wilde the title of typical æsthete. He is called an *édition de luxe* of æstheticism. In a Paris café he told André Gide that morality had absolutely no interest to him. Very early in his career he announced to the powers of darkness and of light his intention to maintain neutrality toward their disturbing and tiresome contentions. With the age-long quarrel between Right and Wrong his high-and-mighty elegance would not concern itself. His proclamation of neutrality read thus:

> In dreams of art
> And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
> Neither for God nor for his enemies.

It was the voice of selfish and luxurious indolence saying: "Let God and his enemies fight their grim battle out while we exquisite æsthetic souls in a Fools' Paradise gratify our tastes and embellish our ease by cultivating the beautiful, carving statues, painting pictures, practicing graceful poses, polishing fine phrases, inventing plays and poems." But in moral topography there is no neutral zone. Good and evil divide the entire territory of life between them. Pretended neutrals are usually found sitting in the seat of the scornful and pitching their tents toward Sodom. Practically, to hold off from God is to stand in with the adversary. These professed neutrals give aid and comfort to the enemy, and instead of sitting on the fence as indifferent spectators of the tremendous tournament are rushing defiantly on the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.

The typical æsthete claims to be a superior being, because endowed with what he calls "the artistic temperament," which constitutes an exceptional class, exempt from the restrictions and obligations which condition men in general. In quality compared with

ordinary people he feels himself to be as Sèvres china is to common earthenware. But skeptical critics treat these superior beings with remorseless disrespect. Here is Mr. Chesterton saying irreverently:

> The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. It is a disease which arises from men not having sufficient power of expression to utter and get rid of the element of art in their being. . . . Artists of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, as they breathe easily or perspire easily. But in artists of less force the thing becomes a pressure, and produces a definite pain, which is called the artistic temperament. Thus, very great artists are able to be ordinary men—men like Shakespeare or Browning.

And here is an exasperated editor who, on being told that somebody's fantastic and self-important behavior was due to the artistic temperament, exclaimed: "Artistic temperament! There is no such thing. It is only another name for bad manners and a swelled head." Certain it is that megalocephalus frequently goes with the so-called artistic temperament. Maarten Maartens makes one of his characters say: "I loathe the 'artistic temperament.' It explains away every weakness and condones every crime."

That Oscar Wilde is the typical æsthete is confirmed to us by the fact that he is a preposterous megalomaniac, suffering with a tympanitic tumefaction of the organ of self-esteem. He imagines that he has played a great rôle in the life of his epoch; regards himself, poor fellow, as exceedingly important to the art and culture of our modern age; says that not only did he himself realize his phenomenal importance very early in his career, but that he forced the world to recognize it too; says also that few men ever held such a position of leadership and had it so acknowledged in their own lifetime. While he recognizes Byron as a figure of some literary significance, he yet feels himself Byron's superior because of his own relations with things nobler, larger, more vital, and more permanent than the author of Childe Harold ever knew. He actually thinks he has won in literature an eternity of fame. But he vastly overrates his tonnage and displacement in human affairs. As the German said of Bimi, the orang-outang, in Kipling's story: "He haf too much ego in his cosmos." His megalocephalus was incurable. Not even the stern suppressions and menial drudgeries of prison life could reduce his grandiose egotism to moderate dimensions. Looking out upon society from his cell he pities it for its stupid inability to perceive his exceptional greatness, and for its lack of urbanity in not

suspending its laws in deference to a really dynamic and imperial nature like his own. Counting his precious self and his pleasure of supreme importance he became a professional dandy, fop, and dude, a melodramatic coxcomb with a greed for adulation, drawing after him in his vain, peacocky train a cooing coterie of degenerates characterized by vapidity and viciousness. He considered himself a lord of language, a master of Tusculan prose, and by producing one witty comedy, one poor novel, some artificial verses, a shameful, sacrilegious opera, and a few rhetorical essays, he attained a temporary prominence in the class of writers Labouchere had in mind when he gave the following recipe for making a modern English literary celebrity: "Half educate a vain youth at Oxford; let his hair grow; dip him into erotic French literature; add one idea, and chop it small; log-roll the whole; then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan, and Shakespeare." In the world of letters he was, at best, only a purveyor of fragrant verbiage, a peddler of sweet lavender on the sidewalks of literature.

This typical æsthete counted himself superior to law. "I am a born antinomian," he says; "I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws." But the great cosmic system of things recognizes no such privileged class. The universe is garrisoned and patroled by sentinels that let nobody pass without the countersign. The stately, solemn, observant laws nod to this antinomian from the judgment seat that they note what he says, and will make record of his doings, and attend to his case—it is sure not to be overlooked nor lost off the docket. There is a parable which says:

> Once upon a time a man who was either a lunatic, a fool, or an overgrown infant, went up in a balloon. Nonchalantly remarking that he was not made for laws he flung himself gaily out of the airship in cool disregard of the law which Newton thought he discovered. The balloonist said he was not made for gravitation. But gravitation did not so understand; gravitation straightway claimed him for its own. And quickly he lay on the ground, a heap of broken bones, shredded muscles, split veins, and spirting arteries, spilling his life into eternity. Gravitation is an undiscriminating power, the obedient servant of the system of things. Having received no official orders to make an exception of lunatics, fools, infants, or antinomians this mild, mighty, unemotional force brought down the balloonist as apathetically as if he had been a stone.

Similar is the fate of antinomian æsthetes who fancy that they belong to a privileged class, immune to penalty; who expect the law of

gravitation, or the law of cause and effect, or the law of sowing and reaping, or any other of great nature's laws, to become deferential and obsequious when their majesties approach.

Naturally enough Oscar Wilde, the typical æsthete, was as superficial as he was sensual; as faithless as he was filthy. No one is surprised when he tells us that he gives *his* faith to what one can touch and look at, that *his* gods dwell in temples made with hands, and that as for religion, he seldom gives it a thought, but when he does he feels like founding what might be called the Confraternity of the Faithless, for whose communion a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate, upon an altar of crumbling clay, with unblessed bread and an empty chalice, the blasphemous sacrament of irreverence, disbelief, and desecration. To be faithless was as natural to him as to be filthy. Distrust of spiritual realities beat with his blood and disbelief in all things high came easy to him.

For the helplessly hesitant and weakly faithless we have nothing but pity: nothing but sympathy for the pathetic irresolution of natures which suffer like Hamlet from a morbid temperament, a questioning mind, and an indolent disposition, too bewildered and indecisive to commit themselves to any affirmative belief or positive action,—who pass their days not really living but timidly hesitating or listlessly lingering on the skirts of life, and who, while incapable of faith or action, yet hold fast in the dark with a pure intent to all that is clean and fine and dear to honorable souls. But no such pity is possible toward Oscar Wilde. His faithlessness was born of a preference for filth A degenerate of similar tendency though in a different circle was the ex-Reverend Hugh O. Pentecost as appears from his own base, blatant, insolent words:

> Right and wrong, good and bad, moral and immoral, have no meaning for me. The happiest moment of my life was when I found that I had elliminated conscience, root and brauch, and had no moral sense whatever. Good and evil are all gammon and spinach to me. If you'd get rid of conscience and all that tommyrot, you'd have the solution to every problem in life. I have no fear of God nor of the devil. I propose to yield to every temptation. I only need to be sure it is a temptation. If it is—good-by, I'm gone. Every temptation I have in the world, I yield to—every one. Character? There is no such thing as character.

Now, whatever the motive for such a wild, anarchistic proclamation as that, one effect of it was sure—by it all persons were duly warned against trusting H. O. Pentecost.

30

In the long misery of his hard prison life the æsthete of Reading Gaol cast about for relief. He appealed to society for help; what he really wanted was to be released, recognized, reinstated. But society, concerned for the welfare of its members, turned a deaf ear to his entreaty, not considering it safe to let this moral leper loose among human habitations. Society judged him unfit to be trusted even with his own children; so for their protection the law took them away from him, denied him all sight of them. Of this he writes: "It was a blow so appalling that I did not know what to do, so I flung myself upon my knees, and bowed my head, and wept, and said: 'The body of a child is as the body of the Lord: I am not worthy of either.'" Sorely and bitterly needing help, and looking for it in every direction, this poor sensualist shows his incredible mental and moral aberration by saying: "Neither religion, nor morality, nor reason can help me at all." Only suppose he had had sense enough to flee for refuge to that lofty, benign, and powerful trinity, Religion, Morality, and Reason—what could they not have done for him? Do not all sane men know that this great Three were together perfectly able to heal him of his leprosy, to cleanse him from his sins, to take his feet out of the horrible pit of miry clay and set them upon a rock and establish his goings? If he had made friends with that mighty Triumvirate, he could have washed his robes and made them white, and stood at last with the redeemed, a sinner saved. But contemning and rejecting Them, nothing was left possible for his stained and suffering soul but to steep and stew in a witches' broth of irreligion, immorality, and unreason, in a place of darkness, and madness, and fire. If any complain that this is preaching, let them make the most of it. It is what those stern, solemn, and faithful pastors, Nature and Experience, preach age after age in language which forever bites, scorches, and blisters.

One of the heralds of Oscar Wilde *redivivus* undertakes to tell us what high company visited him in jail and what consoled this vile criminal after he had distinctly flouted religion, morality, and reason:

> Art, his adored mistress, whispered her thrilling consolations to the poor castaway—society had taken all from him—liberty, honor, wealth, fame, mother, wife, children—and shut him up in an iron hell, but by God! it should not take art. With his little pen in hand the world was under his feet. Solemn judge, stolid jury, the beast of many heads and the whited British Philistia, let them come on now!—but soft, the poet's anger

is gone in a moment, for beauty, faithful to one who had loved her t'other side o' madness, comes and fills his narrow cell with her adorable presence, bringing the glory of the sweet world he had lost—the breath of dawn, the scented hush of summer nights, the peace of April rains, the pageant of the autumn lands, the changeful wonder of the sea. Imagination brushes away his bounds of stone and steel to give him all her largess of the past; gracious figures of poesy and romance known and loved from his sinless youth, the elect company of classic ages to whom his soul does reverence and who seem not to scorn him; the fair heroines of immortal story who in the old days had deemed him worthy of their love—he would kneel at their white feet now, but their sweet glances carry no rebuke; the kind poets, his beloved masters who bend upon him no alienated gaze; the heroes, the sages who had inspired his boyish heart, the sceptered and mighty sons of genius who had roused in him a passion for fame—all come thronging at the summons of memory and fancy—a far dearer and better world than that which had denied, cursed and condemned him, and which he was to know no more.

Much help and consolation the poor convict must have gotten from the fancied visits of this fluttering company of the imagination, yearning for his society and flying from afar for the horrible privilege of settling down about him in the measly squalor of his hideous plight! The only convention that quite matches Michael Monahan's great convocation in Oscar Wilde's cell is that described by Balzac with matchless irony as gathering about the bed of one of his characters:

The peris, nymphs, fairies, sylphs of the olden time, the muses of Greece, the marble Virgins of the Certosa of Pavia, the Day and Night of Michael Angelo, the little angels that Bellini first drew at the foot of church paintings, and to whom Raphael gave such divine form at the foot of the Madonna at Dresden; Orcagna's captivating maidens in the church of Or San Michele at Florence, the heavenly choirs on the tomb of Saint Sebald at Nuremberg, several Virgins in the Duomo at Milan, the hordes of statued and pictured angels from a hundred Gothic cathedrals, the whole nation of ideal figures that artists invent—all these angelic incorporeal maidens rushed to Massimilla's bed and wept there.

The typical case of Oscar Wilde stands to warn us against those who would hold the æsthetic world entirely sundered from ethics and philosophy; who teach that the realm of beauty is a self-contained world, complete itself, so distinct and independent that the ideals of truth and moral goodness have no jurisdiction over it and no part in it; who would say, "If a so-called work of art is offensive to reason and morals, then let reason and morals go on about their business, with averted eyes if they please, but not stop to interfere with matters

which do not concern them. Even though they have to hold their noses as they pass let them go by in silence." But for the measurement and appraisal of everything in the human universe there is a higher norm than the canon of good taste, and all the works of man's hands and all the actions of man's life must be judged at the bar of reason and morals, whose decision is irreversible, final, there being no higher court to which appeal can be taken for a work of art or any other work which reason and morals have condemned. It is in a rational and moral universe that all works of art must survive or perish. Over against æstheticism is idealism, which declares that those works which merely gratify the eye or the ear will surely perish, and only those which address the mind and have a message for the soul can survive in such a universe.

The æsthetical people say that to regard art as merely an agreeable accessory to life, and no more, like the minstrel after the banquet, is the view of the uninitiated, the Philistine, the man on the street. But it is perfectly clear that to put æsthetics to the front, claiming for them prime importance, is equivalent to making recreation, diversion, amusement, and pleasure-seeking man's supreme business, and putting life upon a diet of bon-bons, confetti, and delicatessen, the inevitable result being sickly satiety, dyspeptic loathing, and general debility. Any just comparison or intelligent valuation of human interests must rate æsthetics as of relatively trivial importance. They have to do with light surface matters which are to the depths of man's life as the iridescent froth of foaming waves upon the surface of the sea is to the great oceanic deep, vast, unfathomed, and tumultuous, gulf-streamed by tremendous tendencies, tidal-waved by the lift of firmamental forces, and bearing on its bosom brave expeditions and rich argosies. The proper use for æsthetics may be indicated by what Josh Billings said of flattery: "It is like cologne-water, to be smelt of but not swallowed."

The æsthetes regard Christian society as prudish, priggish, and Puritanic. They reject its standards of value, and reverse its orders of merit. They rank the code of etiquette above the code of ethics. To them gaucherie is worse than guilt. They hold it better to be well dressed than to be chaste, and to be polite than to be honest. With them *bien ganté et bien chaussée* is more than virtue, and good form rather than good morals is the prime social requisite. They explicitly declare that an ear for music is a finer and more covetable possession than a quick conscience. They think more of Delsartean

grace of physical pose and carriage than of divine grace in the heart or the combined beauty of all the Christian graces that ever dressed, decorated, and dignified a human character. They regard a sense of color as more important to the development of the individual than is a sense of justice or a sense of moral decency. And the result of their scheme of development in its ultimate and legitimate effect is what Professor Charlier's broken English pronounced "Ze devil-upment of ze human character."

The object of all culture is to improve and perfect man's nature. And this perfecting is best accomplished, not in the realm of sensation by titillation of the sensory nerves or hyperexcitation of emotional sensibility; nor yet in the realm of intellect by stimulating those neurons on the cortex of the brain which are said to be the instruments of mental energy; but rather and only in the realm of morality by awakening and educating the conscience, that organ of spiritual perception which takes knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong—that part of man's threefold nature which makes him capable of the beatific vision and by potent spiritual assimilation likens him to God. And the perfecting of the higher nature will insure the due development of the lower. Not only is moral culture fundamentally essential to man's progress; it also pregnantly includes or provides for *all* true culture. It contains in itself the promise and potency of the healthy development of all human faculties and the well-being of all interests. Man's felicity and dignity are not in the exquisite physical moment, nor in mental clarity and force, but in purity of heart. Nothing can match, and no one is permitted to disparage, the supreme glory of the hour when a clean heart is created, and a right spirit renewed within, when the moral nature comes to itself and takes command of the ship of life. And on the other hand, artistic culture and all the vaunted æsthetic ideals put together are meager, inadequate, and ineffectual, utterly incapable of organizing man's world in the interest of health, or of wealth, or of nobleness, or of dignity, or even of the loveliness which is their chosen and peculiar province.

To the genuine æsthete, the moralization of life is the sterilizing and monotonizing of life. To him virtue and piety seem as insipid, tame, and tasteless as a diet of oatmeal gruel and cambric tea. He prefers "high" game and spiced viands, seasoned with tabasco, washed down with fire-water. He resembles in a way the Beluch at Isa Tahir who watched Captain Webb-Ware's servant filtering

the water for dinner. On account of the bad water in many parts of the Orient, an effective filter was part of the traveling Englishman's camp outfit. At Isa Tahir the only source of supply was a dirty yellow pool thick with filth, and the captain's servant was running a bucketful of it through the camp filter from which it flowed out clear as crystal. The native Beluch who watched this rushed to Captain Webb-Ware in great trepidation and concern. "Sahib," he said, "do you know what your servant is doing? He is taking all the color, all the strength, all the smell, and all the taste out of the water you are to drink." The Beluch was an æsthete, a gentleman of taste. Such a Beluch was Voltaire who denounced chastity and purity as interfering with human freedom and happiness; and such Renan became, declaring finally that he regarded an honorable life as a mistake—a tame and fettered life.

When æstheticism banishes morals, then all vices become compatible if not congenial with it. Stephen Phillips violates none of the canons of probability in portraying Nero as being at once a murderous, incestuous monster with a ferocious lust for blood, and at the same time an æsthete with a taste for music and letters, who quarrels with his mother because she lacks the artistic temperament, holds æsthetic tournaments in which he struts and sings with dancers and buffoons to sensuous Oriental music, and dies at last in a theatrical pose crying in frenzied vanity: "What an artist perishes in me!"

The æsthetes even hold that vice and crime may contribute to æsthetic perfection and enhance artistic skill. Years before his own public downfall, Oscar Wilde, referring to Thomas Wainewright, the painter, who was also a noted forger and a proved poisoner, said that Wainewright's career as a poisoner improved the quality of his art. Wilde and Wainewright were not unlike. Both were æsthetic souls, keenly sensitive to beautiful surroundings, and both varied life's dull respectability with a few exciting crimes. Wainewright poisoned several persons because he coveted their money, or perhaps upon æsthetic principles because their personal appearance did not embellish the landscape. This cultured devotee of the beautiful was transported by rough and ready English law to Van Diemen's Land, where he continued his æsthetic criminal career, painting pictures and poisoning people by turns. Oscar Wilde says that being a murderer made this man a better painter. Is mixing poisons a training for mixing colors? If, as the æsthetes hold, art is the

thing of highest importance, and if, as the typical æsthete holds, experience in crime can improve art's quality, then the æsthetes have provided themselves with a justification for their crimes. But it is a devilish delusion that a vile or wicked life can improve any of the products of genius. Mr. Mabie is right in saying that

> the artist never lived who violated the laws of life, moral or physical, without damage to the quality of his genius, and to the value of his work. A man may come out of the gutter as one has come in our time, to sing a song or shape a lyric, but no man ever came out of the gutter to write the Divine Comedy or Shakespeare's masterpieces. One cannot do or see great things without perfect health of body, mind, and soul. There is only one road to greatness, and that is the road of character. If we lose the purity and sincerity and innocence of the child, we may still do technically clever and artistically flashy things, but we will cease to do great things because the power to conceive them will have passed from us.

Oscar Wilde's extravagant praise of Paul Verlaine is what might be expected from him, but no great or healthy work could possibly come from a man of Verlaine's habits, all of whose writings were a product of the heady fumes of wine. When the powerful excitement of his revel was at its height, Verlaine wrote with fiery force things vulgar and impure. In the weak, tremulous state of reaction and remorse which follows prolonged debauch, he attempted devotional poetry. But his alleged spirituality is almost as unwholesome as his sensuality. Virtue and temperance and health are essential to the production of great art. This is one reason why there is so little that is great in current French literature; and this is why when an Oxford undergraduate expatiated to Dr. Jowett on the charms of a typical French novel, the master of Balliol said to the student: "What sentence is written above the entrance to hell?" "'Abandon hope, all ye that enter here,'" replied the young man. "No," said Jowett, "it is *'Ici on parle Français.'*"

Naturally, the æsthetes freely condone, or rather ignore, the crimes of their champion and chief, and would like to restore him to his pedestal and publicly reassemble his worshipers about his feet. So much as this their very principles require of them. A Capuchin monk once said to one of Renan's friends: "He has done many evil things, your friend Renan, many evil things; *but* he has spoken well of Saint Francis, and Saint Francis will arrange all that." With similar condonation would the artistic guild say of Oscar Wilde: "He has done many evil things, *but* he has spoken well and

written finely about Beauty; therefore he holds a place in the Valhalla of æstheticism among the heroes and champions of the Beautiful." And if what Mr. Chesterton says is true, some amends should be made to Oscar Wilde. Chesterton thinks society treated Wilde unfairly, inasmuch as it encouraged him for years in preaching an immoral attitude by fêting and lionizing him while he was posing as the leader and teacher of the æsthetes; and then when he took to practicing the immoral attitude he had preached, society closed in on him and restrained his active immoralities by means of handcuffs and prison cells. Mr. Chesterton fails to think clearly. He should discriminate. The people who for years fêted Wilde for preaching immorality were not the people who arrested him when caught in the flagrant criminal act. The lionizing was done by a coterie of self-demoralized æsthetes and their following; the punishing was done by the official agents of the great sane, majestic moral sense of the community sturdily bent on enforcing decency. Society took no harsh exceptional or inconsistent course in Wilde's case. A free community is always tolerant of mere theories, however pernicious, immoral, or destructive; but when the theorist puts his objectionable and injurious theories into practice by overt acts, then he encounters the teeth of the effective machinery which society maintains for its own protection and which does not discriminate between æsthetes and other anarchists. When Chesterton charges society with unfairness toward Oscar Wilde he errs through his failure to discriminate between a coterie and the community. But he is perfectly correct in saying that what this chief of the æsthetes did was simply to carry out in practice the doctrines of his cult. He lived his principles to the full, and so he became the consummate flower of æstheticism. Usually it is some weak-minded or unbalanced disciple of destructive theories that is rash enough to perpetrate the extreme overt act logically enjoined by the evil teaching, as when Czolgosz, fired by what he has heard at anarchist meetings or read in yellow journals, goes out to do the act which the teachings of the leaders suggest and justify. But in the case of the æsthetes, those anarchists against the moral law, it is their chief prophet, apostle, and teacher who has the nerve, the reckless daring to practice what he preaches and to live down to the principles they all uphold.

Nothing is plainer than the superficiality and futility of æstheticism as a means of culture. What proof more positive of its superficiality is possible than the æsthete of Reading Gaol who, having

devoted his life to cultivating his æsthetic taste to the last degree of exquisiteness, at the height of his career knows as little of true refinement as a tree-toad knows of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. That the man who was the consummate flower and the complete embodiment of æstheticism could be at once so dainty and so dirty, so squeamish and so squalid, so nice and so nasty, is proof that the refinement of a merely æsthetic culture goes not much deeper than does the rouge on a courtesan's enameled cheek. As to its futility, the words of a bright Englishman are true: "This is the *carpe diem* philosophy; but the *carpe diem* philosophy is not the philosophy of happy people, but of very unhappy people. Great joy does not gather the rosebuds while it may; its eyes are fixed on the immortal rose which Dante saw: and great joy has in it the sense of immortality. . . . No blow has ever been struck at the natural loves and laughter of men so sterilizing and paralyzing as this *carpe diem* of the æsthetes." Both the superficiality and the futility of æstheticism are conspicuous and pitiable. It fails so entirely with both lobes of its brain that one can hardly imagine how unsuccess could be more complete. Starting out with the principle of sacrificing all things to the pursuit of pleasure, it ends by achieving as its most obvious result in its typical case the most phenomenal and excruciating misery. And beginning by excluding all considerations and aims except the production of beautiful works of art, it ends, as a brilliant critic tells us, by having no art worth showing. "There are many real tragedies of the æsthetic world and the artistic temperament," says this critic, "but the greatest tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art." We should not count this to be æstheticism's worst tragedy, but he states correctly the utter futility of the æsthete's misguided endeavor.

The poison of æstheticism accounts largely for the inferiority and viciousness of modern art. Critics who are not of the clergy, and who know more about the matter than we can, report that demoralization is nearly complete in the art world. We are told that most of the artists of today hold the doctrines of sheer thoroughgoing æstheticism. With cynical disregard of moral considerations, they regard in any work of art only the artistic content. "Art for art's sake" is their intentionally and explicitly immoral motto. James Huneker, the special critic of musical and dramatic art, says that the puzzling thing about the new dispensation in art is its absolute departure from the ethics of Christianity; and its substitu-

tion of the ethics of Spinoza ravished by the rhetoric of Nietzsche, who called himself the great immoralist, denied the soul, and proclaimed the rank animalism of man. The moral dangers of the art world and the whole æsthetic realm must be considered real, and not the nightmare of a preacher's indigestion, when even a decadent like George Moore says he does not believe that the moral sense can flourish in an artistic atmosphere, and that modern art as it exists is positively unfriendly to morals. Art as the handmaid of religion and morality, as in the great old days of Angelo, and Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Fra Angelico, was one of the most glorious accessories, embellishments, and inspirations of civilized life. But art estranged from morals and religion, as in these degenerate and erring days, sinks to mediocrity and pettiness and develops the seeds of decay and death: becomes, in fact, a plague and a pestilence against which society needs to put up a quarantine.

In no department of the world of art has morality flourished less than in the dramatic. In spite of all the talk about reforming the stage, the best dramatic critics tell us that the theater today is disgraced by plays which are a "dramatized stench," and which frankly represent a life of filthy vice as better than a life of honest toil. The corrupting influence of the theater and the tendency of dramatic art to degenerate are seen in the fact that a man who set out a short time ago to reform the stage, and wrote what he called "Plays for Puritans," after a while offered the public a drama which shocked the sensibilities of a Tammany chief of police and was prohibited by that not over-scrupulous functionary. Last winter, in New York, out of the realm of art came the ghost of Reading Gaol to flap its obscene wings over the Metropolitan Opera House with a play wallowing in lasciviousness and reeking with suffocating moral stench, Oscar Wilde's opera of Salome, which a capable and dispassionate critic says should be staged nowhere outside of Sodom. Out of the realm of art came also the ghost of Madison Square Garden, to hover by day for months over the City Court, flitting by night perchance above the temple and the pleasure-palace he designed, his House of Worship and his House of Mirth, on the inner wall of one of which stand the commandments, God Almighty's "Thou-shalt-nots" which he put there, while on the roof of the other weeping angels see the little red pool which his murderer spilled there. Æstheticism is not justified of its children. To repudiate morals and to glorify the senses is to insure disease, death, putrefaction.

THE ARENA

A NEW EXPOSITION.

MUCH critical skill has been used to prove the first two chapters of Luke unhistorical. It is generally admitted, however, that Luke is the most accurate Greek scholar and historian of all the New Testament writers, he being the only one among them who was a native Greek, the others being Jews. But his plain and straightforward account of the virgin birth of Christ has been a stubborn rock of offense in the way of the rationalist and the skeptic; they have of late, however, indulged in much self-adulation in the supposition which they think is founded on historical facts that the first two chapters are merely legendary and mythical. They affirm that Luke is mistaken when he says in the second chapter and second verse that Quirinius was at the time of the birth of Christ governor of Syria.

Luke speaks of two enrollments: the first in his Gospel, second chapter, second verse, the second in the Acts, fifth chapter, thirty-seventh verse. The second was according to Josephus about A. D. 6, 7, when Judea was attached to Syria, which would make it about ten years between the two censuses, as we call them now in the United States. Luke in the Gospel and in the Acts uses the same Greek word, *apographa*, which does not mean an "assessment," or "taxing," but a "registration," or "enrollment," or "writing." And these enrollments were not of the people alone, but of their substance as well.

Luke does not say that at the second enrollment Quirinius was governor of Syria. And Josephus does not allude to the birth of Christ at all; neither does he say that Quirinius was governor of Syria or Judea at any time. Quirinius by this time had gained great fame as a Roman consul, a legate, a high military officer or commander, and had been sent often to quiet and settle many disturbances in different countries. So here Cæsar sent him down into Syria as a military and not a civil officer to oversee the enrollment. We assert, after considerable investigation, that Quirinius never was in our sense of the word governor of Syria or Judea. The Greek word used by Luke is *agamon*, and it is a military and not a civil term, and signifies a "high military officer" such as general, commander, lieutenant. The first English translators so translated it. Wiclif, Tyndale, Cranmer, and the Geneva versions all use the word "lieutenant." The Syriac and the Vulgate and the Rheims use the word "president"; that is, he was sent to preside as a temporary military officer over the censustaking. But the King James version is the first to use the word "governor." And this erroneous translation has caused commentators and critics more fruitless research and skeptics more pleasure and satisfaction than perhaps any other passage in the New Testament.

We may remark further that to parenthesize verse second is not sustained by universal authority. Westcott and Hort, who follow too exclusively the Sinaitic manuscript, use it, but it is worth calling attention

to at least that neither the Syriac nor the Vulgate, nor Wiclif, nor Tyndale, nor Cranmer, nor the Rheims use it. The Geneva and King James versions are the only ones which use it. Neither the British nor the American Standard Revisions use it. So far, then, as this parenthesis gives any support to the supposition that it is a later interpolation, or expresses any doubt of its accuracy by Luke, all such objections are removed, and it is a strong link in the strong chain of irrefragable evidence in favor of the historicity of these two chapters of the Gospel by Luke and to which I subscribe with unfeigned sincerity. And if I am to follow no road but that which is blazoned on every milepost by reason or knowledge, then I must stand still in my tracks and die in the wilderor knowledge, then I must stand still and die in the wilderness of life.

Pittsburg, Pa. E. M. Wood.

THE CREED—"HE ROSE AGAIN"

The editors of our new Hymnal have inserted the word "again" in the fifth article of the Apostles' Creed—omitted previously for a period of years—making it read: "He rose again from the dead." This action conforms to that of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church which, in 1886, restored the item to that formulary in their prayer book. But why, it has been asked, when once rejected, has it been taken back into service? At least one preachers' meeting, and that in no obscure village, has been called upon for a reply to the inquiry, without eliciting at the moment of inquiry any response. "Why," it was asked, "do our hymn book editors teach a second resurrection of Jesus from the dead?" Or does admiration for the rendering of ancient versions of the creed and a desire to recite in uniformity with other bodies of Christians, prevail over a strict regard to the facts in the case? For, manifestly, Christ did not rise *again!* He came again to life—"He was dead, and is alive again." But "rose again" conveys, strictly speaking, more than this fact proclaims; and the word "again" is contrary to truth, or, at the least, incongruous with grammatical nicety. A review of the English versions of ancient creeds reveals an almost unvarying use of the phrase "rose again." And translations from the works of modern authors into English preserve quite uniformly the same verbiage. Thus, for instance, Winer, in his Confessions of Christendom, is made to say: "Without the death there could have been no rising again; without the rising again there could have been no confirmation of the hope of eternal life." Similarly, the rendering of mediæval and of earlier allusions to the Creed, as, for example, the reply of the Archbishop of Sens to the Encyclical of the Emperor Charlemagne: "Our clergy teach that the Son hath both risen again and ascended. . . ." The English of Athanasius's exposition of his faith usually runs, "He rose from the dead," but that of Eusebius of Cæsarea makes it "rose again." The same is also true of a translation of an eighth century canon: "The Son of God was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and of Mary ever Virgin, . . . suffered, was buried, and rose again the third day." These instances run back to the fourteenth century, when

we first come upon the word "again." Thus the MS. Harleian runs: "The thridde day he roos agen from deeth to liif." And, doubtless, this early use of the adverb forced the uniformity of renderings ever since prevailing. Latin scholars may tell us whether the participles and verbs used in numerous formularies and creeds to express the fact of Jesus's return to the world of palpable human action, conveyed fairly this idea of "rising again." The Greek, however, does not seem to imply it. These ancient creeds and versions vary but little, and where they do it is not in the facts stated, but in the order of words, or in a variation of phrase without change of meaning. In Irenæus we read, "resurrectionem a mortuis (resurrection from the dead), and its equivalent *καὶ τὴν ἔγερσιν ἐκ νεκρῶν*. Also speaking of the faith of many pagan races who have accepted Jesus as Lord ("assentiunt multæ gentes barborum, eorum in Christum credunt"), he cites their belief in his suffering under Pilate, and his return in the flesh to the world ("passus sub Pontio Pilato, et resurgeus"). Resurrectionem is varied with "resuscitatum a mortuis" and "resuscitatum a Patre"; and resurrexit, surrexit, resurrexisse, resurgeus seem to be indifferently used—all conveying the idea that Jesus was restored (by the Father) to life, all pointing to the simple fact that he was alive again—not risen again. Alive again, but not a reanimation, as though there had been a temporary suspension of all human functions; but alive again *from the dead*, a real return from a real death.

The Nicene Creed, though almost invariably translated "rose again," reads, *ἀναστάντα* only. So do versions of this creed in the Greek tongue. There is, therefore, nothing to justify the rendering "again."

It is easy to account for Englishmen's love of obsolete forms and even of inaccuracies, illiterate and literate alike. But scholarly America is attaching great significance to whatever is age-old. And sometimes we crowd out better meanings—at least the more comprehensible ones—in our zeal for the ancient, or in our desire to share in terms which some arrogantly have reserved to their exclusive use. Thus Protestants insist on saying "Holy Catholic Church" not only because the phrase is ancient, but as teaching that no one church can be exclusively catholic.

The widely spread study of early English is also having its effect in fixing in the public mind a genuine taste for our early linguistic expressions, and so lends to venerable formularies an importance not wholly intrinsic.

Among some of these we discover the reason for the present persistence of this word "again." For instance, while the ninth century gives us, "Tham thridden daege he aras from deadum," and the twelfth century, "Thridden degge he aras from deatha," the fourteenth says: "The thridde day he roos agen from death to liif." Or—as varied in a *Prymer* of the same period—"The thridde day he roos agen fro deede." Of course this usage determined the form of expression employed in the King James version of the New Testament, wherever reference is made to the resurrection of Jesus: But what compelled our American revisers to adopt, without change, the misleading, or at the least the inexact rendering which includes the adverb "again"?

We lose nothing in the stateliness of form, in rhetorical rhythm and swing by reciting: "The third day he rose again from the dead." But we gain nothing except a conformity with the usage of churches antedating our own—which may or may not be helpful—and a return to that recital of the Creed in bygone centuries when our English tongue was hardening in its final mold.

S. Reese Murray.

Washington, D. C.

A CHALLENGED STATEMENT

On page 651 of the Methodist Review (for July, 1906), was a statement which in my opinion ought to be challenged as not merely being without either biblical or reasonable support, but as being contradicted by a plain declaration of Holy Writ. "That he [Moses] was raised and glorified is evident from the account of the transfiguration of Christ." Again: "The account of the transfiguration showed that Moses was not held in the embrace of death. . . . . It is said Moses and Elias appeared with Christ in glory and consequently in bodily form that had been glorified." Now, if these allegations about Moses are true, Moses and not Christ is the "first fruits of them that slept." For Christ's transfiguration preceded his resurrection, and *no one* had yet been raised from the dead. And if Samuel could appear to Saul in the home of the witch of Endor and predict the occurrences of the following day, if Dives after death could supplicate Abraham and be informed of the unalterable nature of his doom; and if purely spiritual beings could appear in bodily form to Abraham at his tent door, could eat and drink with him, and walk with him to the brow of the hill overlooking Sodom it certainly is not difficult to conclude that there was no impossibility or unreasonability in the appearance of Moses on the mount of transfiguration with an assumed form *or no form.* Indeed, to affirm such an impossibility is logically to assert that all the dead are without the power of communication both with the living and with each other, if not, indeed, to shut them up in unconscious existence. For if a disembodied spirit was unable to converse with Christ on that momentous occasion, and resurrection must either be accomplished for the purpose, or assumed to have previously transpired, then all the saints who sleep are under similar disability, and Paul is greatly mistaken when he affirms that to be absent from the flesh is to be "present with the Lord," and declares a doubt which could not exist in his mind when he writes: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven." For if a disembodied spirit cannot see, be seen, communicate intelligibly, and remember what he has seen and heard in his disembodied state, Saint Paul must have known it and would have perceived that only with his body was he "caught up to the third heaven." To my mind the appearance of the disembodied personality of Moses in company with Elias forms one of the most comforting, and at the same time most indisputable, assurances of which we have possession that our loved ones, who are passed over, are already in a state of felicity which will be further perfected when the "graves give up their dead."

Owatonna, Minn.

Henry G. Bilbie.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE—Continued from May-June Review, 1906

Verse 9. The view of those who hold that his statement about Michael is from an apocryphal book, The Assumption of Moses, is not sufficiently attested to regard it as more than mere conjecture. This passage is not a mere speculative statement but has its lesson in the next clause: "Durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." The "durst not" is in relation to God, not to Satan. "Michael shows his dread of transcending the bounds of his own duty, and arrogating to himself an office and authority belonging to the Lord alone." The charge against the false disciples whom Jude would rebuke is stated in the eighth verse: they "set at naught dominion and rail at dignities." Not so Michael: he modestly refused to bring railing judgment against the devil but left the penalty to God, and said: "The Lord rebuke thee." Rosemuller, quoted by Bloomfield, puts the meaning thus: "If Michael scrupled to revile the devil (an exalted angel, the worst of demons) who himself, though impious, had received from God some power in the world, how can we excuse those who do not hesitate to revile human magistrates, nay, even good angels." And Doddridge says: "If the angel did not rail even against the devil, how much less ought we against men in authority, even supposing them in some things to behave amiss." This passage of Scripture, so embarrassing to the interpreter, has nevertheless a rich meaning to our own age which lies on the surface and on which commentators agree. The rejection of both human and divine authority is an evil of our own times against which this verse of Holy Scripture makes its protest.

Verse 10. "But these speak evil of those things which they know not: but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves." The Revised Version is quite similar: "But they rail at whatsoever things they know not: and what they understand naturally, like creatures without reason, in these things they are destroyed." Jude is giving a fuller description of the characters of those whom he is considering, mentioned in the fourth verse, "ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." The arraignment is very sharp; "they rail at whatsoever things they know not." Adam Clarke renders this: "They do not understand the origin and utility of civil government; they revile that which protects their own persons and property. This is true of most insurrections and seditions." This interpretation is hardly consonant with the train of thought, as civil governments do not seem to be under consideration, but rather their relation to God. It is better with Alford to refer it to the spiritual world. This is characteristic of all corrupt hearts in relation to spiritual things. They rail at them although they do not

understand them. This practice is not unknown in our own time. Much of the bitter attitude toward sacred truth is the result of ignorance and because it is a reproof of evil deeds and consequently distasteful. The greater the ignorance the greater the bitterness. Not content with railing at sacred things of which they are ignorant, they are controlled by their natural passions and appetites, "what they understand naturally, like the creatures without reason." This is the subordination or neglect of their reason and submission to that blind instinct such as is common to the animal creation. "In these things are they destroyed." All sin is the destruction or corruption of that which is best and noblest in man. Yielding to natural instincts, discarding the reasoning faculty, rejecting Divine authority, have but one outcome. Such a course is fatal, corrupting the moral nature and calling for Divine penalty. Against this class Jude pronounces woe and prophesies further destruction of them.

VERSE 11. "Woe unto them! for they went in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for hire and perished in the gainsaying of Korah." This passage and other references to the Old Testament indicate that this letter is addressed to the Jewish element or they would be without significance to the readers. The three incidents were well known and were illustrative of the degenerate character of the Jews. The precise point in these references is somewhat obscure but should be interpreted in its broader aspects. The characters were similar but the acts were different. They all indicate hostility to God. "They went in the way of Cain." Cain's sin was the murder of his brother (Gen. 4: 8-12). The roots of Cain's sin were jealousy and anger. In the murder of Abel he violated that sense of brotherhood which includes not alone man's natural relations by heredity but the broader relations of humanity. The question which the Lord asked him showed the deep significance of his crime: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" Beginning in jealousy because Abel's offering had been accepted and his own rejected, he forgot the sense of brotherhood. His jealousy developed into hatred and finally into murder, and he became the first murderer recorded in sacred history. The sin here referred to is a violation of a sense of God's authority and of human brotherhood, a sin culminating in anger, jealousy, and crime. Cain became a type of all those who obey the impulses of their own natures instead of ordering their lives according to the commands of God. Some have regarded Cain in this passage as representing bad men everywhere and of all classes.

A further description is "they ran greedily after the error of Balaam for hire." Here again we cannot tell the exact characteristics intended to be set forth. As the primary sin of Balaam was covetousness, so, "Reckless of all that it costs, the loss of God's favor and heaven, on they rush after gain like Balaam." De Wette quoted by Alford says: "But they were poured out (ruined) by the deception of the reward of Balaam." Butler's sermon on the character of Balaam is well known and well worthy of study. A brief quotation from it may be fitting here. "So that the object that we have before us is the most astonishing in the world: a very

wicked man (Balaam), under a deep sense of God and religion, persisting still in his wickedness, and preferring the wages of unrighteousness, even when he had before him a lively view of death, and that approaching period of his days which should deprive him of all those advantages for which he was prostituting himself; and likewise a prospect, whether certain or uncertain, of a future state of retribution: all this joined with an explicit ardent wish that when he was to leave this world he might be in the condition of a righteous man. Good God, what inconsistency, what perplexity is here! With what different views of things, with what contradictory principles of action, must such a mind be torn and distracted! It was not unthinking carelessness, by which he ran on headlong in vice and folly, without ever making a stand to ask himself what he was doing. No; he acted on the cool motives of interest and advantage. Neither was he totally hard and callous to impressions of religion, what we call abandoned, for he absolutely denied to curse Israel. When reason assumes her place, when convinced of his duty, when he owns and feels, and is actually under the influence of the divine authority: whilst he is carrying on his views to the grave, the end of all temporal greatness: under this sense of things, with the better character and more desirable state present, full before him, in his thoughts, in his wishes, voluntarily to choose the worst—what fatality is here! Or how otherwise can such a character be explained?"

The character of Balaam was a composite one. He is represented as unwilling to do what God forbade, trying in every way to find some excuse by which he might secure the rewards of iniquity. He is a character full of contrasts and replete with instruction. "And perished in the gainsaying of Korah." This has been rendered "perished by the gainsaying, as Korah." This reference to the rebellion of Korah against Moses and Aaron is described in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers. This rebellion of Korah, Dothan, and Abiram was fearfully punished. The rebellion of those in the time of Jude is here set forth as similar in kind. They opposed the authority of the apostles of our Lord God. Jude selects these noted instances of the Old Testament transgressions as a warning to the sinners of his time. Weiss in his commentary thus explains the passage: "As Cain, the first example of sin which has broken forth out of the God-created human race, forms a contrast to Abel, thus they have followed his example instead of going in the ways of the saints such as the new creation produces. As Balaam, at the prospect of sensual enjoyment which sin held out to him permitted himself to be led upon the same evil path, they, for the same reason, have rushed without restraint upon the same deceptive way. As the companions of Korah through their rebellion against the Divine Order were destroyed, thus they are to meet with the same destruction."

This class is further described in verse 12: "These are they who are hidden rocks in your love feasts when they feast with you, shepherds that without fear feed themselves; clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots;" The Greek word rendered in the ordinary version "spots," in the Revised

Version is rendered more appropriately "rocks." The word is susceptible of either meaning but the context requires the rendering of the Revised Version. They are described as hidden rocks on which vessels are rent. Weiss says: "They are those who are desecrating the love feasts of the congregation by unhesitatingly degenerating these into common carousals and using them for the satisfaction of their pleasures and thereby depriving them of their character as feasts of love, the bearing of which we saw in 1 Cor. 11, 21."

"Shepherds that without fear feed themselves." They have no regard for brotherhood, each seeking to satisfy his own needs and appetites without regard to others. These are disturbers of the church, recklessly promoting divisions and anxious only to gratify themselves. It seems that this was done under the guise of Christian affection, of which the Christian love feasts were characteristic symbols. The figures in this whole paragraph are very striking and are thus paraphrased by Weiss: "In four grand pictures Jude describes their characters from the different points of view. Waterless clouds which are driven about by every wind and do not bring the rain which is so earnestly desired and which these clouds promised, are images of these seeming Christians. The complete death of their spiritual life is described in a fourfold ascending scale in the picture of the trees which the autumn winds deprive of their leaves and which now stand there bare; of those which do not at all bring forth any fruit on account of their natural unfruitfulness; of those which already for the second time have died away, and of those which have been entirely rooted out and accordingly can no longer prosper."

Verse 13 compares them further in vivid language: "Wild waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness has been reserved for ever." This picture of shame and instability does not require formal exposition. Having thus described the characters in such vivid colors, Jude proceeds to assert that this condition of things has been in accordance with prophecy.

The fact that they are subjects of prophetic announcement emphasizes their guilt. Verses 14 and 15 say: "And to these also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord came with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all." The margin, "his holy myriads." The Revised Version is nearly in the language of the book of Enoch, and has been thought to be a quotation from it. The book of Enoch is not one of the canonical books and on that account some question the canonicity of this epistle. It was a book probably compiled by a Jew in the first century. The employment of the language of a noncanonical book does not involve the authority of the book but rather indicates the adaptation of the part selected to the subject. On a question of fact it would imply the correctness of the fact, but need not go further. Wordsworth cites Jerome as saying that in his age "this epistle was authorized by general reception among the Holy Scriptures; and he observes in another place that Saint Paul also in his canonical epistles cites from books not canonical—and that he also quotes heathen poets."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANOTHER "NEW THEOLOGY"

THERE has been during the past few weeks a violent disturbance in the theological sky of Great Britain. Fortunately, however, from present indications it is purely local and temporary in its nature. Like the Crapsey and similar agitations in this country exploited by the newspapers, it will probably pass away without leaving a single trace in its wake. The immediate occasion of this sudden breeze is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and the center of this "storm in a teacup" as Canon Henson has designated it—a mere flurry, "without the element of a movement," is the City Temple, High Holborn, London, better known to Americans who have visited the British metropolis as Dr. Joseph Parker's old church. Canon Henson, discussing the subject, like many others, queries whether the "new theology," preached in the City Temple, be new, nay more, whether it is in any sense of the word, "theology." He says: "Nine tenths of the new theology is made up of platitudes, and the remaining tenth is fallacy." If this be true, it is hard to see what there is left. The above criticism is severe, the more so, since Mr. Campbell has claimed that the learned canon and he practically occupy the same ground theologically. Mr. Campbell, as our readers know, has been, of late, indulging in some strange utterances, language utterly at variance with the generally accepted doctrines of the Protestant churches in English-speaking countries. To judge from numerous addresses, sermons, and articles there is reason for inferring that Mr. Campbell denies many of the cardinal doctrines as they are held and generally understood by the Free churches of Great Britain. Of these we might mention (1) *The deity of Jesus Christ.* Lest we may do him injustice it will be better to let him speak for himself. Take the following recent deliverance: "My contention is that Unitarianism and Trinitarianism alike have tended too much in the past to separate between man and God. In the new theology the old issue between Unitarian and Trinitarian simply ceases to exist; we do not need the names." This is frank, even if not quite clear. Here is where the man distinguishes, when forced to do so, between the terms "divinity" and "deity" of Jesus Christ. Alas, the term "divinity" has been freely used in reference to our Saviour by professedly orthodox people who deny his deity. We all know that a thorough-going Unitarian is quite ready to call Jesus divine, but will not hear of his deity. The Unitarian has no place for the deity of Jesus Christ or the word "trinity" in his creed. Mr. Campbell says: "We believe that Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. . . . Every man is a potential Christ." Not admitting the deity of our Lord we are not surprised that along with this he brushes away the doctrine of (2) *The atonement made by Jesus Christ for sin.* Let us again quote Mr. Campbell: "Whatever can be said about the love of Christ may be said about the love of John Smith. . . . The

atoning love is that in which Christ repeats his offering for mankind in every heart given up to him. The belief that Jesus suffered some mysterious penalty and took away sin is a moral mischief." Strange language this, certainly unworthy the name of sober theology, old or new. No wonder that an unbelieving critic, an avowed freethinker, in commenting upon the above sentences has delivered himself thus: "The whole argument is a tangle of nonsense, for according to Mr. Campbell Christ is indisputably divine—but so are we. Christ's love and the love of John Smith may be possessed in terms of the same value. But the love of Christ is an atoning love, and the belief in an atonement is a moral mischief." If words have any meaning whatever, Mr. Campbell does not believe in the doctrine of (3) *Sin*. His language discussing this subject is at times strangely mixed. It is often enveloped in vague generalizations, in nebulous metaphysical rehash of pseudo-Hegelianism and hazy philosophical pantheistic jargon. And yet it is clear enough to show that the new theology of which he is an exponent, has no place for the fact, much less for the awfulness, of sin. If there be no sin, the suffering of our Lord for sin can be, must be, dispensed with, nor can there be any need of an atonement. If there be no sin, there can be no punishment in another life for sin. "Ultimately," we are assured, "every soul will be perfected." "If God," says Mr. Campbell, "had cared whether we sin or not, why did he create man and make it not only possible, but practically impossible for him not to sin? Men have suffered more than God from sin. What harm," he asks, "has sin ever done God?" Such questions are not new. They are, at any rate, as old as Job. May we not hope that the Almighty may appear to Mr. Campbell too, and from the clouds bring him back to the faith of his fathers? But lest our readers may think we put the case too strongly, let us again have recourse to Mr. Campbell's own words, as they came from his pen, or at least, as published over his own name, in the Examiner, March 20, 1906: "Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that: he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies today, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The *roué* you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God." In our opinion Colonel Ingersoll or Thomas Paine never uttered anything quite as blasphemous. The rankest rationalistic evolutionist who regards sin as a gradual ascension toward the truth can never utter anything with more poison in it. And yet in spite of all this and equally reckless deliverances, there are those who cry out at the top of their voice: "Fair play! Let there be perfect liberty

of thought and speech in every Protestant pulpit." No wonder that men of all creeds and of no creed at all protest and pity. Canon Henson, himself a liberal theologian, says: "Mr. Campbell dangerously underestimates the fact of sin and the consequent need for the atonement. My conviction is, if Christianity is to be a power in human life, we must preach Christ crucified." It seems, too, that Mr. Campbell treads dangerously near pantheism. He works the word "immanence" very hard. In our opinion the author of Psalm 139 had a clearer vision of God than he. One more citation from a recent interview (Daily Mail, January 12, 1907). He says: "God stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed. . . . We believe man to be the revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifestation of God. . . . We believe there is no real distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited." It has been well said that the logical outcome of all this is self-worship, which leads an infidel editor to ask whether "we know of any thing under the sun more worshipful, after all, than humanity?" Haeckel, the noted rationalistic scientist, on being asked for an opinion of the "new theology," replied: "Sickness prevents me from writing about Mr. Campbell's so-called 'new theology.' But yet I regard it as useless from the genuinely scientific standpoint to controvert theories which rest upon purely idealistic imaginations." This is an unkind thrust from a scientific man, for is it not a fact that most all of our modern theological newer critics pose as scientific thinkers in their methods and deductions?

It is a significant fact that the leading Unitarians of England have, so far, refrained from welcoming Mr. Campbell into their fold. It is no less significant that the advanced freethinkers of that country look down rather pityingly than otherwise upon this conversion of the young pastor of the City Temple. The following from a recent issue of The Clarion may be given as a sample: "The Rev. Mr. Campbell is only in the same situation as hundreds of others—the situation of most, perhaps, intellectual Christians. He has awakened to the fact that the period of Christianity is passing the way of what Christians contemptuously call paganism. The seismic labors of Darwin and Wallace have produced their convulsion. Christianity's rock is crumbling and breaking asunder, and those that still stand upon it are sorely distracted. A few have found a serene and solid lodgment on a higher plateau. . . . The Rev. Mr. Campbell is one of another class, who having found the ground slip from under them, glance wistfully upward to the new formed plateau, while yet clinging to this or that rotten branch of dead things in frantic fear of losing all they have cherished. . . . But Mr. Campbell will arrive. He has open eyes and a man's grip. We therefore watch his floundering and stumbling amongst the rubble, ruin, and rubbish of falling creeds, with easy minds." Mr. Campbell's heresies strike at the very vitals of our religion. With him it is not a question of the origin of the Psalter, the nature and origin of the Pentateuch, of two or more Isaiahs, nor yet of the virgin birth, or the authority of the Scriptures, but rather the rejection of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Dr. Campbell Morgan has

well said: "His interpretation of Christianity is diametrically opposed to the teaching of the New Testament." There is, however, one redeeming feature about Mr. Campbell's preaching and writings. He does not mince matters. There is no attempt at concealment, no cowardice, no hypocrisy, but on the other hand, a refreshing straightforwardness. How much nobler such a course than that represented by a small number in the pulpits of various orthodox denominations, who, like "The Undistinguished Heretic" (Independent, January 10, 1907), notwithstanding the fact that he had drifted away from the teachings of the denomination to which he belonged, yet continues to hold his place, and to draw his pay, while insidiously, slowly and purposely inoculating his innocent and unsuspecting hearers with doctrines utterly at variance with those to which in his ordination vows he had subscribed! Better sacrifice position and comfort than to play fast and loose with conscience, for as Dr. Buckley has well said, "unless a new morality has been invented," the confession of the Independent's undistinguished heretic "shows him to be a hypocrite and a coward." Where is the manhood of a minister "who is willing to have his flock accept as true a creed which he himself believes to be false"?

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, a loyal friend of Mr. Campbell and orthodoxy, has shown very conclusively that the latter has been guilty of rashness and imprudence in giving expression to undigested fancies. Being adrift on the great questions of theology, without any definite philosophy, "and not knowing well the language of these problems, and having no time to choose his words, he sinks, as it seems to us, and especially of late, into complete intellectual chaos." The above words are from Dr. Nicoll, who also says that his sermons and addresses are "often improvisations on themes which require long and patient study. We have read several of his recent sermons, and have been amazed and disconcerted by paragraph after paragraph of ignorant dogmatism, inconsequent thinking and misty generalizations." The words of the Samaritan woman are especially applicable to Mr. Campbell and similar minds: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw water with, and the well is deep."

There are those who question the propriety of Mr. Campbell's remaining in the pulpit of the City Temple, which hitherto has been regarded as one of the strongholds of orthodoxy, or even in the Congregational Church, a communion usually considered evangelical. Mr. Campbell, no doubt, may believe whatever he chooses, whatever seems true and reasonable to him. And yet he must not forget that "much may be permitted to a philosopher speculating which cannot be granted to a preacher proclaiming." The Christian Church, in all ages, from the day of Pentecost to the present time has stood squarely upon certain doctrines, among them the incarnation, the deity of Jesus Christ, the atonement for sin, the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, the fact of sin, and the absolute necessity of regeneration. It seems to us that Mr. Campbell has squarely repudiated these cardinal doctrines. He is not the first to do so. Others have preceded him. What have been the results? What church or preacher having repudiated and failed to preach these doctrines has been successful in extending the kingdom of God?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

NOTES ON THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL FACULTIES OF GERMANY

Of the twenty-one universities in the German empire four have both Catholic and Protestant theological faculties side by side, four have only Catholic, and thirteen only Protestant faculties. There are accordingly eight Catholic and seventeen Protestant theological faculties in the universities of Germany. Of the seventeen Protestant faculties six throughout the last seventy-five years have maintained a good degree of eminence. These are the faculties at Berlin, Halle, Leipzig, Tübingen, Erlangen, and Göttingen. There are also two others which in the last twenty-five years have exerted an influence which puts them fairly in a class with the six. These are Greifswald and Marburg. As to the six first mentioned, it may be said of Göttingen that she, because of the death of Ritschl and later losses, has hardly maintained her place in the front rank. Erlangen, too, since the death of Frank, in 1894, is not the power she was. She still has a faculty of able men, but only one star of the first magnitude—Theodor Zahn. The remaining four faculties have in the last twenty-five years maintained their eminence with a fair degree of consistency. It is true that Leipzig, which twenty-five years ago had the most drawing theological faculty of Germany, suffered a decline as the great triumvirate, Kahnis, Delitzsch, Luthardt, began to be broken up. Of late, however, she has been showing exceptional strength and now stands on a level in popularity with Halle and Berlin. Tübingen has generally ranked fourth in the number of theological students. In the last two summer semesters, however, she has stood first, though dropping again into fourth place in each succeeding winter semester. The variation in a case like this is regarded as a perfectly normal occurrence. At Marburg, Heidelberg, Jena, Tübingen, the charms of nature are so great that the attendance of students is much larger in the summer than in the winter. On the other hand, Leipzig, and especially Berlin, enjoy a much larger attendance in the winter.

Some time ago Professor Conrad, the well-known political economist and statistician of Halle, published very full statistics of the German universities since 1831. These statistics, in so far as they relate to the number of students in the Protestant theological faculties, the *Chronik der christlichen Welt* has brought down to date and published in its issue for December 20, 1906. A reproduction of some of these figures may be interesting. It is well known that from about 1866 to the late seventies the total number of students of Protestant theology in Germany was very low—a result, at least in part, of Prussia's wars and of the opening of a multitude of doors in other directions by the new political system of the empire and the swift industrial expansion. From the late seventies to 1890 the numbers grew amazingly. The lowest ebb had been in the early

seventies. From the winter semester 1871-72 to the summer semester 1876, inclusive, the average number of students of Protestant theology in the German empire was 1,780. For the five years 1886-91 the average number was 4,572. In 1890, however, a decline had set in, and it progressed rapidly. In the years 1891-96 the average attendance was 3,301. In the next five the average number was 2,493. In the winter semester 1902-03 the lowest ebb was reached, the total attendance being 2,085. Since then there has been a slight and by no means constant, upward tendency. The total number of students in the 17 Protestant theological faculties stood in the summer of 1906 at 2,329. At the flood tide in the late eighties Berlin had more than 800 and Halle considerably more than 700 theological students. Indeed, for five years Berlin averaged 732 and Halle 660. Leipzig's flood tide came in the quinquennium 1881-86, when her average was 656, but even in the next five years it was 640. When the decline began Berlin and Leipzig suffered more than Halle and Tübingen. From 1901 to 1906 Berlin's average was 298, Leipzig's 283, Tübingen's 273 (against 408 in 1886-91), and Halle's 320. For the twenty-five years from 1881 to 1906 the average for Berlin was 501, for Halle 479, for Leipzig 462, for Tübingen 326. For the fifteen years since 1891 Berlin's average has been 375, Halle's 399, Leipzig's 338, Tübingen's 286. Next in order in the last five years stand Erlangen (153), Marburg (123), Göttingen (106), Greifswald (102). But in 1881-86 Erlangen's average was 351, in 1886-91 Greifswald's was 305, and Göttingen's in the latter period 235. Marburg's *absolute decline* from 194 in 1886-91 to 123 in 1901-06 is in reality a marked *relative gain*.

Glancing over the various theological faculties of Germany one cannot deny that almost every one contains names of real significance. Perhaps the faculty that has of late made the least impression is that at Rostock. This, by the way, is the most "orthodox" faculty in Germany. All its ordinary professors are not only "positive" in the wider sense, they are confessional Lutherans. But while the faculty as a whole has not made a strong impression, it cannot be denied that Walther and Köberle are men of force, and that the promising young professor-extraordinary, R. Grützmacher, is henceforth to be reckoned with. With the death of Cremer, in 1903, and the age or failing health of Zöckler and Nathusius (both of whom died in 1906) Greifswald suffered greatly. But three exceptionally strong young men have been put into the chairs thus made vacant, namely, Stange, Kunze, Wiegand, and the faculty is now probably as strong as it ever was, except for a peculiar power of leadership that Cremer possessed. Kunze is a nephew and pupil of Luthardt, and is a man of excellent parts. Stange is probably the most solid and original thinker among the younger conservative dogmaticians of Germany. At the present time Marburg has one of the ablest theological faculties of Germany. It is one of the "liberal" faculties, only one of the professors—Mirbt, a pupil of Kähler's—being regarded as conservative. The chief figure in the faculty is Herrmann. After Harnack he is the most distinguished disciple of Ritschl. In purely theological thought he is probably more influential than Harnack himself. No man in his gen-

eration has kept more in the thick of the fight, no man has gone more directly to the heart of every issue. Naturally inclined to be rather cutting in controversy, he has more and more curbed himself and now enjoys, as he has fairly deserved, a good reputation for fairness and generosity in his discussions. He is interesting and impressive in the lecture room and very clear and forceful as a writer. His most important works are *Der Verkehr des Christen mit Gott* (4th edition, 1903; English translation of an earlier edition: The Communion of the Christian with God) and his *Ethik* (1st edition, 1901, 3d edition, 1903). Herrmann is noted for an intense evangelical spirit. His theology has been called "Ritschlianism on fire." The other Marburg professors, Achlis, Budde, Mirbt, Johannes Weiss, Rade, etc., and especially Jülicher, are all interesting and able men.

Göttingen has a theological faculty of no mean merit, and yet it is at present rather deficient in drawing power. As teacher and writer the most stirring man there is probably Bousset, who still remains only professor-extraordinary. He is a leading exponent of the so-called "religio-historical method" in theology. Outside the theological faculty Göttingen affords an unusual attraction for a small number of students in Semitic subjects in the person of Professor Julius Wellhausen, who, though a man of extensive fame for the past twenty-eight years, is even now but sixty-two years old.

Jena, after a period of rather marked decline, is again becoming a center of considerable theological interest. Here is Nippold, master of recent church history, a man of exceptionally tolerant spirit and broad sympathies, but hardly a model of historical accuracy. Hilgenfeld; one of the very few continuators of Baur's New Testament criticism, though, of course, in a modified form, sturdily continued his academic lectures close up to the time of his death, which occurred recently at the age of eighty-three. But the present strength of the faculty lies in some of the younger men. Wendt, a Ritschlian of the left wing, who lectures on systematic theology and New Testament exegesis, is widely known among us for his able work on *The Teaching of Jesus*. He has recently published the first half of a work on dogmatics. Baentsch, professor of Old Testament studies, is a leader in the movement of a considerable group of men away from the older literary criticism in the direction of the "religio-historical" criticism. But Jena has no more gifted or popular theologian than Weinel, professor-extraordinary for the New Testament. He is not yet thirty-three years old, but he has attracted the widest attention, especially by popular lectures on *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century*, published in book form in 1904 and recently reissued in revised form. The entire Jena faculty is "liberal."

Giessen is one of the decidedly "liberal" faculties. It has had some notable professors. Harnack's first full professorship was here. Stade, the distinguished Old Testament scholar, who recently died at the age of fifty-eight, was professor here for thirty-one years. Kattenbusch, more recently of Göttingen and now at Halle, was professor here for more than a quarter of a century. He is a Ritschlian, though at several points more

conservative than the Göttingen master. To fill Stade's chair Gunkel has been called from Berlin. In him Giessen will have the most fascinating teacher of Old Testament studies in Germany.

Breslau has enjoyed the services of men like Kawerau in practical theology, Cornill in the Old Testament and Wrede in the New Testament. Wrede had made for himself no inconsiderable name (especially by his remarkable book, *Das Messiasgeheimniss in den Evangelien*), and had given cause to look for larger things from him, but he has been taken away by death. He, like Gunkel, Bousset, etc., was an exponent of the new "religio-historical" method. A man of unusual promise here is the young professor, Kropatscheck, who seems destined to be a leader among the conservative systematic theologians. The faculty has been further strengthened by calling to another ordinary professorship for systematic theology the able young Ritschlian, Wobberman, a pupil of Kaftan's.

Several German universities are very seldom visited by Anglo-Saxon students of theology. Such are Rostock and Breslau (already noticed) and Königsberg and Kiel. Yet no one of these is wholly without its attractions. Königsberg has a faculty that is preponderantly "positive," yet with a few representatives of liberalism. Dorner (son of the distinguished and warmly evangelical Berlin professor) is an exponent of the old speculative method, herein resembling Pfleiderer of Berlin. An admirable man is Giesebrecht, who understands perhaps as well as any Old Testament scholar of Germany how to appreciate the divine character of the Old Testament without prejudice against the legitimate work of historical criticism. He and his colleague, Martin Schulze, professor of systematic theology, have been more or less strongly influenced in their method by Professor Kähler, of Halle. Kiel, having lost two of its leading men by removal, has still a very marked personality in Baumgarten, professor of practical theology.

One of the vigorous and interesting faculties is that at Strassburg. Its senior for many years has been H. J. Holtzmann, now retired. For more than a generation he has been one of the leading intellectual forces in the theological world, a man of stupendous learning and remarkable breadth of vision. But he seems to be deficient in evangelical spirit. With him the scientific interest has seemed to flourish at the expense of certain things of even greater value. The other Strassburg professors are strong men. One of these, the newest and youngest member of the faculty and the successor of Holtzmann in the New Testament chair, Ernst von Dobschütz, seems to be a man of peculiar power and promise. All the members of this faculty are more or less "liberal." Heidelberg has never, not even in the days of Rothe's powerful influence, been a particularly popular resort for students of theology. Yet it has almost always had noteworthy men in its theological faculty. At present Troeltsch is perhaps the most important man in the faculty. He is the chief representative in the field of dogmatics of the "religio-historical method," of which Gunkel, Bousset, etc., are notable representatives in the field of biblical research. Besides Troeltsch the Heidelberg faculty includes such men as Deissmann, so well known for philological researches

in the New Testament, and the fine church historian, von Schubert. All the ordinary professors in this faculty are "liberal," except Lemme. The Prussian government has done much to favor the University of Bonn, yet it has not succeeded in giving to its theological faculty great popularity. Nevertheless, the faculty includes some notable names, and shows at the same time remarkable contrasts in respect of the "standpoint" of its several members. Grafe, Meinhold, Otto Ritschl and Sell are liberal; Sieffert, Ecke and Böhmer are moderately conservative; König is very conservative. Perhaps the most effective personality among them is Ecke, whose book, *Die theologische Schule Albrecht Ritschls*, won for its author both fame and a professorship after more than twenty years of pastoral service. He is a pupil of Kähler's.

The national church in most of the larger provinces of Prussia is, as is generally well known, an administrative "Union" of the Lutheran and Reformed churches which leaves each minister and congregation as distinctly Lutheran or Reformed as if the Union did not exist. In consequence of this arrangement most of the Prussian universities have "Union" theological faculties; that is, the professors may be either Lutheran or Reformed. As a matter of fact, the Reformed confession has but few representatives in the faculties, as one might expect when one considers the great preponderance of the Lutheran population in Prussia. When, however, we turn our attention to Bavaria and to Erlangen, its only Protestant university, we find a Lutheran faculty there. Yet a chair for Reformed theology has a place in that faculty. Its occupant for many years was Ebrard, while for nearly fifteen years E. F. Karl Müller has ably filled it. In the latter half of the nineteenth century Erlangen played an exceedingly important part in the theological movements in Germany. It was the seat of the remarkable revival of confessional Lutheranism about the middle of the century. It was anything but a bald reaction. It was—to use the words of Hofmann, the greatest leader of the movement, "a new way to teach the old truth." It was the theology of Schleiermacher—the theology of the Christian consciousness—translated into the terms of Lutheran orthodoxy. And what a mighty force the Erlangen faculty was in the days when Hofmann, Thomasius, Zezschwitz, Frank and, for a time, Delitzsch, labored there side by side! The theology of the Hofmann-Frank school is still, though in modified forms, dominant there, except in the case of Müller, who is an exponent of the biblicistic principle of the Kähler-Cremer school. While Erlangen is no longer what it once was, Zahn alone, the leading strictly conservative New Testament authority of Germany, would be sufficient to give it distinction. Kolde, professor of church history, also is a scholar of high reputation.

At Tübingen theology has long flourished. In the nineteenth century the wonderful movement in New Testament criticism under the leadership of Baur was one of the most significant factors in modern theology. But Tübingen has been distinguished not only for the brilliant radical criticism of Baur and his successor, Weizsäcker, but also for the intensely evangelical biblicism of Beck. It cannot be said that Beck was the founder of a

school possessing cohesive properties. His biblicism was too narrow and too uncritical to be adopted as a whole even by his enthusiastic admirers. But he left a mighty impression upon Tübingen and Württemberg and far beyond. At the present time Tübingen can boast, besides Wurster in practical theology and Karl Müller in church history, two men of ideal personality and unusual ability. These are Häring and Schlatter. Häring is a Ritschlian who has decidedly modified the theology of Ritschl in the direction of a more positive biblicism. He represents the extreme right wing of Ritschlianism. His personality is not specially powerful, but it is attractive and gracious. He is a model of fairness and appreciativeness in controversy. Schlatter is a somewhat unique figure. Theologically he was strongly influenced by his teacher, Beck, and later by Cremer. He is professor of New Testament exegesis, but he lectures now and then also on dogmatics. He is a Switzer and speaks an incredibly indistinct Swiss dialect. And yet there is something so genial in his personality, and so rare an insight and so fine a touch in his discussions, that multitudes of students are glad to overcome the barrier of his speech. Tübingen has recently suffered a severe loss in the death of Gottschick at the age of fifty-nine. He was professor of practical theology and an authority on the theology of Luther. Theologically he was a "genuine" Ritschlian.

At Leipzig, Berlin and Halle the teaching body in theology—reckoning not only the professors but also the *Privatdocenten*—is larger than elsewhere. Each of these faculties numbers from 16 to 19 men, though the number of full professors is from 7 to 9. Within a faculty so numerous as one of these one would expect to find some pretty marked antitheses. And this, especially in Berlin, is the case. While in Jena, Giessen, and Strassburg all the teachers are "liberal," and at Erlangen, Greifswald, and Rostock all are "positive," Berlin exhibits some of the most striking contrasts. In systematic theology three widely divergent schools are very ably represented by Pfleiderer, Kaftan and Seeberg. The older speculative liberalism is represented by Pfleiderer, while Kaftan is a Ritschlian of the right wing, and Seeberg is a disciple of Frank and stands for Lutheran orthodoxy as interpreted by the Erlangen school. Harnack is a Ritschlian of the left wing, while Nikolaus Müller, professor-extraordinary for church history, is a pronounced conservative. Professor Weiss, still teaching at almost eighty years of age, is moderately conservative, while his colleague in the field of the New Testament, von Soden, is a radical. In the field of the Old Testament Baudissin is a typical critic of a rather moderate sort, while Strack is quite conservative and Gunkel—who, however, goes now to Giessen—is the most influential leader of the newer—the "religio-historical"—school of Old Testament critics. Berlin has manifestly several men of the very first rank. After Harnack the most popular men in the faculty seem to be Seeberg and Kaftan. To these names must have been added that of Gunkel, but that he now belongs elsewhere. Seeberg is a brilliant and forceful lecturer and writer, but not a particularly original thinker. Kaftan's services are of a high order and are widely recognized. He is, next to Herrmann, the most influential

among the dogmaticians of the school of Ritschl. Pfleiderer's influence has been exerted chiefly in the fields of New Testament criticism and the history and philosophy of religion. In dogmatics his influence has been slight. He has been the champion of a cause long since doomed.

The faculty at Leipzig is less heterogeneous than that at Berlin. It is predominantly conservative. One or two full professors and a few other members of the faculty are more or less liberal, but there are no extreme radicals at Leipzig. The chief men are decidedly conservative. Hauck, professor of church history, is an authority of the very highest rank. His most important service is the magnificent work, *Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands*. Next to this may be placed his great labor in editing the third edition of the great *Realencyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. His theological standpoint is generously tolerant yet decidedly conservative. The chief dogmatic theologians of Leipzig are Kirn and Ihmels. The former is a careful and judicious thinker, whose position, though perhaps too conservatively biblical to be classed outright as Ritschlian, is certainly closely allied to that of Ritschl. Ihmels is a pupil of Frank; but he has forsaken the pronounced subjectivism of his teacher and, much in the manner of Kähler and Cremer, makes the objective witness of Scripture, rather than the experience of the individual believer, the source of theology. One of the interesting figures of the Leipzig faculty is the distinguished American scholar, Dr. Caspar René Gregory, one of the greatest authorities in the textual criticism of the New Testament.

Ever since the founding of its university in 1694 Halle has been famous for theology. The popular sentiment for this university was strengthened when, in 1817, the old university of Wittenberg, the place of the academic labors of Professor Martin Luther and Professor Philip Melanchthon, was merged with it. In the course of the history of its university Halle has been the academic center of three movements of very great importance: the pietistic movement under Francke, the rationalistic movement under Semler, and the evangelical quickening of theology through Tholuck. At the present time the theological eminence of Halle may be relatively hardly as high as it was some years ago, yet the faculty is probably on the whole quite as able and influential as any in Germany. While it has no man of the immense reputation of a Harnack, it includes at least half a dozen men of the very first rank. Haupt, professor of New Testament exegesis, is a most eloquent lecturer, and is a very influential leader of the ecclesiastical "middle party" in Prussia. Theologically and in ecclesiastical politics his standpoint is similar to that of his late colleague Beyschlag (died 1900). Hering, as professor of practical theology, has earned a very high reputation. In the field of Old Testament scholarship few names are as well known as that of Kautzsch. As an authority in church history only Harnack ranks above Loofs. He and his colleague Kattenbusch, one of the professors of systematic theology, are the greatest two authorities in Germany in symbolics (*Konfessionskunde*). Lütgert, the successor of Beyschlag and youngest of the ordinary professors, is a growing force. Here,

too, is to be found Dr. Warneck, honorary professor for the history and theory of missions. He is undoubtedly Germany's highest authority in that field. Probably, however, the most important man in the faculty is Kähler. Though not as yet very well known in Great Britain and America, it is safe to say that in his own country not more than one other living systematic theologian—Herrmann—equals him in reputation and influence. He is the leader of a newer biblicistic school, Cremer (died 1903) and Schlatter being the other chief names in the group. Of these three, Cremer is most widely known. This is due in part to the widespread use of his Biblico-theological Lexicon of the Greek New Testament and in part to his energy as a party leader. In a purely theological way it can hardly be maintained that his influence is as deep and powerful as Kähler's. These two were the closest of friends from their student days under Tholuck and Julius Müller in Halle and under Beck in Tübingen until the sudden death of Cremer. And while their general theological positions are almost identical, there is yet a difference. "Cremer," a Tübingen professor remarked, "is a dictator, Kähler is an investigator." Kähler has a finer feeling for the problems of religious thought and life in the modern world, and so his conservatism is generous. His chief work is the *Wissenschaft der christlichen Lehre* (Science of Christian Doctrine). Most of his minor publications in systematic theology will soon be found gathered up in three volumes under the title, *Dogmatische Zeitfragen*. His most noteworthy controversial writing is *Der sogenannte historische Jesus und der geschichtliche, biblische Christus*. Kähler is now seventy-two years of age, but he continues to labor with no ordinary effectiveness in spite of much bodily frailty.

The teaching in German universities (as is generally well known) is mainly by lectures. In most faculties, however, the ordinary professors conduct each a *Seminar*, while other members of the teaching body are at liberty to conduct a "society" for the same purposes. In the *Seminar* some special subject is chosen for research. The students who are admitted to the *Seminar* must prepare essays on assigned topics. And the professor who, in the public lecture never (except here and there where the number of hearers is cozily small) asks a question, here conducts a very vigorous quiz. Nothing in a pedagogical line could well be finer than the *Seminar* of some of the leading theological professors of Germany. In the lecture hall one discovers a very great variety of talent among the eminent men. Here and there a very dry teacher has acquired fame through his books. Generally, however, the distinguished scholar is a strong teacher. The eminent teaching power of men like Harnack, Gunkel, Kähler, Haupt, Loofs, Hauck, Herrmann, Jülicher and, indeed, of nearly all the greater lights, is universally acknowledged. Some professors give an elegant finish to their lectures. Such were Beyschlag and Luthardt in their day. Others, while perhaps not less thorough in their special preparation for the lecture room, are much less careful of form. Some of the lecturers are very impassive, while others are extremely animated and even fiery. Seeberg is always oratorical, Gunkel shows a quiet but intense animation, Harnack and Loofs run the gamut from

reposeful ease to greatest impetuosity, Haupt always speaks with animation and perfect elocution.

It is not within the scope of this paper to discuss the various theological "schools" or *Richtungen* of Germany. It may, however, be interesting to add to what has already incidentally been said a few words touching the representation of the various *Richtungen* in the several faculties. And what various *Richtungen* are to be found on German soil! Thirty-five years ago it seemed easy to put every German theologian in one or other of the three classes: confessional (orthodox), liberal, mediating. But with the rise of the school of Ritschl this classification was broken up. Yet Ritschl's theology is itself in a certain peculiar sense mediating, but it is the mediation of a thorough-going radicalism rather than of an eclecticism. Ritschlianism is in the first instance a double-front opposition to the old confessionalism and liberalism, and if it be true that there is in it an ultimate tendency to reconciliation, this can only appear after the smoke of the battle has blown away. At the first it simply constituted a fourth group in the theological arena. Gradually, however, it absorbed much of the strength of the old mediating party. But soon there began to appear wide differences within the limits of the Ritschlian party. At present the following attempt at a classification of the theological parties may be of some interest. (1) Confessionalism, itself divided into two groups, the older (Rostock theology) and the newer (Seeberg, Ihmels, etc.). (2) Liberalism, with two groups: the older speculative theology (Pfleiderer) and the more purely critical (the Wellhausen school, etc.). (3) The middle party, divided into two groups: the more conservative biblicistic school of Kähler and Cremer and the more liberal party (Haupt, etc.). (4) The school of Ritschl: right (Häring, Kaftan, Loofs), center (Herrmann, Gottschick), left (Harnack, Jülicher, Rade). (5) The new "religio-historical" school (Troeltsch, Gunkel, Bousset), most of whose leaders once stood under the sign of Ritschl. It is common to call the third as well as the first group "positive" (conservative). In general the Ritschlians are popularly classed with the liberals, though this hardly does justice to the strongly evangelical theology of a man like Häring. Indeed, in all such matters strict lines of demarcation are impossible.

Acknowledging therefore the inevitable limitations of all such judgments, we may note that Rostock, Greifswald, and Erlangen are all solidly conservative. Rostock is on the whole extremely conservative, though its youngest two professors may be classed among the "new" Lutherans. Greifswald and Erlangen are more modern. Jena, Strassburg, and Giessen are solidly "liberal"—the term is used in the wider sense to include the Ritschlians. All the remaining faculties show conservatives and liberals side by side. In all but perhaps four of the faculties Ritschlians are found. Representatives of the school of Kähler and Cremer are becoming tolerably numerous in the universities. The "Erlangen theology" has able exponents in Erlangen, Leipzig, and Berlin.

The present theological situation in Germany has been described as "an equilibrium of forces." No party can claim the preëminence.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

The Atlantic Monthly (Boston) holds a sort of primacy among the magazines. The best years it ever saw have no cause to be ashamed of its present quality. In the richly varied contents of the April number one article which might particularly interest our readers is by Dr. George Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, on "Theology and Human Nature." After noticing one by one such recent books as The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit, by C. R. Brown, The Modern Pulpit, by L. O. Brastow, Christ and The Human Race, by C. C. Hall, Through Man to God, by G. A. Gordon, and Realities of Christian Theology, by C. A. Beckwith, Dean Hodges says that these new books, while presenting differing views, some of which we may not accept, are written with courtesy and obvious sincerity, and, even when they deal with controverted doctrines, do not make the reader angry; that they are marked by learning, fairness, and good temper, not overstating arguments nor undervaluing difficulties, and that this is the temper which the theologian gains by the wholesome discipline of free debate and by the gradual perception of the facts of human nature. Upon the general subject of "Theology and Human Nature" Dr. Hodges then says:

"This temperate note in the new books is both significant and encouraging, because it implies a clearer perception of the function of the religious teacher, and particularly of the way in which religious teaching may be made effective. The purpose of the church as a teacher of the truth is to implant certain convictions in the mind and heart and life of the community. When the church fails to do this the result is sometimes called schism, sometimes heresy, according to the lesson which the church was endeavoring to teach. If it was a lesson in method—that is, in ritual or in polity—the unconvinced pupil is a schismatic. If it was a lesson in doctrine, the unconvinced pupil is a heretic. Heretics and schismatics are evidences of ecclesiastical incompetence. Occasionally, but rarely, they mean that something is the matter with the lesson. Commonly, they mean that something is the matter with the teacher.

"Take, for example, the fact of schism. It begins with a difference of opinion as to a nonessential matter. The individual says: 'I do not wish to do that.' But the church believes that it ought to be done. There is the problem. If, now, the church rises up in mighty indignation, with vigor and rigor, with the book in one hand and the stick in the other, and says, 'You must,' the individual, if he has any decent self-respect, replies: 'I won't.' And the result is schism, for human nature works that way. If, on the other hand, the church says, 'This is a nonessential matter, and although uniformity is good, peace and unity are better; try your own way and let the fittest survive,' the chances are that the individual will do as the church wishes. His central objection was not to the thing itself but to the compulsion of his free will. The preacher

in the college to whom they brought the customary black gown, said: 'Must I wear this thing? Because if I must, I won't.' And when they said, 'You may wear it or leave it, as you please,' he put it on. After the Reformation, in England, there was a long and bitter contention as to the use of the sign of the cross in baptism; but when a rubric was inserted in the book, permitting the omission of the sign of the cross, if the parents or sponsors so desired, nobody from that day on asked that it be omitted. A like use of a wise alternative, a like perception of the procedure of human nature, would have kept all the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists and Baptists in the Episcopal Church to this day. On the other hand, our Puritan forefathers hated the Book of Common Prayer, simply because they had been compelled to use it; they had been banged about the ears with it by the bishops.

"Or take the fact of heresy. Let us grant that the heretic is wholly mistaken. Here he is, teaching his erroneous doctrine, and here are we, considering what we ought to do about it. It seems to be a problem in theology, but the solution of it depends chiefly upon our understanding of human nature.

"One element in this problem is the nervousness of the orthodox. I mean the uneasy feeling that something may happen to the truth, the idea that truth is of a very delicate constitution, and must be shielded and nursed like a sick child. This nervousness results in a panic fear, which on the one hand abandons reason, and on the other hand is capable of great cruelty. The nervous theologian is as incapable of competent discipline as a nervous teacher. The first thing which he needs to do is to take himself in hand. He needs to reassure himself as to the substantial foundations of the faith, and by prayer and patience to recover the serenity of his mind. Commonly, he preaches a fierce and imprecatory sermon, or writes an irreligious letter to a church paper. He is angry and afraid because he is nervous about the everlasting truth; and being afraid, he scares his sensitive neighbors; and being angry, he stirs up a like anger in the heretic whom he attacks. And there it is.

"Another element in the problem is the privilege of error. We are all bound to make mistakes, and we all have a right to make mistakes. It is a part of the process whereby we arrive at truth. Whoever is living an active life, if he has any emotion, if he has any enthusiasm, if he has any gift of speech, is sure to say some things today which he will desire to modify tomorrow. It is a matter of temperament. Your safe man who is always right is an unprofitable citizen; he is forever criticising and never doing anything. Your safe parson who makes no mistakes preaches the dullest of sermons to the sleepiest of congregations. Bishop Hobart used to say, in the face of this passive and monotonous accuracy, 'Give me a little zealous imprudence.' But the privilege of error carries along with it the right to change one's mind with self-respect. That is made possible and easy by the courtesies of debate. Under these Christian conditions the heretic is shown his heresy, and is shown, at the same time, the way out of it. By fairness, by friendliness, by gentle force of reason, he is convinced of error. Sometimes the same result is

reached by patiently leaving him alone, and letting him follow the wrong road till he finds out his mistake, or gets tired. Most of the heresies which have distressed the Christian world would have ceased in the parish in which they began if they had been dealt with according to the plain facts of human nature. For when the arguments of the heretic are answered with the argument of the club, two consequences follow: one is the confirmation of the heretic, the other is the dissemination of the heresy. In the sight of the club the heretic cannot decently change his mind; he is forced into defenses and replies which serve to strengthen him in his error. And also at the sight of the club the crowd comes; the thing is common property, and the new doctrine or the new denial is taught to the community by the very process by which it is sought to stop it. Then with pain, amid scandal and division, wise men remember how the Master said of the tares: 'Let both grow together till the harvest.' The eager servants came and said to the householder: 'Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?' But he said: 'Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.'

"In order either to learn or to teach the knowledge of God aright, theology must be tempered with human nature. The student of theology, the teacher or the writer of theology, must be a friendly and fraternal person, acquainted with human nature, and sympathetic with the souls of men. The other way is toward the heresy of Cain. This is the way of peace and truth."

In a publication by James Allen Geissinger, of El Paso, Texas, is the following upon an old propbet's message: "Amos 5. 24: 'Let justice run down like water, and righteousness as an overflowing stream.' The book of Amos is a keen observer's critical estimate of Israelitish civilization at the commercial stage. The book is worth while for two reasons: First, it tells us of a civilization like our own, though on a smaller scale. The people of Amos's day dwelt in populous cities, were a commercial power at the height of industrial prosperity, and were swept away with the passion to get rich. Second, the book ought to interest us because it is the message of a mature man well equipped for his great task by nature and by training. Part of the prophet's time had been spent on the desert looking after his flocks. There he had been brought close to the Infinite and was able to see things whole. Part of his time had been spent in the markets of the cities disposing of his wool. And there in the market place he got at the real men of his time and saw them stripped of all religious pretense and profession. We do not wonder that this man, endowed by nature with a quick moral sense, having an abiding consciousness of the God of Righteousness, when brought into intimate contact with such immorality as existed in his times, began to burn with a message. Man of affairs as he was, he was forced to speak for right, honor, truth, justice, God.

"In his book he tells us what he saw. And this is what he saw: All about him evidences of the most reckless extravagance. Magnificent shrines in the high places, villas in the country-side, palaces of hewn stone in the cities over against the hovels of poverty. Within the splendid

homes of the rich the most elaborate furnishings—foreign tapestries, couches imported from Damascus, and chairs of ivory. We are not surprised to learn that this simple soul from the desert, accustomed to the life of the tent, should have a contempt for such a luxurious life. That was natural. But we must not miss his point. He does have a contempt for luxury itself. He cares for little baggage. The pomp and circumstance of the world are nothing to him. Yet his point is not that. What he insists upon is that his people have passed through this gorgeous gateway into all manner of sensuality. It is the decay of morality that appalls the prophet.

"With a few strokes he gives us a picture of the real life of his day. A population sprawling in wantonness; the chief occupation that of banqueting, the men and women, alike, drinking wine by the bowl; the priests receiving bribes and appropriating the sacrifices of the altar. And the women, whose condition is always the best index of the moral life of a people, he describes as absolutely brutalized and shameless. The women he sees as a herd of cattle trampling over everything for food, without sympathy for the helpless and continually crying out for more wine. The farmers push off their refuse wheat upon their unsuspecting customers, the merchants shorten their yardsticks, put heavy bottoms in their dry measures, and juggle their scales, while the bankers clip the shekels that pass through their hands. Men are cheaper than old shoes. And the avaricious worshipers can scarcely wait until the Sabbath is over to resume their grabbing and swindling. It is a sorry spectacle—dishonesty, greed, oppression. A multitude of poor with their heads ground to the dust, a few plutocrats sucking the life blood of the people by superior cunning. But worst of all in the eyes of Amos is the part played by God's representatives—the priests, the religious leaders. They burn sacrifices on the altars for recompense, and for the same reason excuse the reign of greed. They are sycophants. They are "blind mouths." They are owned. Supposed to keep true ideals before the people, to quicken conscience, to make men more aware of God, they neither are a moral restraint nor a moral inspiration to the people.

"Such is the picture as Amos sees it. Let us get its meaning. Amos is no demagogue. No more is he a pessimist, discoloring facts because of his misunderstanding of them. He sees luxury and sensuality, the latter growing out of the former, and both arising out of the national life because of a false standard of values. What is the trouble with Israel? This: Things are placed higher than men. Success is more to be desired than right and justice. It is more important to the men of his day that they acquire, than that they attain. To make a life is not of so much importance as to make a living. Wealth is conceived of as simply and exclusively material. He is the richest and the most worthy man who has the most cattle, the most wool, the best pastures, the largest number of customers. Life consists in the abundance of things men possess. The supreme standard is fodder. Everything is measured in terms of fodder, and he is the most to be envied and honored who has accumulated the most fodder. Bear in mind, I am not speaking for myself here. I

am interpreting the message of Amos to his century and to all centuries. What he sees and what he condemns is not simply luxury and sensuality, but the materialistic view of life that puts things above soul, above character, above morality, and thereby leads to the degradation of his people. Every national condition presupposes some philosophy of life. Amos knows this. And he knows that the physician must not stop with the symptom; he must get back to the cause.

"Such were the facts as Amos saw them in the Israel of his day. His picture is but a sketch. His book is a little book. In good readable type it could all be put in six 12mo pages. Yet it is a priceless heritage, everlastingly true. For it is true, as this plain business man saw, that, whatever the price lists of the world may say, a man is always worth more than a sheep. Man has eternity in his heart and ought to respect his birthright. The soul must have standing room. Right is the supreme consideration. God may be ignored but he cannot be escaped. We may make our own yardsticks, but there is an eternal standard of values, and by this are we judged. We can substitute nothing in the place of righteousness and justice. If any individual, or any people is to abide, then must righteousness flow down through the land as a river. The prophet's message is the lesson of history. The wreckages on the coasts of time are significant. Israel's genius for trade could not save her, nor Greece's intellectual greatness, nor Rome's superb political organization. The mill of God grinds slowly, as we children count time, but Amos had the perspective of centuries, and rightly saw that a people despising righteousness, bowing down in fear before the might of shekels, rots as swiftly as a basket of summer fruit. I thank him for his message."

In a periodical called *The Communicant* Dr. George P. Eckman quotes the following words from the *Wall Street Journal*, and counts them deeply significant as proceeding from a source where such sermonic literature would not be expected to originate: "What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing we are worshiping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do not resist its deadly influence, the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthwork in Manchuria."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Christian Theology. By M. VALENTINE, D.D., LL.D. Two vols., 8vo, pp. viii, 476 and vii, 454. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society. Price, cloth, $5.00.

This is the work of one of the most commanding of the Lutheran theologians in the United States, Professor Milton Valentine, who died on February 7, 1906, at the age of eighty-one. These two ample volumes are, it appears, a careful expansion of an earlier work, called *Outlines of Theology*, which formed the basis of a course of lectures for successive classes in the well-known seminary at Gettysburg, where for almost two decades the author filled the chair of systematic theology. On the surface, the plan of this system of doctrine is soteriological, reminding the reader (at first anyway) of the plan devised by Professor Henry B. Smith. After an *Introduction* (151 pages) in which are considered first the subject-matter and sources of theology; and then the nature, modes, and evidences of revelation, Doctor Valentine divides his material into two major parts: I. "Truths antecedent to Redemption." II. "Redemption: or, the Manifestation of God in Christ for human Salvation." In the first part, the important subjects are: the existence of God; the attributes of God; the Trinity; the creation of the world; the providence of God; man's primitive state; the fall of man and his condition of sin. All the remaining doctrines of moment—the person of the Redeemer, the work of the Redeemer, individual salvation, the Christian Church, the last things—are, in their logical order, considered in the second part. Students familiar with the different systems of doctrine will be interested in the following features of spatial apportionment and emphasis: The discussion of the Incarnation occupies 29 pages; of the person of Christ, 32; of the Atonement, 59; of the Holy Spirit, 4; of Justification, 27; of Sanctification, 5; of the sacraments, 68; and of Eschatology entire, 40 pages. In our day, a day of theological crisis and doctrinal mitigation, a work in Systematic Theology should not be reviewed in a polemical spirit, or even from a sectarian standpoint. Economically we may take it for granted that a Lutheran text-book has in it somewhere all the conclusions peculiar to Lutheran teaching, and may, therefore, spend our limited space in bringing out the author's catholic significance in relation to the actual theological situation. Coming to Professor Valentine's *Christian Theology* with this larger aim, our first crucial question is: In apologetic intention and bearing, is this theology entirely free from mediation timidity? Are those things which concern the *Zeitgeist* modified and restated in a spirit of timid compromise? Let us touch only the places of quickest test. In the chapter on man's primitive state it naturally becomes necessary to deal with the theory of evolution, and the result is a discussion (more than twenty pages) as conservative and courageous as it is able and timely. The pith of the whole is in this short passage (vol. I, 396): "The com-

petence of this evolutionist hypothesis for the proof of man's origin is rendered doubtful, not only by the weakness and difficulties that appear in it at the point of transition from brute to human state, but also by all the mere assumptions, unfilled gaps, and varied difficulties in the offered account of the movement up to that point. These show it to be an *unproved explanation.*" At the next testing place—the question of the supernatural—we find no profound search, no serious effort to discover the ultimate difference between the natural and the supernatural, and yet the author's purpose is both plain and bold. He is disturbed that Christian men, like the Duke of Argyll and Sir William Dawson, eminent in science and philosophy, should be misled into gratuitously and inconsistently favoring the appeal for dropping "the valid distinction between the natural and supernatural self-manifestation of God," a distinction which Christian theology can never consent to obliterate without giving up its "special soteriological character" (vol. i, 50). And yet more to the point is the vigorous contention (against those apologists who regard all the miracles, even those of the New Testament, as a heavy burden) that "the miraculous activity of Christ is normal and essential evidence of the foundations of Christianity" (vol. i, 121). And equally pertinent is Doctor Valentine's statement concerning the virgin birth, that point of hot dispute just now (vol. ii, 52): "Though skeptical criticism has lately been seeking to discredit the genuineness and historic authority of the Scripture passages asserting this feature, known theologically as the 'miraculous conception,' the general and best critical judgment sustains both their genuineness and credit. Moreover, the fact itself, so far from being incredible and inviting unbelief, is so thoroughly accordant with the supernatural character of the Incarnation, and, we may say, justified and even demanded by its generic principle and bearings, as to commend it strongly to acceptance." Our second question is even more crucial. It is this: As to our Lord Jesus Christ, is the treatment entirely free from humanitarian and agnostic infection? Again we will select only the most vital places for the test. The argument for the deity of our Lord (vol. i, 321-330) is very scant and very ordinary, but in no way is it dubious. Here is one sample-sentence (vol. i, 326): "To deny the deity of the Son is to put the Scriptures at war with their fundamental doctrine, and make Jesus a teacher of idolatry, and the apostles idolaters." Again, concerning the preëxistence of our Lord, there is this (vol. ii, 88): "The movements of the Old Testament dispensation of grace, its instructions, theophanies, training, and salvation, were in and through Him." (Also note vol. i, 321). It should be said, however, that the belief in our Saviour's *personal* preëxistence is not adequately supported by the author's cautious, protective discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity (vol. i, 290-333); but it should also be said that this inadequacy is largely due to trinitarian convention, and has no connection whatever with the present theological situation. Professor Valentine has not yielded to the Ritschlian agnostic Christology any more than he has to the mediation apologetics. So much we say in appreciation. And we will go further and commend this system of doctrine as one of the strongest and most wholesome published in recent years, a work

worthy of a profound theologian, worthy of his seminary, and worthy of the Lutheran Church; but this enthusiastic commendation does not mean that we are satisfied. Great as the work is, there is manifest in it a very serious weakness. We do not refer to the discussion of the Atonement, although at that point there is evident a strange lack of comprehension of what has been done since 1874. Nor are we thinking of the unfortunately missing chapter on the inspiration and authority of the Bible; for death claimed the author before that chapter was written, its preparation having been "deferred to the latest moment that he might have the benefit of the most recent litrature of this burning question." No, the weakness is deeper than any discussion—*it is the scholastic remoteness from the real life of the age.* The modern realities have never burned their way through the author's thick crust of scholarship and traditional conception; have never set his entire being on fire. He has never *suffered modernly.* He has never entered that dreadful chamber where Alfred Tennyson created *In Memoriam,* or that more dreadful one where John Morley wrote *On Compromise,* or that most dreadful one where Friedrich Nietzsche was overwhelmed. He has never caught even a fleeting surmise of the heartache and loneliness which are under the best portion of modern socialism. He has never felt in his soul the dawning suspicion, the growing scientific habit of uncertainty, the final impotence for faith which have half paralyzed the religious intuitions of the most original and the most typical thinkers of our time. He has lived his philosophical and theological life in a remote region of protective conventions, has safely and happily and usefully lived there, and therefore his system of doctrine is only for that company of busy, useful preachers who now are living in that same safe and happy place.

A Dictionary of Christ and The Gospels. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., Vol. I. Aaron—Knowledge, 1906. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $6.00 per volume.

Doctor James Strong and Doctor Philip Schaff had the gift of dictionary building to a marked degree, but their work, though so recently closed, is already a thing of the past. The present horizon is filled with the productive activity of Doctor James Hastings who, in the midst of the practical duties of a Scotch parish, has projected a four-volume Dictionary of the Bible which easily holds the foremost rank, and now puts forth an altogether unique work in his two-volume Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. That such a work is in demand is no mean compliment in itself to Christ and his Gospels. Doctor Hastings's intimate relation to the active tasks and problems of the present-day pulpit favorably and with set design shapes both of these writings, and in particular the latter, and this will be much appreciated by the ministry. "What think ye of the Christ—whose Son is He?" will always remain the chief matter of Christian inquiry. Again, the emphasis is rightly laid, for present and permanent value in the fact that the Person and not the doctrines of Christ are given prominence. "Whose SON is He?" "Who do men say that *I* am?" These are the questions which Christ himself pressed. This second Dictionary

of Doctor Hastings is superior to the first. It is solid, equable, and conservative, and that is what a dictionary should always be. Fine writing and the display of extreme erudition, long-drawn speculation, and overwrought hypothesizing are not in place, neither the setting forth in different but cognate articles of opposing views. The opinions of experts are not of great value to the dictionary reader, and if the work is made up of such opinions it will pass out of date within half a decade. This dictionary is distinctly conservative; it does not attempt to please all schools either of criticism or dogma. No important article seems to be written under the spell of the divisive criticism, and none under that of the so-called newer theology. The happy feature so happily chosen by the editor as dominating at once the writing and the writers impresses the reader on every page—vital, preachable truth, presented by living preachers for the edification and instruction of living men profoundly believing and therefore intensely loving both the Christ and the Gospels. On opening the book one naturally turns to the article "Back to Christ," and gets at once in the judicious article of the Rev. W. Morgan, the keynote of the work. "An ethical conception of redemption as a change in our relation to God, effected within our consciousness, requires us to seek the significance of Christ, not in the metaphysical background of his nature but in the ethical and religious traits of his character, which disclose to us the heart of God and have the power to awaken within us the response of love and faith." Great profit and satisfaction must come from the entire series of articles on the "Birth of Christ," the "Infancy, Childhood, and Boyhood of Jesus," as well as those upon "Home, Education, Common Life," and the "Humanity of Christ." To the very learned paper on "Dates in Our Lord's Life" we must take particular exception in the matter of the length assigned to his public ministry. When one remembers how exceedingly full of activity that period was, even as reflected in the comparatively meager records of it in the Gospels; when he recalls the important fact constantly overlooked, and it would seem by all writers, that no public teacher in the East could work abroad more than eight out of every twelve months at the best, and that our western type of living and going about is and always has been utterly foreign to the East, it passes understanding how any thoughtful student, much less historian, could conclude that the Judæan, Galilean, and Perean ministry of Christ could all be compressed between the Passover of A. D. 28 and the Passover of A. D. 29. The provisional arrangement of the days and occurrences of the Passion Week on the last page of this same article is beyond praise. It is impossible in this place to give adequate estimate of such a group of articles as that upon "The Annunciation," by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, the "Authority of Christ," by Professor James Denny, the "Character of Christ," and the "Incarnation of Christ," by Professor Thomas B. Kilpatrick, "The Divinity of Christ," by the Rev. A. Stuart Martin, and "The Death of Christ," by the Rev. William D. Thomson and the Rev. John C. Lambert. In order to understand the essential merits of Christ's death it must be judged from the standpoint of the moral order of the world. But this last is "only one

of the constituent factors of the world's moral course. Besides it there are two more. There is, on the one hand, the factor which consists of all those facts or phenomena in the individual and social life and history of mankind which fall under the designation of sin, or moral evil, and on the other, the moral government of God which presides immanently, persistently, and universally over the relations between sin and the moral order of things, or the order of righteousness. These three factors constitute that actual moral course that the world is ever following, and the predestined end of their relation to one another will be realized in the complete and eternal victory and triumph of righteousness over sin through the unerring and all-sufficient administrative judgments of God's moral government of the world." . . . Thus it was "from the point of view of Sin, Righteousness, and Judgment that he contemplated the fullest and profoundest significance of his obedience unto death." On this broad and truly biblical basis Doctor Thomson proceeds to develop the conception of Christ's death from the Gospels, and Doctor Lambert builds upon the same foundation in tracing the same conception through the rest of the New Testament. The articles on "Criticism," "Christ and Evolution," and "Fact and Theory" are very wholesome reading, even for the most advanced type of inquirer. Although the papers on the Gospel and on the Gospels are luminous, those on the Synoptics separately do not fall within this volume, but those upon the Acts and upon the Apostle John and the Gospel of John do. This last impresses us as the great article of the volume. It is divided into two parts, the first, "Critical," by the Rev. R. H. Strachan, and the second, "Contents," by the Rev. W. R. Inge. "The question of the authorship of this Gospel is more than a merely academic one. It occupies a unique position. None of the other three claims to be written by the man whose name it bears, but the fourth Gospel is issued with an explicit statement to that effect (21. 24). Moreover, its contents are vitally connected with the individuality of the author. The very way in which his identity is studiously concealed shows that the writer is himself conscious that the Gospel contains a personal testimony which he does not hesitate to present as objective and impersonal." . . . "This is no merely antiquarian question. There can be no doubt that the Gospel is intended to be read as the work of an apostle and it would seriously detract from its value if, as extreme critics are more and more inclined to allow, that claim means only that it contains a nucleus of Johannine tradition. The same objection applies to all partition theories of the Gospel, and it is assumed in this article that their authors have failed to prove their case." Likewise Doctor Inge: "The difficulties in the way of partition theories seem to be insuperable." And farther, against Harnack's opinion that the Logos doctrine of the Prologue does not dominate the entire Gospel: "This strangely perverse judgment has evoked protests from several critics who understand the Gospel better than Harnack, among others from Réville, who has certainly no bias in favor of traditional views. It would be easy to show that every one of the dogmatic statements in the Prologue is reasserted in the body of the Gospel." . . . There is thus

chapter and verse in the Gospel and in Christ's own words for every statement in the Prologue; and though Jesus never calls himself the Logos, this sublime conception of his personality pervades the whole narrative."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Cambridge Apostles. By FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD. 8vo, pp. 370. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, gilt top, $5.00 net.

The Cambridge Conversazione Society was founded in 1824 by George Tomlinson, afterward Bishop of Gibraltar. Its object was the absolutely free and fearless discussion of subjects theological, ethical, philosophical, literary, political, and scientific. Its meetings were secret and nothing said there was ever repeated outside. Because its members numbered twelve, outsiders named them The Apostles. In the twenties and thirties of the last century they were a brilliant group of gifted young men nearly all of whom afterward became illustrious; among them Tennyson and Hallam, Kemble and Buller, Maurice and Milnes, Alford and Merivale, Trench and Sterling, Kingslake and Venables. This club of notables met every Saturday night in the apartment of the one whose turn it was to read the essay. The essay was criticized by the members up to the limit of their ability; sometimes commended and sometimes torn in pieces; the hardest knocks given and taken in perfect good humor. The corrective discipline, the sharp stimulus, the educative effect of membership in such a club are beyond calculation. Such circles should not be limited to colleges. They should be formed in every neighborhood where aspiring and earnest young men of congenial tastes and common interests can come together for frank discussion, friendly criticism of each other, mutual discipline, and culture. To none are such societies more valuable than to young ministers, whose proximity renders such association feasible. A certain amount of congeniality is necessary for such a circle, but the greater the variety of individualities the broader and more valuable the culture. Nothing is more effective than such fellowship to save a man from crankiness, opinionated dogmatism, and self-conceit, or to develop his social capabilities and teach him to be a man among men, sensible, agreeable, acceptable, and influential in his intercourse with all his fellow-beings. Moreover, the interchange of information on a variety of subjects augments each man's knowledge by that of all the rest. The Cambridge Apostles were young men of good morals as well as gifted minds. Delinquencies of any sort came under censure. Alfred Tennyson, failing through lethargy to have his essay ready when his turn came, was promptly requested to resign his membership in the club upon which his negligence had put such disrespect. The intellectual stimulation of this fellowship was immense. Jack Kemble felt this when he said at one of the meetings, "The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it"; which recalls Kepler's solemn ecstasy when, after discovering the laws by which the planets roll, he exclaimed: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Mrs. Charles Brookfield's book is really about William Henry

Brookfield and his friends, The Apostles, of whom, we find to our surprise, he was not one. He seems to have had an unusual genius for friendship of the intellectual sort, and to have been on intimate and confidential terms with all the set. He helped them with their business affairs, in which they were not very capable. Once Alfred Tennyson wrote from Somersby: "Dear Brookfield: the spring is burgeoning fast about us and the crocus pierces through the dark moist mold like a tongue of flame. You came to see us in winter when there was an utter dearth of beauty on meadow and hill. Perhaps we may see you some time in summer; when the shining landscape is crisp with woods and tufted knolls on wavy wolds." Brookfield did go again in summer weather; and when Tennyson, who was proud of his muscles, was exerting his strength in some athletic feat, Brookfield said to him: "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo." Brookfield came to be a famous London preacher, of whose sermons Lord Lyttelton said they were so easy and colloquial that one was tempted to forget that it was preaching and get up and answer him; and Greville wrote in his diaries: "A magnificent sermon from Brookfield. He is one of the few preachers whose sermons never weary me; and his elocution is perfect." When Victoria was a young queen, not out of her teens, Brookfield spoke of her as a very clever girl. Rogers said she was a theologian fond of reading the Church Fathers, while Carlyle said: "The queen is like a canary bird looking out on a tempest." When a brilliant company were breakfasting together in London, Gladstone being of the number, Sydney Smith said of a certain bishop: "He is so like Judas Iscariot that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession." Having dined where Warren, the author of The Diary of a Late Physician, was present, Brookfield wrote of him: "I never was more bored than by his eternal volubility, unsignalized by one syllable of wit, mere volubility chiefly about himself; apparently feeling himself to be a bit of a lion but never saying one thing that could justify a claim to be so considered. May I never again meet a self-conscious small lion!" The freedom with which The Apostles themselves expressed their opinions is illustrated in what Spedding said of Edward FitzGerald: "He is the prince of Quietists. Half the self-sacrifice, self-denial, and moral resolution which he exercises to keep himself easy and placid would amply furnish forth a missionary and a martyr. His tranquillity is like a pirated copy of the peace of God." And also in Buller's saying to Monckton Milnes: "I often think how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct." We are told of the effect produced upon a party of free-thinkers who, amid a crackle of jokes, were giving the reasons for their nonbelief, when Brookfield, after listening to their chaff for a while, rose and said with dignity, "I believe in God, gentlemen," and strode away. Brookfield takes us into his confidence thus about one of his painful efforts to write a sermon: "Thackeray wanted me to go riding with him. I declined because I had a sermon on my mind; and I stayed in every minute of a monstrous hot day trying in vain to write on, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time,' etc. The devil urged me to try to be very striking, after the fashion of Manning

and Wilberforce. In consequence of this I could not get on at all. Next day at noon I resumed the churning of my brains. At 5 P. M. the butter began to come and at 8 I finished. The next morning I preached, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Goodish, but ill put together. To take other men's sermons as a basis and work in portions thereof is a very bad plan. This was one of them; it was from Trench, but was neither like him nor like me. Memorandum: Never to do so no more." Of the dull and lifeless advocate of an important charity there is this criticism: "A stale pill dissolved in stagnant ditch water is a fit image of the manner in which he pleaded a most worthy cause." Brookfield when Inspector of Schools collected some choice answers given to questions in the written examinations. One boy wrote: "Dr. Johnson after trying many other experiments, married a widow with £800 a year." Another wrote: "Julius Cæsar was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family." Another: "George the Third was the longest sovereign that ever reigned." Another: "Great advances in civilization were made in Queen Elizabeth's time, but poor Mr. Lee, a clergyman of Nottingham, broke his heart because not one person in a hundred wore stockings," while a young woman wrote: "Eve lived a life of innocence until she fell under the influence of Satin." When a Whig was elected bishop a clergyman of the opposite party said of the newly elected: "He is a man absolutely ignorant of Christianity, though not hostile to it." Brookfield once said to Greville: "Believe me that in our Church of England there is a great demand for dullness in the pulpit." President Eliot of Harvard once said that the pulpit of the Protestant Episcopal Church is characterized by "a frugality of intellectuality." The chapter on Frederick Denison Maurice is one of the most interesting as a study of character. A profound thinker, a hard worker, a man of conscience; one who sought all his life for truth in order to reveal it to others groping in the same search; a rare personality, of ascetic charm and philosophic culture; a teacher who founded a school, his influence has yet failed of its expected continuance. He had the disadvantage of Unitarian parentage. He was a groper after truth. In his search he no sooner adopted a fresh view than he began to reconsider with regret the view he had just discarded; hence hesitation and indecision, and no confident progress. Thus with all his commanding ability, he was a poor leader to follow. No wonder Gladstone said of him: "I tried hard, but I got no solid meat from him. I found him difficult to catch and still more difficult to hold." Maurice, when he was ordained in the Church of England seventy years ago, said: "I do not expect to find a bed of down in the Church. I am convinced that as an establishment it will be overturned, I know not how soon." This book says: "One is angered at Maurice because with gifts so great he did not accomplish more." Of Arthur Henry Hallam, one of The Apostles, upon whose death Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was written, Gladstone said: "There is nothing in the region of the mind that he might not have accomplished." Lord Grey referring to the dullness of the House of Lords, said speaking there was "like speaking to dead men by torchlight." When Milnes was seeking an office under Peel, Carlyle said to him: "The only

office you are fit for, Milnes, is that of Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." Monckton Milnes was in the habit of saying that "fresh country air and exercise gave him more indigestion and uncomfortableness than London dimness and doziness." Milnes and Carlyle were warm friends. Milnes describing Carlyle's lectures wrote, "There he stands, simple as a child, and his happy thought dances on his lips and in his eyes, and takes word and goes away, and he bids it God-speed whatever it be." James Spedding was one of the brightest of The Cambridge Apostles. Tennyson spoke of him as "the Pope of the set," and professed to be "overawed by Spedding's calm personality and dome." Spedding went bald early and had a protuberant forehead. Fitz-Gerald once wrote a friend, "Of course you have read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America. English sailors mistook it for Beachy Head." Later in the years he wrote: "Spedding was the wisest man I have ever known and not the less so for the plenty of boy in him." The Cambridge Apostles knew Tennyson as a forgetful and informal man of many moods and eccentricities. Douglas Heath once mustered courage to tell the poet that a clean shirt would improve him; the poet replied, "H'm, yours would not be as clean as this one is if *you* had worn it a fortnight." Blakesley once wrote, "Alfred Tennyson has been with us the past week. He looks well but complains of nervousness. How can it be otherwise when he smokes the rankest tobacco out of a dirty old black pipe on an average nine hours every day." At one time Tennyson's favorite pet was a tame snake which he liked to fondle. Arthur Hallam used to contend that young Alfred Tennyson was even then a greater poet than Milton. Tennant wrote of Shelley, "He was an incomplete character; his fiery passions prevented him from creating. He would have been a *great* poet if he had been a *good* man." When the Laureateship was offered to Tennyson, he consulted with his friends for a few days, among them some of The Cambridge Apostles. He afterward said playfully, "After consideration I accepted the honor because Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the chicken." Old Mrs. Tennyson was beside herself with pride at the honor that came to her son. Once, in an omnibus, she remarked smilingly to her fellow-passengers, "It may interest you to know that I am the mother of the Poet Laureate." Tennyson held the doctrine of personal immortality, and indignantly repelled the suggestion that our present existence is simply to bring in more perfect beings who will come after us. He said, "I should consider that a liberty had been taken with me if I were made merely a means of ushering in something higher than myself." When his first child died Tennyson wrote,

> Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!
> Infinite Ideality!
> Immeasurable Reality!
> Infinite Personality!
> Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

Nearing the end of life his faith became more positive and his trust more

peaceful. In a letter he wrote, "Whatever pseudo-savants may say, I believe that the dead live." Even in this book written by a cultivated woman about a brillant group of university men occurs that incorrigible and inexcusable blunder in grammar, the use of whom for who—"friends whom he felt were exposed to danger." Whom were! (An editorial in The Outlook of April 6th sins in the same unpardonable way by saying, "Whom * * * are being canvassed for the Presidency.") When Wilberforce asked Richard Chevenix Trench what book outside the Bible he would choose if he could have but one, Trench replied, "I should choose St. Augustine." Almost the finest thing in The Cambridge Apostles is the helpful and steadfast life-long friendship between them from the early associations of student days.

The Letters of One. By CHARLES HARE PLUNKETT. 12mo, pp. 173. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This is called a study in limitations. The letters purport to be those of a man to a woman, in a long correspondence which people expected would result in marriage but which ended finally in separation. The woman's letters can only be inferred as they are reflected in his. In one letter he says: "I love you too well. You have too potent an effect on me. If I should come to see you, there is nothing you could not make me do. I should probably beseech you to marry me, and there are many reasons against that—my health, my poverty, my temperament. It would be the worst thing that could befall us. You know it yourself, and yet you are so compassionate, so romantic, that you would run the risk. But I will not. I am not made for marriage, and you are not made for marriage with me; the wear and tear of life, the daily intercourse, the anxieties, the constraint of matrimonial bonds, the fixed engagements and routine, would make havoc of our love. I am not capable of much in the way of hate, but I think I should be capable of coming to hate a wife." After such a letter as that, no one would expect her to marry him. Our only interest in his letters is in incidental passages, no way essential to the business of courtship. One letter refers to Burne-Jones's great picture of a mermaid who has fallen in love with a man whom she saw bathing in the sea. Throwing her arms around him she clasps him close, and bears him down among the clear eddies in the pebbled sea-cleft. She looks in the pale face of the drowning man, she sees his closed eyes, and colorless lips, as his expiring breath floats up in glittering bubbles. She wonders why he makes no response to her love. She does not realize that she has dragged him down to death. But he cannot live in her realm, and he is the victim of her love. Here is an opinion on a poet: "I don't think Browning was an artist. He was full to the brim of tumultuous ideas; he enjoyed life and all the stir, thrill, emotion, and complexity of it; it all came bubbling to his lips like a great full-fed fountain, but he was far more concerned with what he had to say than with how he said it. Of course he had some care for the form; but I imagine that his heavy, rough, tumultuous metres were to him like the heels of a great powerful horse galloping in a pasture. A friend of mine

who knew Browning well tells me that he talked just as a great, healthy, good-natured, full-blooded man of business might talk, with no apparent attention to phrasing or selection of words, but all sorts of rough-and-tumble expressions all jostling out together. He was less an artist than a *viveur*, who liked words and rhythms as another man might like hunting and shooting. He was a perfect lover, an adorable husband; I always respect him for that. As for Tennyson, he of course was an artist; but his feeling toward other people (including his wife) was like the kindly, tolerant, superior, condescending feeling of an old Caliph at Bagdad." In one letter the man is at a quiet place in the country trying to work on a book he is writing. He becomes disgusted with his book and can make no headway with it. He says: "When I am at work in the city I am nervous, fretful, irritable, peevish, but I am not depressed. Here I grow horribly depressed. The smallest things weigh on my mind, the smallest difficulties seem insuperable. I am listless and unstrung. It does not seem worth while to go out, nor to sit in the house. I will try the experiment of a long day out of doors, and see if I can renew the old sensations, the delicious weariness, the glow of body and clearness of mind which I used to experience as a boy after a long day among the mountains. The worst of such depression is that one never knows whether it means that more activity or more rest is needed. It is extraordinary how little we really understand these miserable bodies of ours. Dr. Jowett once began a sermon in his little piping voice, 'By the age of forty, it is said, every man is either a physician or a fool,'—then after a pause—'there are very few physicians.'" Roaming in the country one summer afternoon, the man found a little old church, looking so patient amidst its graves and yews. It was open and he entered and sat alone in its delicious coolness. He says: "God did not seem closer to me in that place of worship than on the honied heathery hillside. But in the church one draws nearer to the sweetest and purest human emotions. It is a place where people have prayed their best and tenderest, where they have come face to face with their most sacred realities; where they have brought their losses, their sorrows, and their broken loves, their dearest memories and their fondest hopes, their sins and their aspirations. In such a place I feel that the secrets of life and of death are in God's hand—that he sends us life and death, strength and weakness; that we *must* trust in him whether we will or no. There in that hour, in the little church, I prayed to Him and sent him many a message from my poor unquiet heart. And I came into a calmer, simpler, sweeter mood. The best gifts I have ever had from God have been the strength and courage I have received times without number when I have put myself utterly in his hands with all my weakness, 'just as I am without one plea.'" In one letter the man tells of his old nurse, saying: "She is simply the most lovable person in the world. She is very old. All through the years she has never thought of herself at all. Her one idea has been to do her work, her one joy to care for those whom she has served and loved. She is kindly and sweet-tempered, perfectly simple and guileless, yet not without shrewdness and a serene dignity. She is always

exactly the same. She welcomes me, when I go to see her, with tears, and says good-by to me with tears. She thinks of me day after day. She has no idea of the things I think about and am occupied with; she would not understand if I should tell her about them. She does not think of my position or my work, my successes or my failures, my happiness or my disappointments; she simply thinks of *me*, without reference to my adjuncts or accidents. She could hardly say why she is a Christian; she could not repeat the Apostles' Creed, much less explain it. Yet hers is the most perfect Christian life I have ever seen. When she is ill, she lies there grateful for anything that is done for her, just thinking quietly of the old days and of her nurslings who are all gone out into the world. She never thought of being clever or attractive. She has a face from which self has not been cast out for it was never there. Hers is the compassionate kind of love that I sometimes think waits for us behind the veil." Another letter says: "I met a young man today whom I had not seen for several years. He used to be intensely religious in a way, fond of liturgical ceremonies, mystical, sentimental. He had his faults; he was dreamy, indolent, and capricious; he mooned about, and never seemed to have a firm hold of anything. He lacked robustness and consistency. Now, all is altered; he has let religion go, he does not pray or go to church. But he is, so far as I can see, the same person with exactly the same faults as before. He says frankly that his religion never had any effect on his character; that it was all a poetic and romantic emotion. He would have said, in the old days, that his morality was based on his religion; now his morals are about what they used to be, but he does not pretend to base them on anything. Probably in both periods he went pretty much by his instincts and feelings, rather than by moral principle or conscience." Another letter has this: "The people who really uplift the world are not those who bustle around and make speeches and sit on committees and manage conventions and issue reports, but the simple, quiet, loving people who shame those around them into gentleness and kindle them into love. The kindly father, the tender careful mother, the unselfish sister, the wise physician, the patient schoolmaster, the loving pastor—these are the salt of the earth. The world is made pure by such as Mary, not by such as Martha. It is easy to call this a sentimental individualism; but it was the spirit of Christ, who never said a word about organization, or patriotism, or honor, or self-respect; and it is the spirit of all who have ever lightened the load of the world." This is from another letter: "When hardly more than a boy I read the Life of Goethe, and thought it the most splendid book in the world. He seemed to me a glorious adorable being, full of strength and swiftness. What would I not have given for one of his smiles? And he sang, too, like a skylark, soaring, pulsating, breasting the sunlit air—I cannot tell you how grand he seemed to me. After many years, I have just read the Life again; it seems to me now abominable, licentious, sordid, base, horrible. He took affection, and confidence, and beauty, youth and friendship as fuel to feed the flames of his selfish gratification. Goethe was a Moloch into whose red hot jaws innocent struggling souls were thrust.

He cared not what his victims suffered if only they pleased him, if they gratified his artistic taste, if he could sate his æsthetic sensibilities or his appetites upon them. Art without morals was his creed. It is horrible." In another letter is the following: "Do you remember the demons in the gospel who cried out from the inside of a man, and uttered things which he could not of himself have known? The thought was in the brain of the man who was possessed, but he did not originate it. Through his lips and tongue the syllables were framed, but the utterance was not his. It is so, not in a bad but in a good way, with the poet and the preacher sometimes; a power which is not of themselves speaks through them. It is as when the wind stirs in the strings of a suspended harp and the sound of their motion thrills the air. No mortal touch awakes that delicate harmony, but a breath out of the sky, a power from the unmeasured and invisible. So a power that is unseen smites the chords of the soul, like a wind that bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof." These are extracts from a man's letters to a woman which never quite succeeded in being love letters; and which by their deficiencies make us think she did well not to marry him.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Reformation: Being an Outline of the History of the Church from 1503 to 1643. By the Rev. JAMES POUNDER WHITNEY, B.D. (Vol. VI of the series, The Church Universal, edited by W. H. Hutton.) New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

To write a history of the Reformation to 1648 in 500 short pages so that it will not be a dry chronicle of events on the one hand, nor deal in mere generalities on the other, is a hard task. We have several short histories of the Reformation, all with their special excellencies. In size this book of Whitney is to be compared to Walker's in Fulton's Ten Epochs of Church History series (Scribner's), and greatly to the advantage of the latter. But Whitney has the merit of treating also the English Reformation, which forms a separate book in the Fulton series. Like all the authors in Hutton's series, Whitney is a High Churchman; but he is one with scholarly temper and fairness of mind. You do not, therefore, get bitterness poured out like a vial of gall on the head of Luther, as by many High Anglicans. Whitney has the historian's temper rather than the ecclesiastic's. Still, one can readily find fault with exaggerations or misstatements which spring from his Catholic preconceptions. He says (p. 48) that Luther might have lead a great revival within the church if he had been met in a different manner, if he had had greater regard for unity, and if the political conditions had been other. But the chief reason was Luther's revolt from Roman doctrine. His teaching and Rome's in many points could as well be combined as oil and water. The author says that Melanchthon's *Loci Communes* "interpreted the Bible through doctrinal system purely personal and subjective"—than to say which one could hardly do a graver injustice to Melanchthon. That reformer founded on the Bible, but he had a profound respect for the ecumenical creeds, believed they had absolute truth, always wished to keep in touch with the

old faith, and interpreted the Bible not subjectively but (as far as means allowed in those days) historically and scientifically. Few Protestants had greater respect for antiquity than Melanchthon. He says: "The judge is the Word of God, and to that is added the confession of pure antiquity" (Corp. Ref., 21: 836). Herrlinger thinks that he here lays down the Bible and Tradition side by side as sufficiently immediate authorities (*Die Theologie Melanchthons*, Gotha, 1878, 368). Of course Melanchthon held—in case of conflict—to the all-sufficiency of the Scripture, but he had a very high regard for the testimony of the church. "We have the testimonies set forth in the Scriptures; after these we rejoice in the testimonies of the primitive church. The church as teacher is to be heard, but faith and prayer depend on the Word of God" (21: 836). The teaching and witnessing church is to be heard, the testimony of the apostles and of the first church is valid, but the rule of doctrine remains the Word of God (21: 604). Our author says again that, broadly speaking, Melanchthon's system "disregarded the whole outward life of the church, laid small stress on sacraments, and developed all theology from the kernel of justification by faith." A grievous misrepresentation. Both Melanchthon and Luther attached immense significance to sacraments. The Holy Supper, says the former, is no empty spectacle, but the exalted Christ is present to give his body and blood in eating and drinking, a natural participation not only as to its efficacy but as to its substance, and this participation stands in the closest relation to salvation (see Corp. Ref. 21: 861). Justification does not stand alone, but the blessings which faith first opens up to the believer are mediated in influential ways by the use of the sacrament. So far from laying small stress on the sacraments the German theologians rather sinned—if anything—in the opposite direction. As Herrlinger says (p. 149), it is the strong emphasis on the relation of the Supper to justification and the forgiveness of sin which distinguishes Melanchthon's doctrine from Calvin's. Nor is Whitney right when he says (p. 50) that the Anabaptist movement was led by extreme men. There were *some* leaders who were not extremists, but moderate and peaceful and pious men. Finally, Luther did *not* enlarge Paul's justification by faith into justification by faith *alone* (p. 468). Luther, indeed, said "alone," but he said "alone" in order to cut off salvation by works, exactly in the spirit of the later Anglican article XL. But after he said that he provided for works in their place. And his "*alone*" was abundantly justified by Paul himself in Romans 3. 28. When will Catholics, Roman and Anglican, do justice to Luther? Outside of such errors as these the book has much to commend it as a plain, straightforward account of many facts. But it is written in a jejune way. The author never warms up to the vital currents and tremendous tragedies of the Reformation age. The book closes with an excellent bibliographical note (as far as it goes—only Lang is mentioned on Knox!) and a full index. Thus it appears that this volume, like most other books, is made up of mingled excellences and faults, due sometimes to carelessness, sometimes to insufficient knowledge of the sources, and sometimes to the number of points so unsettled that differences of opinion are possible.

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical Documents from the earliest times to the Persian conquest, collected, edited and translated with commentary by JAMES HENRY BREASTED, Ph.D., Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History in the University of Chicago. Vol. I, The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties. 8vo, pp. xiii, 344. Vol. II, The Eighteenth Dynasty. Pp. xxviii, 429. Vol. III, The Nineteenth Dynasty. Pp. xxviii, 279. Vol. IV, The Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Dynasties. Pp. xxviii, 520. Vol. V, Indices. Pp. ix, 23. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, $15.00 per set. Index Volume, $2.00 extra.

A monumental work on the monumental historical inscriptions of ancient Egypt is duly completed in accordance with the original plan, and it is our first business to congratulate the author. Few indeed are the scholars who at forty-two years of age have built so comely a monument to their scholarship. Happy the man who has found early in life a subject for his life work so interesting, so stimulating, and so worthy as the language, literature, and history of the ancient Egyptians. Thrice happy he who has the industry and capacity, and who has found opportunities favorable to the pursuit of his studies so that his energy is conserved, not wasted in bread earning, and his way opened to travel and research. We congratulate Professor Breasted on his opportunities as well as on his capacity. He has abundantly proved that he richly deserved them. We have already noticed the first volume in the pages of this REVIEW. We may therefore pass it over and give attention chiefly to the remainder. The plan of the work is simple. Professor Breasted has translated the historical inscriptions into good, unpedantic English, breaking them up into numbered paragraphs, to make them easy of reference. At the foot of the page are copious notes referring, first, to the various publications containing the original texts, and second, providing linguistic, historical, and geographical elucidations. No man who busies himself in any way whatever with the history of the Ancient Orient will be able to count his apparatus complete without the possession of these books. Here is the materials of history, the sources gathered, translated, and scientifically disposed. But the books mean much more than this. They are crowded with suggestive materials of all kinds. The theologian will find numerous sidelights upon the Bible, the sociologist many revelations of ancient social usage, the humanist no little evidence of the finer culture of a singularly gifted people. We have turned over page after page to find fresh surprises of interest and instruction, and it would be difficult to know what to select in illustration of the value of the series. One will perhaps serve the purpose fully as well to take passages almost at random. The greatest queen of Egypt was Hatshepsut (her name is also written Hatshepsowet and Hatasu by modern Egyptologists) who reigned about 1500 B. C. She sent a great exploring expedition to the land of Punt (on the Somali Coast in Africa) and the series of reliefs on the walls of the splendid ruined temple of Deir-el-Bahri, in which it is commemorated, are the finest of their kind now remaining in the great Nile valley. Breasted has translated the whole of the accompanying text and here are some portions of them. They are good reading in more ways than one, and give an intelligent conception of the quality and character of the whole.

Horus: Mighty in Ka's; Favorite of the Two Goddesses: Fresh in Years; Golden Horus: Divine in Diadems; King of Upper and Lower Egypt: Makere (Hatshepsut),—of Amon, whom he loves, who is upon his throne, for whom he has made to flourish the inheritance of the Two Lands, the kingdom of the North and South, to whom he hath given that which the sun encompasses, that which Keb and Nut inclose. She hath no enemies among the Southerns, she hath no foes among the Northerns; the heavens and every country which the god hath created, they all labor for her. They come to her with fearful heart, their chiefs with bowed head, their gifts upon their back. They present to her their children that there may be given to them the breath of life, because of the greatness of the fame of her father, Amon, who hath set all lands beneath her sandals.

Observe how the great, peace-loving queen is called *King* of Upper and Lower Egypt. To her gods she ascribes all her powers and dignities, and then she comes to the display of her real character in the phrases: "She hath no enemies among the Southerns, she hath no foes among the Northerns." She has enriched Egypt not by conquest but by peaceful commerce. See how she says that in the words: "The heavens and every country which the god hath created, they all labor for her." The passages which follow, especially those from the still standing obelisk at Karnak, which the queen erected, are yet finer than this. We commend them to the reading of those who are interested in the great ancient world that has passed away. We should like to quote extensively from Breasted's translations of the inscriptions of Rameses II, especially those which describe the Asiatic campaign. Here are given, first of all, a most lucid account of the battle of Kadesh with useful, though not beautiful, sketch maps of the valley showing just how the fight was carried to its conclusion. Here also are the accounts which Rameses II has left of his own valor, and the treaty with Khetasar, prince of the Hittites. It is to be hoped that writers of popular papers on the Hittites will take time to study these documents. So do these volumes go on, one after another full of learning, made accessible to the ordinary reader. We commend them without reserve to all who ought to know the great land of Egypt and its ties with its neighbors and friends, and to the University of Chicago express our thanks for this costly undertaking. It is an enterprise to boast of, and worthy of the University's high patronage.

Pauline and Other Studies in Early Christian History. By W. M. RAMSAY, Hon. D.C.L., etc. Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1906. Pp. xi, 415. Price, cloth, $3.00.

Professor Ramsay is not a clergyman, nor does he profess to be a theologian, but his strong grasp upon the actual conditions of life and thought during the first Christian century make his contributions to New Testament scholarship peculiarly valuable. The theological interpreter is not wise who essays to write about Paul or John or any of their writings who has not carefully considered what Ramsay has already written bearing never so remotely upon those matters. Doctor Ramsay is the Doctor Lukas of our time. According to his own estimate of Luke he is even a bit better than the beloved physician, for he under-

stands the Jewish situation and the Roman situation, whereas Luke, he thinks, was gifted with special sympathy and insight for the Greek situation only. Our modern teacher certainly understands the factors of the Roman problem as well as any man we know since Paul himself, and the Aberdeen professor also surely knows Paul "according to the flesh." Of the fifteen papers brought together in this volume at least half concern that foremost of Christian apostles. We shall quote only from that on the "Charm of Paul": "The fascination of Saint Paul's personality lies in his humanity. . . . Saint Paul lies closer to the heart of the great mass of readers than any other of the apostles; and the reason is that he impresses us as the most intensely human of them all." . . . "But the human character alone, even in conjunction with his great achievements, is not sufficient to explain the fascination that Paul exerts over us." . . . "the reason seems to lie in that combination of qualities which made him representative of human nature at its best; intensely human in his undeniable faults, he shows a real nobility and loftiness of spirit in which every man recognizes his own best self." Herein lay the charm of Paul, namely, in his complete kinship to the real and the ideal man. "He more than any other character in the New Testament may be considered as the embodiment in actual life of the qualities that made the true 'gentleman' (to use the old-fashioned term in the old-fashioned sense)—loftiness of motive, the abnegation of self under the influence of nobler considerations, the tendency to look at all things in life from a generous point of view, the frankness to speak out straight and emphatically against wrongdoing and wrong thinking, combined with that courtesy, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, that instinctive and inevitable respect for others which rise from true respect for self." We have rarely read in English a finer example of clever and courteous criticism than that contained in Professor Ramsay's masterly reply, in chapter XII, to Professor McGiffert's views on the "Authorship of the Acts." What with thirty-one full-page plates, nine additional cuts in the text, and three maps; what with gilt top, uncut edges, and the best of paper and presswork, this book is a joy to the book lover and Bible lover unalloyed.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Invisible Things, And Other Sermons. By J. SPARHAWK JONES. Crown 8vo, pp. 232. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

In the pulpits of Philadelphia there is no abler or more highly trained mind at work than that of the minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church on Locust Street. For the projection of sheer intellect in translucent English without any accessories of manner, elocution, or delivery, critical and capable judges have called him a wonder. The fifteen sermons before us are the work of a man who secludes himself from everything else in order to concentrate his days and nights intensely on the business of sermonizing. More thoroughly beaten oil is not offered to any congregation in America or England. Yet the sermons do not smell of the lamp; they do not show a hermit's ignorance of the world; they search human

nature keenly; they know the world and its ways; they are at home with actual life; they do business with living men; they are incisively practical, spiritually and intellectually virile. They are so close-tissued and inter-veined that it is impossible to tear out a quotation without losing some of the blood. An impressive discourse is the New Year sermon from Deuteronomy 8. 2: God's leading of the Israelites for forty years to humble them and prove them and test what was in their hearts; life as a school, a place of discipline and test, where we learn the lessons or fail to learn them, and profit by the discipline or fail to profit by it. Whether we learn or not depends in the school of life, as in any other school, on our disposition and desire. We are entered in the school, the Teacher is here, the instruction is offered, but no one is *compelled* to learn. A man may journey forty years in the wilderness of this world without seeing any miracles, any pillar of smoke, any rocks gushing with water, any brazen serpent for the healing of the camp, any lightnings playing around the top of Sinai. "Yes, strange as it seems, one may pass through this life without perceiving anything mysterious or wonderful about it, anything greatly significant, or momentous, or sublime to arrest attention and call for serious reflection. One *may* go into battles and captivities, into deaths and dark places; great billows of trouble may roll over him; little insect cares may buzz around and sting him, and yet leave him insensible, inert, stolid, stupid. In this school of life no one is *compelled* to learn anything about God or himself, about duty or destiny. All the apparatus for instruction is here, hung up along the firmament and flashing among the stars; here are maps and diagrams; yonder revolves the celestial mechanism—the mighty driving-wheels of creation revolve ceaselessly and noiselessly around us. Here, too, are providential lessons, startling coincidences, gleams of poetic justice, monumental examples, dark mysteries, ominous intimations. Here are flashing cataracts, the lambency of northern lights, the silentness of forests, the majesty of mountains, the dim, mysterious, and awful seas. Here, too, is the Bible with the experiences and visions of prophets and apostles. Here is the Person of Jesus Christ, and his crucifixion, and resurrection; and here is the Christian Church, age after age, surviving kings and empires, and triumphing over all. Here is the long history of mankind, the vast chronicles of the globe since our race has been upon it, all suggestive of plan, purpose, progress; yea, verily, the earth itself is full of books, philosophies, creeds, ideas, expectations. And yet no one is *compelled* to learn anything. Knowledge of the truth, information as to reality, are not *forced* upon any; and so it is possible for many to fail to perceive the spiritual meaning of events or to feel the intended and legitimate force of experience. There is teaching enough, line upon line and precept upon precept, given to all of us, as we journey through the years. Deep intuitions and mighty presentiments surge within the soul and overshadow it from without. Admonitions are blazoned and thundered overhead, and under foot, and all around us. Those who care to learn and understand will listen and look, will be attentive, inquiring, docile, solicitous. The whole matter turns upon the individual desire, and will, and

choice and effort. An Almighty Hand leads men through this mortal life, through the austerities of winter and the glories of summer, through old years and new years, through sickness and health, through quaking bogs and along dizzy ledges and upon beetling crags, down into the shadows of the valley and up toward the sunlit peak; but it is an invisible Hand, and many do not recognize or even suspect it. If that powerful Hand were made bare so that none could doubt or forget its presence and leadership, then much of the education and discipline and development of the soul through life's experiences would be impossible. Right character cannot be forced; it is built up by the action of man's will, in layer after layer of successive right choosings. It is man's free preference for the right that makes the righteous man. It is the listening ear, the attentive and docile spirit that makes man a learner in this school of life where Christ is the teacher. Without this the wonders of the universe and the experiences of years avail nothing. It is not enough that God has hung the earth upon nothing, and lit it up with sun and moon and stars, and curtained it with thick clouds, and rimmed it with crimson twilights of morning and of evening, and overarched it with rainbows; it is not enough that ages and kingdoms are rolled up like a garment and laid aside like a vesture; it is not enough that the personal life of men and women is full of pathos, toil, tragedy, sorrow, throbbing with promptings and suggestions, aching with prohibitions and urgings, sore with sharp regrets and dull remorse. Unless men and women attend, observe, give heed, reflect, ponder, and care to learn the truth, to know the will of God, to find the path of Life, the great Teacher himself cannot teach them anything, and the unspeakable privilege of existence with the dignity and glory of their creation originally in the image of God, is utterly wasted on them; so that it were better for them if they had never been born." One thing that makes Sparhawk Jones's preaching practical is that almost, if not quite, every sermon closes with a direct and searching application of the truth it contains to the individual heart and conscience, and a straight appeal and summons to his hearers for the immediate choice and action called for by the truth just presented.

Life That Follows Life. By JOHN BALCOLM SHAW. 12mo, pp. 128. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

"Where and What is Heaven?", "Recognition in Heaven," "Relationships After Death," and other similar topics are discussed in eight brief chapters, in a familiar rather than in an original way. To the first chapter are prefixed Sir Edwin Arnold's verses on "The Death of Tennyson" —a response to the Laureate's last poem, "Crossing the Bar":

> No moaning of the bar; sail forth, strong ship,
> Into that gloom which has God's face for a far light.
> No moaning of the bar; musical drifting
> Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea;
> Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,
> And Christ thy Pilot to the peace to be.

The chapter entitled "The First Five Minutes After Death" begins with an incident once told by Canon Liddon in St. Paul's Cathedral. "A retired

captain of the British army, fond of relating his world-wide experiences, was describing some of his most surprising adventures, when stopping suddenly in the midst of his stories he exclaimed with emotion and solemn earnestness: 'But gentlemen, wonderful as these things were, I am expecting soon to see something far more wonderful.' The company were much surprised and mystified at this sudden exclamation and altered manner. The veteran soldier was seventy years old; and as he was retired from service, and his traveling days were over, they wondered what he could mean. When they asked his meaning, he was silent a moment and then replied: 'During the first five minutes after death.'" Bishop Warren had his first real view of Oriental life at Alexandria in Egypt. Leaning out of a window that overlooked the public square he gazed down in long silence on the strange scene: the swarming plaza, the Oriental costumes, the camels, the donkeys, the half-naked boys plashing their brown legs in the fountain-basin; and when at last he drew in his head with eyes full of wonder, he said: "Well, if heaven is any more of a surprise than this, I shall be unspeakably astonished." This author holds that the soul at the moment of leaving the body enters immediately on the conscious life of the spirit world, and that the souls of the blessed are at once with Christ in paradise, without any purgatory, or sleep, or delay, or intervening interval. This we suppose to be the common belief of Christian people in general. In accord with this belief he quotes the lines of Cardinal Newman, who, spite of the Romish doctrine of purgatory, makes the dying man declare, in "The Dream of Gerontius":

> I ever believed
> That on the moment when the struggling soul
> Quitted its world case, forthwith it fell
> Under the awful presence of its God,
> There to be judged and sent to its own place.
> What lets me now from going to my Lord?

And Newman makes the angel answer the dying man:

> Thou art not let, but with extremest speed
> Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge.

The author believes the dead know what we are doing on the earth. As to the possibility of intercourse between them and us, he sees no proof of it. As to the pretended communications which so-called mediums claim to have received, he finds them most unsatisfactory, trivial, and unworthy. He says, "They give us no assurance concerning the departed except that they have sadly deteriorated since their entrance into the spirit world. They were above such puerile exhibitions as table-rapping, and chair-tipping, and piano-moving when here among us, and their writing was sane, sensible, intelligible; whereas now it seems to have neither purpose nor sense. According to the communications which these 'mediums' bring us, immortality must mean insanity, or imbecility and inanity." This small volume concludes with the story of a little waif in Lady Somerset's orphanage who, on finishing his regular accustomed evening prayer, was heard to add: "And, God, would you mind giving my mother a kiss for me?"

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